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GRINS AND WRINKLES.

GRINS AND WRINKLES;

OR,

FOOD FOR THOUGHT AND LAUGHTER.

BY

J. M'GRIGOR ALLAN,

AUTHOR OF "ERNEST BASIL," &c.

"Il-y-a partout de quoi rire et de quoi pleurer."—FENELON.

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TO BROWN CHAMBERLIN, ESQ.,

OF

MONTREAL, CANADA EAST.

My Dear Chamberlin,

It needed not your warm and welcome letter, in acknowledgment of mine, to convince me that our long separation had not interrupted our mutual feelings of friendship. It is ten years since we grasped each other's hands, and we can truly say—

> "And seas between us baith hae rair'd,
> Sin' days o' auld lang syne."

You may then imagine with what sincere pleasure I dedicate to you the following pages. In the scenes laid on your side of the Atlantic, you will find evidences that I have not forgotten that happy episode of my life spent beside the St. Lawrence and in the Townships.

A colonist by education, though not by birth, I still cling fondly to all my reminiscences of

British America, and observe with interest the rising fortunes of that fair portion of the world, soon, I trust, to be consolidated under one government, and to possess a prosperous nationality of her own. That there is a bright future for the colonies, I firmly believe. Perhaps they are destined some day to be the refuge and home of liberty in the *new*, as England is in the *old* world. But this is not the place to enter into a political disquisition (though it is a subject which I would gladly dwell upon at another time), for I can honestly apply to myself the well-known line of Horace—

"*Cœlum*, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

So, in the hope that we may meet again,

I remain, my dear Chamberlin,

Your sincere and attached friend,

JAMES M'GRIGOR ALLAN.

LONDON,
November, 1857.

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GRINS AND WRINKLES.

PART I.

CAPTAIN ARDMORE;

OR,

THE ROSE OF CHAMBLY.

"Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove."

SHAKSPERE.

THE military sleighing-club of Montreal was in all its glory, when I was taking one of my accustomed long walks round the mountain, and had just arrived at a slight eminence, about a few hundred yards in front of which, the road, after a rather steep descent, made an abrupt and ugly turn, crossing a deep ravine over a wooden bridge. These natural difficulties were further increased from the fact, that the bridge, which was quite a new structure, had not yet received a balustrade. The risk, of course, to pas-

sengers whose horses were skittish and unruly, was imminent; and a fall from the bridge could hardly escape being fatal, as the height was not less than sixty feet.

Just as I had arrived at this spot, I was startled by the clear, shrill notes of a key-bugle, followed directly by the jingling of the sleigh-bells, and then the brilliant *cortége* of the sleighing-club appeared, consisting of fourteen sleighs. I drew aside to let them pass, with a pulse considerably quickened as I thought of the unprotected state of the bridge. Cornet Lord Royster, of the —— regiment of dragoons, led the van, driving four-in-hand, in a sleigh more remarkable for its great height than for any particular beauty of shape or style. Surely he will pull up, at least his servant will get out and walk the horses over the dangerous pass, I thought, almost *said*. Not a bit of it. Lord Royster, either from not being previously aware of the actual condition of the bridge, or knowing it, and trusting fully to his own powers as a *whip*, and mastery over his horses, only slackened his speed sufficiently to round the ugly turn without risk of upsetting, and then passed the bridge at the full trot, the timbers quivering, and resounding under the tread of the four steeds, who were urged into a canter as the danger was left behind. The rest of the charioteers followed his example, either equally indifferent to the risk, or disdaining to show more circumspection with a pair, or tandem, than Lord Royster had dis-

played with a four-in-hand. The only exception was the grey-haired colonel, who brought up the rear. He stopped his sleigh, got out, and crossed the bridge on foot, making his servant lead over the horses.

I confess my heart beat more freely when I saw the last sleigh disappear on the other side, and heard the last faint echo of the key-bugle. But, where then, was Captain Ardmore's elegant *cariole*, with its well-matched bay tandem (for I knew all the equipages by sight); why had he not joined the "meet" to-day? As I mentally asked myself this question, I stepped into the road, and prepared to renew my walk, when casting my eyes in the direction from which the sleighs had come, I perceived at a great distance, but advancing at a furious pace, two horses in a tandem dragging a light *cariole* behind them. I had an ample view of the road for a quarter of a mile, so that I could discern that the driver had lost all command over the horses, who were tearing along like mad things, and decreasing the distance between us with fearful rapidity. As they approached I could discern that one of the occupants of the vehicle was a lady. The other person, a man, was making desperate but futile efforts to catch the reins, which appeared to be flying loose on the backs of the horses.

I remember in that moment asking myself the question—What was to be done? Could I—should I attempt to stop the horses, and peril my own life

to save two strangers from almost inevitable death? for if the horses were not stopped before they reached the bridge, I knew that a fatal catastrophe must be the result. The sleigh would be sure to upset at the sharp turn, and slue over the bridge, precipitating its occupants into the ravine, and in all probabillty, by its weight, drag the horses after it.

It was a moment of fearful suspense. Without any fixed plan, when the infuriated horses had arrived at within one hundred yards distance, I stood in the middle of the road, extending my arms, and shouting with the whole force of my lungs. But frightened runaway horses are for the time *blind*. They came on with a speed little, if at all diminished. In a moment, had I preserved my position, I should have been trampled under foot. I cannot relate methodically what followed. I remember starting back instinctively, and then grasping at the loose rein which dangled from the head of the leader, as he almost brushed against me in passing. I clutched and clung to it with desperation—there was a severe strain—I was dragged some yards—then the leader fell heavily on his side—a moment more and the shaft-horse had stumbled over him; the sleigh was stopped within ten yards of the sharp turn leading over the unprotected bridge. I had saved the lives of Miss Vane, and Captain Ardmore, of the —— regiment of dragoons.

In a few minutes the kicking and plunging horses were surrounded by a knot of persons (including the

captain's servant), who had been in hot pursuit from the inn, where the animals had taken fright, and from whence they had started before the man, who had alighted to buckle a rein, could achieve his object. This, of course, accounted for the total want of command of Captain Ardmore over them. In due time the horses were got upon their legs, and after being soothed and patted, led carefully over the bridge. While this was taking place, Miss Vane and Captain Ardmore were profuse in their acknowledgments to me, for what they were pleased to term my heroic conduct; and Captain Ardmore pressed me so strongly to let him have the pleasure of taking me to town, that I at length consented. And thus it was that I became personally acquainted with Miss Vane and Captain Ardmore.

Captain Ardmore was well known to me by sight, I having frequently encountered him at evening-parties, although I had never made his acquaintance until the providential escape in which I had luckily been instrumental. I knew him by reputation to be one of the most agreeable and fashionable of the officers of any of the regiments then quartered at Montreal. A finer specimen of manhood I had never beheld. He was at least six feet two inches in height, but his figure united strength and symmetry in such just proportions, that I never suspected him to be above the ordinary standard, until I saw him in close proximity with other men. He was a genuine

Saxon in appearance, with light hair and blue eyes, and his beard, whiskers, and moustache, which were worn in great profusion, were of the same golden yellow tinge, without the slightest tendency to red. His age might have been twenty-five or twenty-six.

Common report had already informed me that Captain Ardmore was not a mere military Adonis, one of those faultless collections of thews and sinews, without ideas, which so often pass muster as handsome men, both in the army and elsewhere. There was an expression of intellect on his finely formed features, of decision in the mouth, and reflection in the mild blue eye, which told of hours, not wasted over the wine-cup, or in the mischievous *liaisons* which so frequently disgrace garrison life, but devoted to study and improvement.

Captain Ardmore had returned some time ago from a country station, Chambly, where the admirable discipline he had maintained among his men, and his officer-like conduct in quieting some disturbances which had arisen between the *habitans* and the British Canadians, had won him golden opinions from all parties, and obtained for him on his return to the capital a most flattering address from the inhabitants of the township.

Gay young subs had pitied "Ardmore," for what they called his exile to Chambly; but it is probable that this officer did not consider in the light of a penance, a sojourn in a lovely Canadian village, where he had ample leisure to cultivate his favourite

literary and artistic pursuits; and it would appear that he had left Chambly even with regret. Gossip had indeed remarked, that he appeared pre-occupied and *distrait*, and went much less into company on his return to Montreal. To account for this, as usual, all sorts of conjectures had been started. Some said that the captain had lost his heart to a rustic beauty, though others thought it very unlikely that any mere country damsel could have made the slightest impression on a man so fashionable and accomplished as Captain Ardmore.

By degrees, then, as Captain Ardmore began to go again into company, these reports died away, any others took their place. It was now confidentld asserted at a number of tea-tables that a match was pending between him and Miss Vane, only daughter of a rich merchant, and one of the acknowledged beauties of Montreal.

Miss Harriet Vane justly deserved her reputation of *a belle*, if not *the belle* of the capital. As far as *personal* beauty could go, she certainly was a splendid woman. Tall, about five feet seven inches, and with a figure sufficiently inclining at one-and-twenty to *embonpoint*, to give promise of a portly woman at forty; her features were beautiful, without being monotonously regular; her nose was a decided aquiline, without being at all disproportionate; her eyes large, black, and lustrous, with eye-brows arched and distinctly defined, and long lashes; her brow fair and lofty, and shaded with

luxuriant ebon-hued tresses; her complexion of that exquisite peachy tinge, so often seen in brunettes, in which there is no decided red, but a glow of health far removed from insipid pallor. The mouth was a remarkable and expressive feature; certainly beautifully shaped, though not so small as to be in strict proportion with the other features; and although the upper lip was short and finely chizelled, it too often displayed a scornful curl, which gave an ungentle and unfeminine look to the face.

Miss Vane, like many other young ladies in her sphere, turned all her matrimonial thoughts in the direction of the military; partly, because her taste led her to prefer handsome young officers, and because no other profession seemed to offer men of rank and wealth sufficient to be worthy of her hand. As a provincial belle, she well knew the power of her attractions on officers stationed in the colony, who, "*at home*," might even aspire to mate with the wealthy and titled daughters of the land. The hearts of young *militaires*, in spite of the prejudices of aristocratic education, and the reiterated advice of fond mammas, are not proof against the hospitable welcome of colonial society, and the bewitching influence of colonial beauty. Regiment succeeds regiment, and each laughs in turn at the matrimonial follies committed by its predecessors. Supercilious young ensigns and *blasé* captains and majors make valiant determinations only to amuse themselves at the expense of the colonists, and only to *flirt* with

the colonial belles; but experience teaches them that the colonies are not quite so far behind the rest of the world as they had imagined, and the young ladies are so pretty, that after the usual quantity of balls and pic-nics, skating and sleighing parties, these stern resolves melt, and the departing regiment carries off its fair average of Benedicks.

Nor would we infer from this any disparagement to the aforesaid quondam bachelors, on the score of infirmity of purpose; for good colonial society has no reason whatever to blush for itself, and contains as large a proportion of match-making mammas, who angle assiduously for rich sons-in-law, and marketable daughters, who dress and dance themselves into the affections of eligible men, as the highest "*ton*" of England.

It was beautiful to see with what unanimity mother and daughter devoted themselves to acquire all the necessary information respecting the affairs of a new regiment. While Mrs. Vane inquired diligently into the private circumstances of all the officers, from the colonel downwards; and treasured up carefully in the chambers of her memory which were elder sons, with estates in prospect, Miss Vane was equally indefatigable in availing herself of all the license granted to a young lady of wealth and fashion, to walk, talk, flirt, dance, and ride on horseback, with a number of young officers, without injury to her reputation, and thus study the characters of her various admirers. Consequently,

Miss Vane had been toasted at more than one mess-table as the boldest rider, the most indefatigable dancer, and, in short, the most beautiful, dashing, and fastest girl in Montreal. She had learnt to skate, and walk on snow-shoes, in addition to her other accomplishments; and compared herself to Die Vernon—with what truth we leave the reader to judge.

Cornet Lord Royster was a complete contrast to Captain Ardmore, both in person and character. He possessed a short, squat, ungainly figure, with hair, eyebrows, and moustache of flaming red. As a child he had been spoiled and petted, allowed to learn just as little or as much as he chose at school; had been expelled from college after one term; and the career of betting, horse-racing, gambling, and every species of dissipation, which he had run since, had amply sufficed to make him forget any learning which he might by chance have acquired. Reading was a penance he never inflicted on himself, unless, perhaps, a new novel, in compliance with the recommendation of some namby-pamby Miss, who secretly adored "his lordship." In spite of the openly immoral life he led, and the current reports respecting him (for he had no less than three illegitimate children by as many poor girls whom he had seduced), he was an officer and a lord, and time-serving society could not stoop to censure faults which would have blasted the character of any civilian. Consequently, his escapades were passed

over as incidental to "*blood*" and "*fashion*"; and mammas, who had marriageable daughters, quoted the old adage, that "reformed rakes make the best husbands," and thought that Lord Royster was certainly a "*little wild*," but that he would reform and settle down when he had a good wife.

It was a common occurrence for this noble young officer to leave the mess-table in a state of intoxication. He was to be seen frequently, with another congenial spirit, drinking in low taverns with red-shirted lumbermen, quarrelling and making up alternately with their companions. On the race-ground he would take the pipe out of the mouth of a black man, and smoke it; and when reproached by a brother officer for his ungentlemanly conduct, allege, that being in mufti, he might do as he pleased. On one occasion, he was missing most unaccountably for a whole week; his turn of duty had come round, and surprise began to be converted into alarm. At length he was traced to a house of ill-fame, on the steps before the door of which his dog, a bull-terrier, was discovered sitting. On entering, Lord Royster was found drinking, without his coat, in the society of two women *en déshabillé*, and a bombardier; embracing the latter most fraternally between the stanzas of a bacchanalian song.

My acquaintance with Captain Ardmore, made in the manner related, was destined to ripen into intimacy. The day after the adventure he called, and

invited me to dine with him at the mess. We strolled together into the *Champ de Mars*, to listen to the music of one of the regimental bands. Amongst other *belles*, Miss Vane was there, in a pony phaeton, which she herself drove. Lord Royster had been talking to her, and sauntered away as we came up. She welcomed me with cordiality, and Captain Ardmore with more than cordiality. The manner of both appeared to me to confirm the report of their engagement.

After some desultory conversation, Miss Vane said in a low voice, though perfectly audible, and with a significance plainly discernible,—

"Apropos, Captain Ardmore, of our narrow escape, I trust you took care to prevent any exaggerated or false reports from reaching the country."

In spite of Captain Ardmore's practised command of feature, I thought I could percive a perceptible shadow pass over his face, as he replied calmly, "Why, pray?"

"Oh! are you not afraid that your rustic beauty, this fair Rosamond, who resides at Chambly, may have heard some alarming statement. But, of course, you will take care to anticipate all newspaper accounts."

Although Miss Vane spoke in a tone of badinage, she scanned Captain Ardmore's features with a keen though covert glance, as she continued,—

"Oh, you men are sad creatures! But who would have believed that the gay and fashionable Captain

Ardmore could have been interested for ever so short a period in a *rustic maiden*"—the latter words were pronounced in a tone of ill-concealed bitterness—"really, I long to see this paragon. Lord Royster says!"—

There was no mistaking the look of displeasure which now sat on Captain Ardmore's features.

"I am at a loss to understand you, Miss Vane. Pray, what has Lord Royster been saying?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Vane, bursting into a fit of laughter; "what a dangerous and excitable creature you are. Don't challenge poor Lord Royster, for he really said no more than what I knew already, that Captain Ardmore disregards us *belles* of the capital so far, as to prefer playing the gallant gay Lothario to rustic damsels in country quarters." Then, with female tact, changing the subject, she added, "How stupid that last piece was. I am so glad they have finished. Do, pray, Captain Ardmore, tell that dear delightful oddity, the German bandmaster, to play me my favourite from 'Norma;' or rather let him come to me himself, he makes me laugh so with his mixture of German and English."

Accordingly, in obedience to a sign from Captain Ardmore, the bandmaster, Herr Schreitzner, a dapper little German, approached, bowing at every step, and lifting his hat repeatedly about two feet perpendicularly off his head, with a tremendous flourish.

"'Norma,' ya—as, Capitaine Ardmore. Ya—as, ya—as, Miss Fane, that should haff bin down in der

programme. That giff me great pleasure to obey the commands of eine lady, who haff ein so goot taste in moosic. Ya—as, ein ver goot taste." And with another flourish of the hat, and repeated bows, Herr Schreitzner returned to his post; and soon after the sweet and plaintive melody was heard.

"Do not forget, Captain Ardmore," said Miss Vane, at the conclusion of the music; "and you, too, Mr. ——," turning to me, "our little *réunion*, on Wednesday."

I had already received a card, and bowed my readiness to accept the invitation.

"Now, Harry, be quick," said Miss Vane, and the little boy-groom, who had till then stood at the horses' heads, jumped up into his place. "*Au revoir*, gentlemen;" and waving an adieu with her crimson-gloved hand, and touching her ponies lightly with the whip, Miss Vane drove off; the equipage and the fair charioteer both followed by the admiring looks of the bystanders.

As Captain Ardmore and myself passed through the barrack-square, we perceived a stranger, whose appearance bespoke him as belonging to that republic whose citizens are indiscriminately known to the British colonists as *Yankees*. Although there is no literal prohibition to the civilians, custom has made it the etiquette to confine the barrack-square exclusively to the military and their personal friends. Hence, I could not help being amazed on remarking this stray American, who with the utmost *naïveté*,

and all the coolness and *insouciance* of his countrymen, was sauntering through the square, and admiring the *façade* of the barracks, evidently without the remotest suspicion that he could be trespassing, and quite as much at his ease as if he had been standing under the tree of American Independence on Boston Common. Some of the junior officers, loitering about and waiting for the dinner-bugle to sound, had entered into conversation with the gentleman. Amongst these was Lord Royster, who very much to my surprise, though not at all to those who were better acquainted with his lordship, invited the former, though a perfect stranger, to dine at the mess; an invitation which was at once accepted.

Major Goliah Gallop (such was the portentous name of our American guest) was a type of a very large class of his countrymen, who always wear a full dress suit, whether because they think it the most fitting and agreeable travelling costume, or in order to be ready at any moment (as on the present occasion) to accept an unexpected invitation to dinner, or for some other reason or reasons which I will not undertake to determine. Major Gallop was a tall spare man, and might have been called handsome, but for the sallowness of his complexion, and the somewhat pointed character of his features. He had keen grey eyes, and wore a moustache and beard which completely covered his mouth and chin, and descended on his breast; his collars were turned down so as not to interfere with this volume of hair;

a long and open black satin vest showed to great perfection his ample-plaited shirt-bosom, garnished with a heavy gold chain and studs; black trousers, made in the French fashion, and gathered in at the waist, and overlapping the boots of shining patent leather, the toes of which curled up an inch and a-half in front, as if emulating the extravagant fashion of the reign of Edward IV.; a dress coat, with a very narrow collar, and a hat of the latest New York fashion, completed Major Gallop's *dress* or *travelling* costume, and marked him out to all British observers conspicuously as an American.

A significant look passed round the circle as this guest of Lord Royster was introduced, and took his seat at the mess-table; but as the dinner proceeded and the wine circulated, Major Gallop came out so very strong, told so many amusing anecdotes, and altogether appeared so very much at his ease, without any unbecoming familiarity, that looks of approbation began to sit on all faces, and even the seniors appeared to think that the stranger made up by his originality for any deficiency of polish. He was evidently one who had seen life in many phases, and could adapt himself with the utmost self-possession to any society into which chance might cast him. He called the officers by their respective titles of colonel, major, captain, *lef*tenant, &c., with the greatest gravity, and a *naïveté* which, coupled with his Yankee drawl, was inexpressibly comic; and when, after the cloth had been drawn and the de-

canters had made two or three rounds, Major Gallop was requested by Lord Royster to give a short sketch of his life and adventures, the proposal was so warmly seconded, that the American, after several preparatory "wells,"* and *guesses* and *calculations* "that it ain't much to tell," &c., did at last begin; and after being repeatedly interrupted by roars of laughter, occupied an hour at least in retailing the leading events of his life. To give it in his own words is impossible, and would moreover trespass too greatly on the reader's patience. I shall, therefore, insert here the following highly condensed

Summary of the Life and Adventures of Major Goliah Gallop, one of the most remarkable men in the United States.

Like a goodly number of Americans, Major Goliah Gallop has tried at everything, except, strictly speaking, the office of President. At nine years of age, he endeavoured to begin life on his own account by running away from home, and at twelve was kicked out by his father into the world to shift for himself. Being an American boy, this proved his first step to independence. He lost no time in associating himself in a commercial league with a peripatetic merchant, *vulgicé*, a Yankee

* A word which no English tongue could accent as he did.

pedlar, who had realized a very good living by the sale of wooden hams, wooden nutmegs, and other pleasantly fictitious articles of commerce.

But as the deluded purchasers, on having consumed the veritable hams or nutmegs, and arriving at the deceptive articles, were naturally indignant, and cherished projects of revenge against those who had outwitted them, our adventurers never sold twice to the same customers, and were continually obliged to seek out new commercial paths in back settlements more and more remote; and, occasionally, to disarm suspicion, by adopting other professional avocations. So there is no great cause for wonder, if we find the junior partner opening a "whistling school," "on his own hook." This, though not exactly a successful speculation, was certainly not a failure, as far as Mr. Gallop was concerned. The scholars paid half the first quarter's salary in advance, and the teacher began his instruction by the command "begin to pucker," by which it is humbly suggested he meant "begin to form that muscular contraction of the lips indispensable to the act of whistling." This order was received with roars of laughter from the majority of the pupils. In vain did some unsophisticated youth or maiden attempt to obey the injunction, "begin to pucker." It is a physical impossibility to whistle and laugh at once. Nothing disconcerted, Mr. Gallop dismissed his school for that evening, hoping that the *next time* they would be more docile. There was a gentle approach to a smile and a wink

as he said this. On the following evening the pupils assembled, but no master appeared. Mr. Gallop had decamped with the profits to open school elsewhere.

He then *concluded* to teach singing and drawing, in which he persevered for some time, very much to his own satisfaction, but whether to the advantage of his pupils is uncertain. After he had given lessons in drawing for some time, he felt a desire to learn the rudiments of the art himself, as he wished to turn portrait-painter, observing, there was a considerable demand in "country parts" for being "drawed out," or "took," as the natives generally express the act of having a likeness painted. He accordingly came to "York," and took a few lessons in the art by hiring himself out as a decorator of omnibuses, or "*stages*," which in New York are perambulating picture galleries. On his return to the country, he was hailed as a genuine Apelles; and by the commissions he received for portraits, joined to occasional sign-painting, and the profits of a small "*store*" for the sale of "*notions*," he managed to make a tolerable living,

Growing tired of *art* at length, he found his way to the South, and turned overseer on a plantation. After superintending the whipping and branding of a good many of his fellow-creatures, he all at once turned abolitionist; whether prompted by the stings of conscience, or his natural love of change, is unknown. Having eluded the vigilance of some

anti-abolitionists, who were kindly taking measures to tar and feather him, he escaped to the North, carrying with him a negro, as a speculation, to move the sympathies of his hearers, in the capacity of an abolition lecturer. With this "*darkey*," as he emphatically styled him, Mr. Gallop made an "everlastin' sight" of dollars, by carrying him about to indignation meetings, where the florid eloquence of our philosopher, and the broken English of the escaped slave excited much sympathy.

The latter, however, beginning to think he might do better on his own account, decamped, having robbed the unsuspecting Gallop of all the ready money in his possession, and took a passage to England. When last heard of, he was electrifying a large audience at Exeter Hall (and moving the female portion to tears), by a recital of his sufferings as a slave, and an exhibition of the scars of some wounds (accidentally received as a child), as the veritable tokens of his master's barbarous usage.

Mr. Goliah Gallop meanwhile joined a party of trappers and hunters, who were proceeding to the Far West; crossed the Rocky Mountains, and after enduring innumerable hardships, and many narrow escapes in skirmishes with Indians, reached the gold regions of California, where, after he had amassed a considerable quantity of the precious metal, he was robbed of everything, and left naked and nearly dead, with several stabs of a bowie-knife in different parts of his body, inflicted by a fellow-miner with whom he had quarrelled.

Disgusted with his ill luck and the country, as soon as his recovery permitted, he worked his passage before the mast in a vessel bound to Rio Janeiro, where he landed just in the thick of the Mexican war. As he was fond of fighting, and not particular on which side he enlisted, so long as he got pay and plunder, he joined the Mexican army, was taken prisoner by the Americans, volunteered into their ranks to avoid being shot for carrying arms against his countrymen, led a forlorn hope, behaved with great gallantry, and returned home with the honourable rank of *major*.

On the disbanding of the army engaged in the Mexican war, Major Gallop was by no means inclined to turn his sword into a ploughshare. He had found war a dollar-earning trade ; he had got his hand in at fighting, and was disposed to do a little business on his own account rather than remain idle. Accordingly Major Gallop reaped fresh laurels as a Canadian sympathizer, and a Cuban invader, besides numerous little filibustering expeditions and Indian massacres of too trifling a nature to be particularly noticed.

My limits only permit me to indicate the career of this enterprizing and enlightened citizen. Suffice it to say, that after many vicissitudes of fortune, he is now at thirty-five an editor of a newspaper, a member of the state legislature, and has excellent prospects of being returned a member of Congress, and of course of eventually becoming President of the

United States. In the course of his varied life, Major Goliah Gallop has sailed upon the waters of the Ottawa, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, Mississippi, Missouri, the Amazon, the Ohio, and a number of lesser rivers, as well as on the great lakes and on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. He has fought a great many duels, three with revolvers, two with rifles, and one with bowie-knives. He has narrowly escaped being gouged and scalped more than once, has ridden for his life from a burning prairie, laid himself down in a stream to avoid destruction from fire in the woods, precipitated himself from the second-floor window of a house in flames, been in several railway collisions, once blown up in a steamboat, lived six months alone in the primeval forest, visited the interior of a mine, been up in a balloon, and down in a diving-bell.

In spite of his active life, Major Goliah Gallop has not slighted the tender affections and the personal relations. He has married twice, been jilted five times, and has jilted himself, and made love to an indefinite number of the fair sex, besides having had three wives at once, when living after the patriarchal manner among the Mormons. In his literary capacity as editor of a paper, he has been led imperceptibly into other branches of the *belles lettres*, and has written a tragedy, a novel, and a book of sermons, besides innumerable political tracts.

Major Goliah Gallop is most desirous of visiting Europe, having; as he says, seen all on this side of

the Atlantic, he wants to see the *'tarnal* wonders of the old world that they brag so much of, such as Rome, Mount Vesusius, and the Tower of London. He *reckons* he'll see nothing to "whip" the Falls. He has sketched out for himself a programme of his visit to the Old World, by which he calculates to leave New York, arrive in Liverpool, see London, England, and Europe generally, and '*do*' the sights of Asia and Africa, peep at the Pyramids, have a look for the sources of the Nile, enter a harem and a mosque, squint at the Chinese wall, and, to save the trouble of retracing his steps, *guesses* "it'll be about the quickest way to jump clean over Behring's Straits," and so return to New York within a couple of years, having made the tour of the globe.

I had not been long at Mrs. Vane's before Captain Ardmore was announced. A buzz ran round the room as he entered. He was dressed in plain clothes, in an elegant evening costume, and looked the *beau ideal* of a gentleman, certainly the handsomest and most *distingué* man in the room.

Miss Vane was talking, flirting I was almost going to say, with a Mr. Potter, a confidential clerk in her father's employ. Report said that this young man was most desperately enamoured of Miss Vane, and that he had even received her father's sanction to pay his addresses to her, but the daughter kept him off and on like a plaything, to gratify her own caprice. When she happened to be without her military

admirers, poor Potter was taken into favour, but discarded without the slightest ceremony when brighter stars (*i.e.*, more eligible men) appeared in the horizon. Mr. Potter occupied near Miss Vane the convenient position of "*shoeing horn*" as it is defined in the "Spectator,"—never intended to be accepted himself, but merely to urge tardy admirers forward. Such, however, was the infatuation of the unsophisticated young man, that he fluttered round the dangerous blaze, ever ready at the call of the perfidious beauty.

The instant Captain Ardmore was announced, Miss Vane, who had been delighting poor Mr. Potter with a show of graciousness, left him without ceremony. "Adieu, you bewitching creature!" she said to the latter, with an irony perceptible to all but her victim, too straightforward himself to suspect her of playing with his feelings.

"How could you come so late?" she said, as she gave her hand to Captain Ardmore; "I have sulked the whole evening."

"Then you have not been singing?" replied the captain; "I have lost none of my favourites."

"How can you ask?" said she, with a look of sweet reproach; "you know I cannot sing without some strong inducement; without a listener who really cares to hear me, and who can appreciate music. Who was there to sing for till you came?"

Who could be indifferent to such flattering words spoken with an air of sincerity by so beautiful a

woman? I saw that Captain Ardmore was not insensible to the compliment.

He led her to the piano. I expected, of course, that so fashionable a young lady would not condescend to sing any but a foreign language. I was then surprised and delighted when, in a full rich voice and with great feeling, Miss Vane sang a song which partook of the nature of a sacred harmony, "He doeth all things well." I heard it for the first time, and it impressed me deeply. I watched Captain Ardmore's lip quiver and eye glisten as the melody proceeded :—

> "My cup of happiness was full,
> My joy could none dispel ;
> And I blessed the glorious Giver,
> Who doeth all things well."

But the little child which made this hope and joy is taken away, and after a bitter wrestling with despair, her faith triumphs even in that hour of bereavement,—

> "God gave ; He took ; He will restore :
> He doeth all things well."

No fault could have been found with Miss Vane while singing. It would have been difficult to believe as she poured out the melody (giving to every note force and feeling) that she did not participate in the emotions which she evoked. But when she had finished, she looked up at Captain Ardmore, and the

glance appeared to me to denote a desire rather to read the impression which she had made on him, than an appreciation of the pure and holy sentiments to which she had just given utterance. His heart was evidently too full to permit him to pour out the idle words of compliment. As for Mr. Potter, he sate looking at Miss Vane as if she had been a superior being, while that young lady, as if anxious to dispel any melancholy which her song may have conjured up, dashed into a lively air with variations from "Il Barbiere di Seviglia."

When she had finished she turned to Captain Ardmore, and requested him to sing. He assented at once, without any affectation of making excuses to enhance the value of his performance, and taking up a guitar, accompanied himself while he sung, in a rich and manly voice, that exquisitely beautiful song beginning—

> "Rome, Rome, thou art no more
> As thou hast been."

I can recall him vividly in fancy as he stood on that evening, charming all with the grace of his person, and the skill with which he sung. Miss Vane was not the only young lady present whose admiration could be read very plainly in her looks.

In the course of the evening, Lord Royster was announced. To-night, then, it appeared music had more charms for him than the bottle, not that he appeared to have abandoned *it* too hastily either. As he

advanced to pay his respects to the lady of the house, his heightened colour and a certain swagger in his gait showed that though perfectly competent to behave himself, he was certainly in the first stage of that mysterious condition which in the aristocracy is expressed by "*elevated!*" in the middling or respectable classes, "*intoxicated!!*" and in the mobocracy by the stern uncompromising word "*drunk!!!*" He had evidently imbibed enough to be mischievous, or inclined for a lark, certainly to remove all symptoms of the bashfulness which generally oppressed him in his perfectly sober moments in respectable female society.

As he found himself standing near me, he addressed me without any introduction, probably on the strength of having seen me at the mess-table, and his conversation, if not edifying, was certainly amusing. He spoke with a drawl, and in that peculiar slang which is characteristic of a large portion of the fashionable English (as much as *exasperating* their h's, confounding v's and w's is of the lower orders); for it is quite a mistake to fancy that incorrect speaking is confined to any one grade. This method of speaking consists in dwelling in an absurd manner on the last syllables of words, in cancelling the letter *r* altogether, or as far as possible, in dropping the final *g*, as in singin', bringin', and many other little peculiarities respecting which the sagacious reader will, doubtless, be independent of my information.

"Aw. So you ah hand and glo-ove with Awdmoah —aw—saved him from takin' a flyin' leap ova' the bwidge—a dooced dangewous place—aw—and a deyv'lish bold thing of you to do. I knew a chap once who tried the very same thing—aw—and got an awm and leg bwoke for his pains. Well—now—aw—aw—what do you think of Awdmoah?"

"My acquaintance with Captain Ardmore has not been very long. From what I have seen and heard of him already, I think every one must like him."

"Aw—inde-e-d. Well now—do you know—I think Awdmoah a *doocëd* queeah fellah."

"How so, pray?"

"Aw—aw—because he's so different from other fellahs. He's always pokin' about doin' somethin' or otha'—he is, upon my honah—never idle, you know—that sort of fellah—eccentric—aw—got his rooms chawk full of books and paintin', and papahs—I mean MSS., and otha' wubbish of that sort—it's a fa-a-ct, I assuah you, he neva' has a moment to spaah—always on some crochet or otha'. Why—aw—aw—do you know what Awdmoah wawks at when he's not paintin', or readin', or writin', and when the weatha's not fine enough to go out? Haw! haw! you'll neva' guess—a turnin la-athe. Haw! haw! fa-act, upon my honah."

Lord Royster's description of "*a queeah fellah*" amused me.

"By all accounts then, Captain Ardmore's time never hangs heavy on his hands?"

"Aw—cu-urse it, no—that's what I wonda' at. I say to him sometimes, Awdmoah, how the dooce can you who have aw—aw—seen life in England and on the Continent, manage to exist in this dismal hole of a provincial town? Aw—I think the colonies only fit to weah out old clothes in myself. There's only one thing in their favah that I know—aw—the brandy's so dooced good and cheap. Haw! haw! But, dash me if I know how to kill time of an evenin'. There's nothin' goin' on,—no theatah—no opewa."

"Are there not plenty of private parties?"

"Aw—aw—I'm boahed (bored) to death with private pa-aties for aw—aw—tho' the ga'als are pwetty they haven't "*tin*" enough to make it wawth a fellah's while to—aw—pay attention to them seriously—aw—aw—wa-all—I suppose it's no use frettin'. Montreal's a dooced deal betta' than that howid Chambly—aw—I'd have cut my throat if I'd stayed there a week longa'."

"Ah, what a loss to the world, my lord," said a waggish brother-officer who had overheard the last remark. "They would have mourned for you at Tattersall's, and in the synagogues."

"Aw, Erskine," said his lordship, taking the new speaker by the arm, "I want to speak to you. This is deyv'lish slow, ain't it? Can't we contrive to—" Here Lord Royster's voice dropped into a confidential whisper so as to be inaudible.

That he was hatching some mischief I felt cer-

tain, and my anticipations were not disappointed, as the following events showed. In consequence of Lord Royster having expressed his conviction that "*the thing*" was slow, and his wish to enliven it a bit, the result of their consultation was that the officer in question took the earliest opportunity of informing Mrs. Vane that his lordship sung a very good song. The hostess, who was in a state of the highest delight at the opportunity of entertaining such fashionable company, and was only too desirous showing every attention to her titled guest, lost no time in requesting Lord Royster to sing.

Lord Royster declined, but so feebly, that the lady returned again and again to the task of persuasion, and at intervals throughout the evening might be heard entreating,—

"Oh do, pray, now, Lord Royster—if your lordship would only try—I'm sure your lordship isn't hoarse!" and—"*da capo.*"

Lord Royster, however, was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and persisted in declining until supper-time drew near. He then watched his opportunity, and hit it so cleverly, that he volunteered a song at the very moment that supper was on the point of being announced, when a servant had thrown the folding-doors wide open, and Mrs. Vane was on the point of marshalling the guests to the banquet. Common politeness required the lady of the house to bow and smile, and express herself highly delighted. The guests also grinned as best they could,

and resigned themselves to the infliction, murmuring "that they would be so happy to," &c., while, as the hot supper sent up its savoury steams from the adjoining room, there can be no doubt that one devout wish animated every bosom—that Lord Royster had been conveyed by some mysterious magic agency to Hong Kong, before he had chosen that critical moment for favouring the company. Nevertheless Mrs. Vane, and doubtless many others, consoled themselves with the idea that it would soon be over, and that the delay could not be of material consequence. Consequently, while a few resumed their seats, the majority of the company remained standing, the ladies hanging on the arms of their respective gentlemen, just as they had been when on the point of entering the supper-room; and this was the state of affairs when Lord Royster, leaning with *nonchalance* against the door-way of the forbidden apartment, began his song.

One, two, three, four, five, up to *ten verses!* and every listener decided that *this* would surely be the last; but no. Imagine the horror and consternation, the covert fury of the hostess and her guests, when ten, twenty, thirty verses were poured forth, and still no sign of termination. Just as the hope arose in the mind of some hungry individual, "*this verse must be the last,*" Lord Royster, having inflated his lungs with air, would rush again into the burthen of his melody, *con strepitu, con amore,* and with the most provoking gravity, as if he had not the

slightest suspicion of the precious practical joke he was playing.

What the song was about, no one knew, no one cared. The most grateful odours found their way from the supper-tables, titillating the olfactories and whetting the appetites of the expectant guests, who were as completely paralyzed by the rules of etiquette as if some ancient mariner had seized each individually, and "held him with his glittering eye." The supper was getting cold, and still the interminable song went on. At length, when fifty verses had been achieved, either because his lungs or his memory were tired, or that he was getting hungry himself, or that he thought he had carried the joke far enough, and that the growing symptoms of impatience warned him that his audience might summarily break the charm exerted by his impudence over their good breeding, or because the song was really at an end, Lord Royster took pity upon the famishing guests, and permitted them finally to enter the supper-room.

Here the master of the house was pointed out to me—*host*, I cannot call him. He was one of those meagre, insignificant, hen-pecked looking men, who, however, full of energy in business, leave their souls behind them in the counting-house, bank, or wherever may be the scene of their labours, and become in their own homes perfect nonentities. I should have fancied that his wife never regarded him with more contempt than at the present moment;

for, at a time when most men become of some consequence in their own houses, Mr. Vane did nothing —*absolutely nothing*. He neither took the head nor the foot of the table, and you felt tempted to patronise him, and endeavour to make the poor man feel more at home. Lord Royster, who was now in his element, did so, and asked the *host* to take wine with him, an act of attention for which Mr. Vane seemed very grateful.

During the course of supper some alarm was created by one of the tables slightly giving way; happily, it was secured before any damage could be done. Those in the immediate neighbourhood assisted; every one appeared more or less interested in the occurrence, with one exception—the master of the house. *He* merely looked on, without making the slightest effort to be useful, or seeming to think he had any concern in the matter. He only meekly murmured as he caught his wife's eye, "Mrs. Vane, my dear, the table seems to be coming down." Mrs. Vane replied with a *look* which seemed to say: "Only wait till the company have gone, that's all."

Under the influence of the punch Lord Royster grew exceedingly merry, and began talking quite confidentially to every one in his immediate neighbourhood. He proposed to me, on the breaking up of the party, to accompany him on a lark or spree; or, as he termed it, "to see what's up." I did not, however, accept his invitation to make a night of it, but preferred walking home with Captain Ardmore.

It was a glorious winter evening, freezing hard, and the cold moon shone with a brightness never seen in England, lighting up the *façade* of the great French cathedral of Notre Dame, whose two gigantic towers loomed above us as we passed through the *Place d'armes.*

Suddenly we heard a yelling and shrieking behind us,—sounds which we soon found proceeded from Lord Royster, and a parcel of kindred spirits, who were piled indiscriminately on a *cariole* (a kind of low sleigh which does duty for a public cab), and passed us at full speed, lashing the poor horse unmercifully, and wakening the echoes of the solemn cathedral with their shouts and senseless laughter.

Two days afterwards I read the following announcement in a Montreal paper:—"We draw attention to the reward of £50 offered for the detection of certain malicious and evil-disposed persons, who, on the night of the 20th December, removed all the fir-trees which marked out the road across the St. Lawrence to Longæul, thereby endangering the lives of her Majesty's liege subjects, by rendering them liable to mistake the beaten track and wander into air-holes. We can only say, if there be any truth in the rumour which has reached us that a certain lordling, holding a commission in the army, and remarkable for sundry escapades and breaches of the public peace, has had a finger in this disgraceful piece of rascality; and if it be owing to this that Cornet Lord R—st—r, of the —— regi-

ment of dragoons has (as we have heard) decamped across the lines, *his lordship* need not be in any hurry to return, as he will find that, if convicted of this grave offence, neither his commission nor his rank will screen him from the punishment he merits."

Nevertheless, in spite of this warning, Cornet Lord Royster did return after some time, and the matter blew over; either because it was hushed up through his influence, or that there was no evidence to prove him guilty.

My intimacy with Captain Ardmore ripened almost daily. The more I saw of him the more I liked him, and the more reason I found to admire him for his union of the most refined accomplishments and intellectual pursuits with the graceful ease and fashionable manners of a man of the world. A clue to his character was afforded on first entering his apartments. Instead of the meershaums, whips, portraits of ballet-dancers, and race-horses, and the almost effeminate furniture of the toilette, which profusely decorated Lord Royster's rooms, the walls were covered with beautiful studies of English and American scenery, and drawings of heads and animals executed by himself; a large book-case displayed the best English and French authors, while his dressing-room contained all that was necessary, without any of the knick-knackeries or gim-cracks of a *petit-maître.*

One evening, by the invitation of my friend (for by this name I was now entitled to call Captain Ardmore), I found myself at a large ball given by the officers of his regiment. Amongst the guests I noticed one couple who seemed quite out of their element, viz., a dapper little cockney shop or *store*-keeper, named Perkins, whom I knew very well by sight; and his wife, a portly, vulgar woman, with an extremely red face. I saw them enter, and no attempt was made to introduce them to Mrs. Floyd, the colonel's lady, but both were allowed to sit down near the door, blushing and looking extremely sheepish. As I suspected at the time, and afterwards learnt, Lord Royster had a hand in this also. He owed a large bill to Mr. Perkins, and was not proof against the request made by the husband at his wife's instigation, to invite them to the officers' ball.

I do not know whether Mrs. Floyd saw them arrive, but I perceived that during the evening she became cognisant of their presence, as I saw her staring with artless and undisguised wonder at Mrs. Perkins's style of dancing. The latter lady did not walk through quadrilles. Had she done so, she might not have attracted the notice of the colonel's lady, even though dancing in the next quadrille; but, alas! Mrs. Perkins's style of dancing was fearfully demonstrative. She bounced hither and thither, and hopped up and down, like a ship in distress. The expression on Mrs. Floyd's face said most

plainly: "How did this woman gain admittance here?"

Whether from a wish to allay the feelings of awkwardness she had experienced in the early part of the evening, or because she was addicted to the use of stimulants, Mrs. Perkins had acquired a very evident supply of what is termed "Dutch courage;" and now, instead of shunning notice, she seemed to court it, and made several attempts to attract Mrs. Floyd's attention, by bowing and speaking to her, all which overtures the Colonel's lady *would not see.*

Dreading some *contretemps*, the ever-considerate Captain Ardmore took the opportunity of expostulating with Lord Royster, and urging upon him the propriety of using his influence with Mr. Perkins to remove his wife before she had committed herself further; to which Lord Royster made no other reply than—"Aw—cu—urse it, let her disgrace herself; she would come—aw—besides, if I were to insult Perkins by hintin' that his wife was drunk, I'd have him dunnin' me for money to-morrow—aw!"

Captain Ardmore appeared in excellent spirits this evening. He danced almost continually with Miss Vane. I had never seen a finer-looking couple than they appeared in the polka, which they performed to perfection. I had just concluded a quadrille with a young lady from the country, who had been boring me to death by her attempts to give our conversation a literary turn, and by the unmeaning platitudes which she uttered on Byron, Scott, and Long-

fellow; I was very glad, therefore, when I felt myself at liberty to wander away into a dimly-lighted ante-room. I was listlessly stooping down to examine a screen covered over with engravings, and was completely hidden from view, when two people entered the room, whom I knew instantly from their voices to be Captain Ardmore and Miss Vane. They were speaking confidentially and in low tones, but every word was distinctly audible; and I heard enough to inform me that Captain Ardmore was the accepted lover of Miss Vane. I was relieved from my awkward and unintentional *rôle* of eavesdropper, by Miss Vane remarking as the music struck up, that she would not lose the next dance for the world; and the lovers hurried to the ball-room, where I in a short time followed.

It appeared as if Captain Ardmore would willingly have engrossed Miss Vane the whole evening. A polka had come to an end, and he was soliciting her hand for the ensuing dance; but she seemed to expostulate with him on the impropriety of paying her such marked attention. It was probably owing to this that Captain Ardmore danced the next quadrille with another lady, while Miss Vane accepted as a partner, Mr. Potter, already introduced to the reader as being an humble admirer of the haughty beauty.

Mr. Potter was certainly not calculated to make much impression on a young lady surrounded by regimental *beaux*. Though a capital accountant, he

was totally devoid of those superficial graces, and that flow of small talk which young ladies love; and with every wish to make himself agreeable to Miss Vane, he either bored her to death, or served her when in a quizzing humour as a butt for her ridicule. I thought that under the present circumstances, when she had just plighted her troth to another man, Miss Vane might have had some compassion on the hopeless case of her admirer, and might have spared him. I was, however, mistaken.

During the quadrille, Mr. Potter hummed and hawed, and fumbled with his gloves, while Miss Vane appeared to be secretly enjoying his confusion.

"Did you speak, Mr. Potter?" said the young lady at length.

"I—I—no—that is—yes—I mean—not exactly," stammered Potter, growing very red in the face.

"The rooms are hot," continued Miss Vane, determined to draw him out.

"Well, yes—though—I must say—it didn't—though, of course, if you think so—yes, certainly."

"Have you no news for me of any kind, Mr. Potter?"

"Me, Miss; none, Miss—that is, I've not heard anything likely—to interest a young lady—of—of—I mean—a young lady of fashion like Miss Vane."

"You are complimentary, Mr. Potter," and Miss Vane deliberately made a low bow to her partner which considerably increased his confusion.

"No—really—Miss Vane—I didn't mean—" Mr. Potter hesitated and stammered.

"What, no news of any kind—nothing connected with trade."

"Nothing really," began Mr. Potter, and then he stopped abruptly, and a ray of something like hope illumined the vacant waste of his countenance. "By the last accounts, flour is firm, cotton has declined, and sugar is up again."

Miss Vane burst into an unrestrained peal of laughter, without the slightest remorse or pity for her victim. When she had somewhat recovered from her paroxysm of mirth, she said,

"What gratifying intelligence you mercantile men have to bestow; so sugar is really *up*. How long would it have been before Lord Royster could have told me that?" and she began laughing again.

Poor Mr. Potter was dreadfully abashed. He did not utter another word while the quadrille lasted; but at its termination, after he had led the young lady to a seat, he did muster up courage to ask when he might have the honour and happiness of waiting upon her at her own residence. Miss Vane turned upon him her eyes flashing with mischievous mirth, and repeated his question slowly so as to raise some hopes in the mind of the unfortunate Potter that she was about to return a satisfactory answer to his request.

"When may you have the honour and happiness of waiting upon me. Why—really, Mr. Potter—I

think—all things considered—you may call—*when sugar's down.*"

Mr. Potter retreated in speechless confusion.

Just at this moment the attention of the company was drawn to an explosion which had been for some time pending. From the glimpses I had occasionally caught of Lord Royster, he seemed to me to be hatching some mischief or other. I had seen him standing apparently engaged in conversation with the fat quartermaster, who was describing, with a great deal of pardonable egotism, the chalking of the floor of the ball-room, in which he had been chiefly instrumental. But Lord Royster was evidently pre-occupied with his own thoughts, and quite inattentive to the quartermaster; his eyes roved about the room, seeking, as it soon appeared, for some fit object on whom to play a practical joke.

At a late hour in the evening he went up to Mrs. Perkins and asked her to waltz. Mrs. Perkins, who had been anticipating this honour, would certainly have preferred a quadrille; but rather than not dance at all with a lord, she gave her consent. Lord Royster had then retired, and returned abruptly to claim her hand just as the waltz was commencing. They began, but had hardly taken a few turns before Mrs. Perkins was obliged to stop quite out of breath. She persevered, however, until most of the waltzers had stopped to rest, and she and Lord Royster found themselves almost alone on the floor. During another pause, Mrs. Perkins was too busy panting and gasp-

ing, and trying to inflate her exhausted lungs, to be very well conscious of what was going on around her. Gradually, however, in spite of her flustered condition, it dawned upon her, that she and her partner were attracting an unusual share of observation.

People had stopped dancing, and were gazing most decidedly and uncompromisingly upon Lord Royster and Mrs. Perkins; some were smiling, and stifled laughs began to be heard. All this seemed very unaccountable to the good lady. She scanned her own dress—nothing was out of order. At last her eye fell upon her partner with more detailed observation than she previously had time to bestow, and then the mystery was explained. During his absence, Lord Royster had changed his dress, and made a complete "*guy*" of himself. The back of his dress-coat had a large patch in it, he wore a vest made of a piece of old stair-carpet, and an immense hollyhock, by way of *bouquet*, was fastened in his button-hole. All this Mrs. Perkins noted in a moment. She had been made the victim of a practical joke. She overwhelmed Lord Royster with a torrent of reproaches. But this was by no means a sufficient vent for her rage. She looked round the whole circle of the company (most of whom found it impossible any longer to conceal their merriment), as if seeking for some one individual on whom to pour out her fury. Her eye lighted upon the colonel's lady, against whom her feelings of bitter-

ness had received the climax, upon the latter declining to touch her hand in the last quadrille.

"Ho, indeed, mum; and so we're too proud to touch the 'ands of our fellow-creatures, and yet you call yourself a Christian, I supposes. I wonders where you expects to go to, mum. A colonel's lady —really, I thought you wos a duchess at the very least! I've been a-watching you with your stuck-up airs the w'ole h'evening; and it seems I'm not good enough to be introduced to you, nor to touch the tip of your little finger. And so I've been asked here to be insulted and made game of—eh? but—don't think I want to interude myself on your acquaintance, mum, not I, indeed; though I 'ad once the 'onour of bein' at a ball, at the Mansion 'Ouse, in London. I know I ain't fit company for a *colonel's lady*. Oh, no! indeed. I shan't defile the h'air longer with my presence. Perkins" (in a very shrill voice), "do you call yourself a man, and are you agoin' to stand there and let me be h'insulted any longer." Here, Mrs. Perkins threw herself on her husband, with tears of rage, and tore the poor man's hair, and buffeted him about the face, perhaps unconsciously, in her paroxysm, and from the force of habit.

Mrs. Floyd, who was a tall, handsome, and highly-bred woman, presented a very striking contrast to Mrs. Perkins while the latter uttered this tirade. Her cheek had flushed as she listened to such unusual language, but her features never relaxed from

their calm and haughty look, as if she felt how utterly beneath her dignity it would be to permit Mrs. Perkins to ruffle her temper. She only said, in a tone of bitter irony,

"Lord Royster, had you not better look after *your friend*, she seems discomposed."

But the old Colonel, who, however good-natured, was somewhat hasty, waxed indignant at this escapade of Lord Royster, which had resulted in a personal insult to his wife.

"Lord Royster," he said, "what is the meaning of this disgraceful masquerade? Your conduct is unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Consider yourself under an arrest!"

CONCLUSION OF

CAPTAIN ARDMORE;

OR,

THE ROSE OF CHAMBLY.

"Love is not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove."

SHAKSPERE.

"The bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around,
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sound."

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

Two years had elapsed since I first made Captain Ardmore's acquaintance. It was summer, and his marriage with Miss Vane was appointed to take place in two weeks. But in that short period much may happen. In the interval Captain Ardmore was stricken down by fever, which proved to be typhus. I hardly ever left his bed-side. Often and often he wandered in his mind, and at such times he called on a female name which was not that of Miss Vane. This name so often on his lips was *Patience Gray*. With it was joined the word Chambly; and in his delirium he confounded Harriet Vane and Patience Gray together, and spoke of his approaching mar-

riage sometimes with one, sometimes with the other. I never should have sought to discover the secret partially revealed by these disconnected words, had he not, of his own accord, made me his confidant.

One morning, when his consciousness had quite returned, he directed me to a secret drawer, and requested me to give him a small locket which it contained. It enclosed the miniature likeness of a beautiful young woman. He wept over it and kissed it with emotion, and then asked me frankly if I had not gathered enough from the words let fall in his delirium to guess the name of the original, and obtain some idea of the real state of affairs. I confessed that I had. "Then," said he, pressing my hand feebly, "I will tell you all, that when I am gone you may tell *her* I made her the poor amends of dying repentant." I did not believe my friend was dying, and I told him so, but he persisted in thinking otherwise. Having once begun to unburthen his heart of the secret, he seemed to find a relief in returning often and often to the subject. His confession was in substance as follows:—

I have already told the reader that Captain Ardmore had been stationed in command of a troop at Chambly, a pretty village on the river Richelieu, about fifteen miles from Montreal. Patience Gray, though only a farmer's daughter, was beautiful and intelligent, and by no means uneducated. Her father was one of those steady persevering emigrants who form the strength and promise of a new country.

He had quitted Scotland poor and friendless, and through his own efforts, had become an independent thriving land-owner.

Patience was the favourite of her father, and of the whole village as well, for her meek and gentle nature did not rouse the feelings of envy so common among rustic beauties. She was called, *par excellence*, "the Rose of Chambly." Her father had given her the best education his means and situation afforded, and the cheapness of American literature had enabled him to amass a tolerable library, which proved to Patience an endless source of profit and amusement. The leisure granted by the seclusion of her village life, and the absence of those petty trivial gaieties, which occupy so much of the time of young ladies in cities, gave her ample opportunities for reading, as well as other rational and refined pursuits.

Patience was an enthusiastic lover of nature, as most well brought-up young people are, and the efforts she made to pourtray her emotions and impressions, either with the pencil or the pen, were in obedience to the impulses of the strong youthful soul in the absence of sympathy, striving to record its feelings of happiness, and conceptions of beauty. She was too true and natural a being to be otherwise than lovely. Her beauty was of that earnest contemplative expressive kind, which neither dazzles nor astonishes, but wins imperceptibly and surely. Not that Patience was deficient in those

personal charms which influence so mysteriously the most philosophic of men. No one could have passed over lightly her fair golden hair, her large, clear, blue, almond-shaped eyes, her figure medium-shaped, so lithe and graceful, the springy elastic step of health and youth, not to be acquired from the most fashionable teachers of *deportment*; yet Patience was one of those women of whom it might be truly said—

> "I must have loved thee,
> Hadst thou not been fair."

Fate, destiny, or what you will, had determined that Captain Ardmore and Patience Gray, two beings, so distant in rank and station, so congenial in tastes, sympathies, and sentiments, should become acquainted. Captain Ardmore was returning one day from the fort from an angling excursion; he had just arrived at a rude bridge, formed by a huge pine, which had fallen across a singularly wild and picturesque stream. The dense covert of alder bushes prevented him from seeing the spot where he intended to cross until he came suddenly and unexpectedly upon it. He had barely time to note that his abrupt appearance had startled a female figure midway on the precarious bridge, ere a faint scream and a splash told that the person had lost her balance and fallen into the water; in this place dammed up into a broad and deep pool. In an instant the young officer had plunged in, and two or three vigorous strokes enabled him to reach Patience

Gray as soon as she rose to the surface. In less time than I have taken to recount it, she was borne safe to land, having sustained no greater injury from her immersion than the fright.

Mr. Gray thanked the rescuer of his child, as man should do his fellow-man, and as the officer viewed the meeting between father and daughter, a tear of sympathy moistened his eyes. Never had he felt more keenly the applause of conscience, that true reward of every noble action; and when he came to grow more acquainted with Patience, and found in her no mere common-place country-girl, his visits to the cottage began to be more frequent and more prolonged.

His long absences were remarked and commented upon at the mess-table, and his brother-officers grew merry over Ardmore's good fortune in becoming acquainted with the belle of Chambly. Some gave him credit for an honourable attachment, and wondered not a little at what they considered his infatuation (for spectators can be very stoical on the love affairs of their neighbours); but Lord Royster, whose gross nature led him to scoff at the idea of generous disinterested love uniting two people of different grades in society, vowed that "*Awdmoah*" should not have it all his own way with the prettiest girl in Chambly, and offered to lay a bet that he would cut him out.

"No time like the present," said an officer. "If I'm not mistaken, *les voilà*, Miss Gray and another

girl listening to the *tattoo.* I'll bet a dozen of champagne you don't go up and introduce yourself at once." The windows of the mess-room looked out on the parade ground, and Patience and a young female companion happened this evening to be among the few who usually assembled to listen to the music of the fife and drum. In spite of his impudence, Lord Royster in his perfectly sober moments would have thought twice before he undertook this adventure, involving as it did the chance of a quarrel with Captain Ardmore, whose *penchant* for the rustic beauty was so well known. Now, however, heated and flustered with wine, the challenge implying a covert insinuation of timidity was an inducement more than sufficient, and with a heavy oath he accepted the wager, and sallied forth more than half intoxicated from the mess-room. He crossed the parade-ground, and never doubting that his attentions could be ill received by two country-girls, he accosted them in the most familiar manner. The girls, alarmed at his swaggering gait and thickness of speech, endeavoured to elude him, upon which Lord Royster thought proper to resort to a little gentle violence to vanquish what he considered their affectation of shyness.

"Good gwacious, my pwetty deah," he said, as he threw his arm round the waist of Patience Gray, "what's the use of bein so disagweeable; I wont eat you; just one kiss and I'll let you go; now why will you struggle so?"

At this instant Lord Royster's wrist was seized from behind with a vice-like grasp, which forced from him an exclamation of pain, and turning he beheld Captain Ardmore, his features working with the powerful efforts he made to restrain his passion.

"Come, come, Ardmore," cried Lord Royster, attempting a jocular tone; "damn it, you musn't have it all your own way with the girls, even if you are commanding officer."

With difficulty Captain Ardmore restrained the strong impulse to stretch Lord Royster at his feet, but he only said, in a deep concentrated tone which showed the inward struggle,

"Cornet Lord Royster, if you do not immediately withdraw, by heaven I will order out a file of men and place you under arrest."

The discomfited Lord sneaked away. Captain Ardmore turned to support the half-fainting Patience Gray.

No wonder if this second instance of heroism gave the climax to the feeling of affection which had long been strengthening in the heart of the ardent and grateful girl. In the eyes of Patience, Captain Ardmore was a hero, a demi-god, the incarnation of one of those ancient paladins of chivalry of which she had read and dreamed, the most perfect and romantic ideal of a lover which she had ever dared blushingly to invest with the hues of her exuberant fancy in secret communing with her own thoughts.

Then began, for those two young beings, that

brief, delightful, delusive, but not the less *enrapturing* phase of existence, comprehended in "first love," that oasis in the desert of life on which all like to turn a backward gaze and lingeringly dwell upon; and when Captain Ardmore, no less infatuated than herself, breathed, in one of their *tête-à-tête* strolls, at the witching evening hour, beside the murmur of the Richelieu rapids, vows of lasting and honourable love, Patience responded to them with such perfect childish touching confidence in her lover's sincerity, such content in the present, and such faith in the future, that had she then *died*, she would have "*carried with her all her illusions, buried herself like an Eastern king with all his jewels and treasures, at the summit of human happiness.**

At length came the *route* for Montreal. Why attempt to describe the parting scene, or the feelings of Patience as she saw the troop defile past her father's house, and caught the last glimpse of her gallant lover, the possessor of her heart, and heard the last faint echoes of the bugles playing that beautiful Scottish air, "We'll maybe return to Lochaber nae mair."

Such is a summary of Captain Ardmore's confession to me; he made no attempt to extenuate his

* I cannot forbear inserting the beautiful passage from Balzac to which I am indebted for the above: "*Oh, mourir jeune et palpitant! Destinée digne d'emporter avec soi toutes ses illusions, s'ensevelir comme un roi d'orient, avec ses pierreries et ses trésors, avec toute la fortune humaine.*"

weakness, his fickleness, his crime; and oh! as he lay there shorn of his strength and beauty,—*he*, so lately the gay, the gallant, the handsome,—I did not feel inclined to judge him harshly, as the reader may well suppose. I was rather disposed to seek for pleas which he himself would not have admitted in self-justification. I could well imagine a host of conventional considerations founded on his rank in life, his duty to his family, the effect of time and absence, and the gaieties of Montreal, the implied rather than expressed pity of his brother officers at Ardmore's making a *mésalliance*, and though last, not least, the charms of Miss Vane, and the palpable efforts she had made to win him, and triumph over her rustic rival; all these considerations, though they did not acquit him, pleaded in extenuation of his fault.

It was the evening, I think, of the same day, and Captain Ardmore had become again slightly delirious. I was sitting sadly by his bedside, when his servant entered, and said a lady wished to see me. At first my thoughts reverted to Miss Vane, but it needed only one glance to enable me to recognise in the applicant the original of the miniature. Yes, it was *Patience Gray*, but how changed from what she must have been when that likeness was taken. She who had been neglected and forgotten, had no sooner heard of the serious nature of Captain Ardmore's illness than she had come to pray to be admitted to watch over him as a nurse.

No; Patience Gray was not a girl of spirit. She

had never ceased to love her faithless lover; she did not know how to repay oblivion with oblivion. Her heart was plastic to the first impression of love, but that first impression could not be effaced; and now that he was ill she flew on the wings of her disinterested affection to stand, if possible, between him and death, forgetful of broken vows, of personal pride, of conventionality, of what the world might say, of the danger of infection. This girl, hitherto so shy and timid, had grown heroic, had left her home, and come to Montreal in obedience to the mighty love which dwelt in her heart, inspired by one sole pure and holy motive,—her desire to save the man for whose life she would have given her own, the man who had forgotten her, and who was about to be married to another.

She begged so hard to be admitted, I knew not how to refuse her. "Oh, yes, she could, she would restrain all ebullition of feeling; she could control herself. At length, with the doctor's sanction, she was permitted to enter; for the patient was always speaking of and expressing a wish to see her.

He was asleep when she entered. When he awoke he did not know her, and confounded her with Miss Vane. "Send for the carriage, Harriet, and we will go home." For days he remained in this half-conscious state. Then he rallied a little, and it was not thought advisable she should appear, lest a recognition should prove too great a shock. On Sunday morning he awoke perfectly conscious, and said to me, "I have only one wish, that I could know

that Patience had forgiven me." "She has, she has," I exclaimed, my heart full to bursting; "she has been here nursing you." I could say no more; but Patience had come from behind the curtain, and they were locked in each other's arms.

I was ignorant enough to hope that he was better, but the doctor coming in, shook his head; unfavourable symptoms had appeared during the night, he had not two hours to live. *He* knew it; but she, Patience, who would undertake to convince her of the heart-rending truth?

"Patience, dear Patience! I had but one wish: to see you, to know that you forgave me, before—"

"Hush! hush!" she exclaimed, with quivering lips, while she laid her cheek to his; "there is nothing to—to forgive—you must not speak—the doctor said you must be kept quiet—you must not speak, love! it will exhaust you, and prevent your —." She could not speak the word "*recovery;*" the flood-gates of her grief burst open; she sank down weeping on her knees by the bed-side. The sound of distant military music was heard. It was one of the regiments going to church, and the lively tune formed a jarring contrast to the grief and sadness within that chamber. Captain Ardmore's features lightened up as he heard the approaching sound. He made a faint effort to beat time with the left hand; the right was clasped in both those of Patience Gray. Suddenly, the hand dropped,—he became perfectly still,—the lower jaw fell. And thus

he lay without a sign of life, except the heavy laboured breathing! Oh, God! how inexpressibly painful is this last struggle when all hope is gone, and we can only pray that every breath which the beloved draws may be the last! At length, this sound ceased; all was over. The gallant spirit of Captain Ardmore had passed away for ever; yet still Patience reclined motionless by the bed-side, pressing the dead hand between her own; from time to time carrying it mechanically to her bosom.

Miss Vane had been sent for. She did not arrive till after Captain Ardmore's death. The sight of the inanimate body was too great a shock for her, and she was removed in strong convulsions. But, strange to say, since the death, Patience had become quite calm. Hers was "*a grief too big for tears.*"

A few days, and that most magnificent of sad spectacles—a soldier's funeral—took place. Troops are lining the streets, the soldiers step slowly with reversed arms, and ever and anon is heard the roll of the muffled drum, and the plaintive swell of that most mournfully beautiful of dirges, "*the Dead March in Saul;*" and more eyes than mine are moist as the coffin, surmounted by sword and helmet, is borne past, followed by the charger of the deceased, and at the grave more than one soldier of the firing-party drew his cuff across his eyes, to wipe away the blinding tear, which hindered him in the discharge of his military duty.

Patience Gray had been residing with her father

at a relative's house in Montreal. Every one had noticed with wonder the strange calm which had come over her since Captain Ardmore's death. Those who loved her would rather have seen her grieve, as she had done previously to that event. She appeared to be sinking into a state of mental insensibility which made them tremble for her intellect. Thus she remained until the day of the funeral, when, to the astonishment of all, she seemed to rouse from her apathy, and insisted on being present at the church, and afterwards following the procession to the grave-yard in a carriage.

They yielded, in the hope that even this sad excitement would benefit her, but she seemed quite indifferent to, and unconscious of, all that was going forward, until the first volley was fired over her lover's grave. *Then* she raised herself, and sate erect in the carriage, while a gleam of intelligence passed over her hitherto inanimate features, listening eagerly. There came another, and yet another discharge, and then the whole fatal truth flashed back upon her mind with overwhelming force. She uttered one loud piercing cry, and fell senseless into the arms of her agonized father.

She recovered only partially the use of her fine intellect. Never, from that time till the day of her death, which happened a year afterwards, did she give any tokens of violent emotion, or vivid recollection.

Far different was it with Miss Vane. Her grief had been of that violent character which rarely lasts.

As the grass began to grow above Captain Ardmore's grave, so did the memory of the gallant soldier wax faint with Miss Vane. In three months, she began again to be seen in public; in six, she was going to parties as usual, and flirting openly with Lord Royster, to whom the *on dit* reported her to be engaged.

Shortly after the death of Captain Ardmore, his brother-officers caused a tablet to be erected in the church to his memory, with a medallion profile in *basso-relievo*, and a touching inscription beneath, recording the feelings of esteem and respect which the virtues of the deceased had inspired. One day after service, I happened to be just behind Miss Vane, who was leaning on Lord Royster's arm, and heard her distinctly say, as they stopped before the tablet, "Yes, it's a good likeness; but they might have made it a little more ornamental." And to this man, on whose effigy she was gazing, she had been betrothed. He had been buried on the very day appointed for their marriage.

Just one year from Captain Ardmore's death, in the same church where the tablet was erected to his memory, did Miss Vane become the bride of Lord Royster. On that very day, by a strange coincidence, Patience Gray was *buried* at Chambly. While the bells at Montreal rang a merry peal for the wedding of Miss Vane, a knell was tolled for *the Rose of Chambly!*

I could have wished, somehow, that Captain Ardmore had been buried at Chambly, and that the

dust of the aristocratic lover and the village maiden had mingled together on the banks of that river, near which their short dream of love and happiness was spent. I should have fancied when I visited the spot that I heard, in the rapids of the Richelieu, a dirge of invisible spirits for those two young beings so prematurely cut off from the world.

THE YOUNG LADY ON A VISIT.

"I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care;
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!"

LONGFELLOW.

"WELL, well — 'time has been, time has been.'" Such was the mysterious remark of the old woman in "The Pacha of Many Tales;" and we, too, can shake our head and mutter, "Time has been."

Yes; the time has been when the magical words "a young lady" comprized, in our mind, the sum of all earthly blessings. When, to see and dream about this exquisite compound of angel and mortal, waist and flounces, to know that such beings existed round and about us, was sufficient to fill our cup of happiness full to running over. Not only did we enjoy a sense of present felicity, but a heaven of anticipation; for "man never is, but always to be blest." This was a confident hope of becoming some day better kown and appreciated by the fair creatures (what an expressive word creature is applied to young ladies!) who now flitted, like "phantoms of delight," about us, and were discerned dimly and through a mist

(of bashfulness!) in our walks, at church, at balls, *conversaziones*, and pic-nics.

But this was not a thing impatiently desired, but rather waited for, even as the sensible orthodox clergyman, while painting paradise in the most alluring colours, enjoys the present world, and is in no haste to quit it even for a better. We are very happy in our present ignorance, or rather dawn of enlightenment, and it is a pleasant employment to fancy what our feelings will be when admitted to all the happiness of knowing real grown-up young ladies, dancing, promenading, talking, riding, polking, and flirting with them, and be like the happy dogs who do such things, and yet *live*. We used to wonder if, when it came to our turn, we could affect similar indifference, for we felt sure it must be affected; was it natural, after having pressed for only one instant the tips of Miss Charming's fingers, to walk coolly away, as if nothing had happened? Well, we thought not, and "where ignorance is bliss, &c." Ah! once more we reiterate, "time has been."

Those were the days when a visit to a ball, concert, or theatre used to put Virgil, Horace, and Homer out of our heads for at least a week afterwards, and instead of the muses and other classical nymphs, beautiful modern young ladies with swan-like necks, delicately rounded arms, gloriously modelled shoulders, exquisitely shaped waists, flashing eyes, dimpled cheeks, and bewitching smiles took exclusive possession of our imagination and filled our waking and

sleeping fancies. In those days we took long solitary walks, and some times encountered young ladies unexpectedly, in what to our romantic eyes seemed desolate Salvator Rosa scenes, peopled with numerous banditti invisible to common mortals, hiding behind rocks and stunted firs, just where Mrs. Radcliffe or Sir Walter Scott would have placed them. We lived fast in those days, for we became incontinently the hero of an adventurous courtship, interspersed with hair-breadth escapes, and all but invincible obstacles from flinty-hearted fathers, uncles, and other kith and kin of the aforesaid young lady, who was in the opinion of all unimaginative spectators quietly pursuing her walk, all unconscious that she had become the heroine for whom we dared all these dangers.

As we grew older, our love and admiration of the sex,* though still increasing, became more catholic, discerning, and blended with other objects. We began to be fond of fishing and shooting; but more for the sake of nature than these amusements; to love trees with their beautiful waving branches, swaying so gently in the summer breeze, or bending down as if to touch the limpid water which reflected their loveliness; or stretching abroad their arms, as

* Designating women as *the sex par excellence*, doubtless implies that man is so inferior a being as to be comparatively speaking of no sex at all, which of course nobody can deny. It is a proof of the inherent generosity of women that they love, and even condescend to marry men, in spite of their unworthiness.

though sympathising with the traveller who sought their grateful shade; and we loved also the fair broad river upon whose banks we had been reared from childhood, and which we swam in boyish pride at seventeen, and from whose waves we once rescued —oh, day of joy—a fair girl (upset from a canoe, which floated bottom upwards on the water), and bore her triumphantly to the shore. We no longer robbed birds of their young, or snared squirrels now. We found far greater pleasure in listening to the notes of the former and watching the gambols of the latter. We loved to wander, rod in hand, up some winding stream, and drag the speckled beauties from their snug chambers underneath a rock or twisted root, and, as they glistened in the sun, with spots of purple, and silver, and gold, we envied the painter who could transfer their loveliness to canvass.

How many a merry fishing-party do we recollect, when we encamped beside some deserted mill, where the dam promised us fine sport, and there we chatted and told stories, and a picturesque group we formed in that romantic spot; one casting his line and occasionally listening to the lively sallies of his companions, ever and anon giving his keen eye and practised hand to the task of securing some wily but luckless half-pounder; a second cooking the trout, *secundem artem*, and causing savoury steams, eloquent of coming good cheer, to invade our olfactories; a third, unpacking a hamper, and proceeding to uncork a *demi-john* of jolly brown ale; and a fourth, "*recubans*

sub tegmine fagi," or to give a liberal translation, stretched lazily along, with head and shoulders propped against a tree, improving the opportunity, as the Presbyterians say, save, that instead of long faces, he is surrounded with merry visages with widely distended mouths, veritable open countenances, while the echoes of the solemn woods, which have rung to the war-whoop of the Indian, now give back laughter and song.

"O the merry days when we were young."

We are older! Some people have begun to drop the more familiar appellation, and call us, *Mr.* Lovemall. We are not proud, not in the least conceited, only particularly self-reliant, and we wonder that young ladies do not try to look into our heart and discover the hidden treasures laid up there for *somebody.* We are getting acquainted with young ladies now, and think them charming, delightful, bewitching. But we have done nothing rash; we have given no symptoms of having gone out of our senses with sudden joy. Altogether, we support our good fortune much more coolly than we thought we could. We think the reason must be because we have not seen *the young lady;* because, in short, we are not in love. So we make frantic efforts to fall into that enviable state of bondage. We go out wherever we are asked; we accompany young ladies in walks; when we hear of a new beauty come to town, we make Herculean efforts for

an introduction; we write verses in albums; we make one in all sorts of excursions, in which ladies, by the most unforseen conjunction of circumstances, may be expected to join; we accept politely worded invitations, which we, in our then ignorance of the world, do not know were never intended to be accepted; and go out to the country, and stay for a day or two, much, doubtless, to the gratification of the young lady or ladies who have bewitched us, but the old folks wish us devoutly anywhere else; and we accept invitations of another sort, which *were* intended to be accepted, and go for a day and are departing to-morrow; but it is "*to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow*" with us; and still we don't go,—while all our yesterdays have lighted us not "*to dusty death,*" but to most agreeable pic-nics and riding-parties, with quadrilles and polkas in the evening. Well, we do not those things with impunity. We have heart-aches occasionally, but still we do not fall in love. Cupid's bolt still passes on, and leaves us—

"In *manly* meditation fancy free."

But stay, have we forgotten,—can we ever forget somewhere in the neighbourhood of romantic nineteen,—there came a young lady to B——, *on a visit.* Not that we would imply this to be an unusual or singular occurrence, or that there may not have been at that time several young ladies similarly situated in B——; but that this young lady became

to us of more especial importance than all the rest.

The young lady on a visit belongs to a class (if we may so express ourselves) especially dangerous to the peace of mind of youthful bachelors. Our hearts are proof against beauty which we see periodically, daily or weekly; but "*the young lady on a visit,*"—oh! beware of her! But let us not anticipate. We were in the habit of making little pencil-sketches of our friends, which were generally considered tolerably good likenesses. We had long promised to do one for a married friend—a Mr. Jones; and to tell the truth, had omitted to fulfil the engagement. One day he met us, and reminded us so politely of it, that we quite blushed at our remissness. But shall we confess? There was another reason. It dawned upon us at that moment, that a beautiful young lady whom we had frequently seen with a younger brother of our friend, was the identical young lady then on a visit at his home.

And he had mentioned her name more than once, and we, in our dulness and stupidity had always pictured a maiden lady, turned of fifty at least. Who could have imagined that *Miss Prim* was either young or beautiful? And she had been in B—— for weeks, and all this time we might have known her, had we chosen. Now, at least, we determined that no time should be lost. We should at length get a near view of the divinity, whom we had frequently noticed in the street. We master our

sudden emotion of joy sufficiently to make a methodical appointment with our friend for that day, at two o'clock, and go on our way rejoicing.

We were just at that time of life when an introduction to a stranger young lady becomes a very agreeable adventure. Two o'clock came, and with it a fashionable rat-tat, executed by our hand at our friend's door. Miss Prim surpasses our brightest expectations. At the first glance we think her beautiful; at the second, *very* beautiful; at a third, we have settled it, that she is more beautiful than any one else in B——; and a fourth decides that she is more beautiful than any young lady we have ever seen. At a fifth, we are firmly convinced that no more beautiful young lady can exist in the world.

We sit down to our task doggedly, perseveringly; we make the sketch of our friend; it is handed about; it is much admired. Miss Prim hesitatingly remarks, that she would value such a sketch of herself,—oh! ever so much! Aha! we say to ourself inwardly, like the war-horse mentioned in Job. We show no outward sign of emotion, though our heart bounds within us at the thought that it is in our power to oblige Miss Prim. We offer then and there to sketch her likeness. She takes us at our word, and sits down at once, in such a becoming, such a bewitching attitude,—"*pose*" is the artistic term.

We make a sketch. Oh, a careful one! How else

should we attempt to trace the fair oval face, the large almond-shaped eyes, the ruby lips, the beautifully waving tresses. We could be a week sketching Miss Prim, and sigh that it was finished then. At last it is done; and though it is the best we have yet done, on a nice sheet of Bristol-board, with a delicate tinge of colour on the lips and cheeks, and blue for the eyes, we are quite dissatisfied with it, as we look at the incomparable original. But everybody else says "it is so like;" and Miss Prim says she thinks it a flattered likeness! We intended to make a gallant speech on the occasion, but the very audacity, the absurdity of the idea—a flattered likeness of Miss Prim,—struck us dumb. Make a copy of the Venus di Medicis, or the Apollo, which shall surpass the the original, represent a scene more naturally than nature herself, but don't talk of a flattered likeness of Miss Prim.

Miss Prim puts her sketch on the piano, and looks at it admiringly, and says, "I don't know how to thank you enough, Mr. Lovemall." "Perhaps," says Mrs. Jones, "Mr. Lovemall will give us the pleasure of his company to tea this evening, and then you will be able to repay him for his trouble with a song." Our heart throbbed with gratitude for that invitation. It was the very thing we coveted most in the world.

The other members of our family wondered at our good spirits. We locked the secret in our own heart.

"*It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.*" A serene consciousness of coming happiness diffuses itself over our spirit; a proper pride, a due sense of our own importance, of one who had made the acquaintance of the beautifnl Priscilla Prim. Our step was more elastic, our head more erect;—aha! were we not going to take tea with *her* that evening. It had not escaped our penetrating glance that the younger Jones, *a boy—a stripling* of nineteen now presumed to ingratiate himself with Miss Prim, and that she, as young ladies will do, was very well pleased to watch the poor youth getting desparately in love with her, and even to flirt with him, doubtless, for want of a better substitute. Poor fellow! You can have no idea how we pitied that young Jones; for we saw that he soon stood second in her good graces. Was it natural, indeed, to prefer a beardless *boy* of *seventeen* to a young *man*, who, in another month, would complete his *twentieth* year. As we tied our cravat, we felt sincere compassion for the poor youth, and for the trouble he was preparing for himself. But these *boys* are so conceited! It would serve him right, and prove a good lesson to him after all.

On that eventful evening we became Priscilla Prim's *slave*. Every song she sang added a link to the chain which bound us. When she chanted, "Arise, arise, Zarifa," we felt there was no fear of our proving the false Abdallah to a Zarifa like Priscilla Prim. And when she warbled, "Fly to the desert, fly with me," we almost thought she

meant it. Oh, with what bewitching pathos did she enunciate those words, and how irresistibly did they appeal to us—

> "For, oh, the choice, what heart can doubt,
> Of tents with love, or thrones without."

All her songs were about love (which, by-the-bye, is a remarkable peculiarity of young ladies' singing in general), and every one seemed written expressly to pourtray the state of our feelings towards Miss Priscilla Prim.

How we got through the evening we know not. We have a vague reminiscence of engaging in whist, but whether we played three minutes or three hours, or whether we won or lost, we have not the slightest recollection. We neither saw nor heard anything but the fair Priscilla. She gave us her hand at parting, and she did not hesitate, or seem in the least uneasy or put out, as she said, "Good-night, Mr. Lovemall, thank you again for my picture." We repeated the words over and over again as we went home that night, occasionally singing snatches of "Zarifa," "Fly with me," and other songs which she had sung, utterly indifferent to any opinions which the passers-by might form on the subject of our sanity. Her farewell words seemed commonplace enough, but we fancied *there was a hidden meaning underneath.* We begin to plan and build castles in the air, to rebel against an imaginary persecution of all our friends and relations,—a cruel deep-laid plot

against the happiness of Miss Prim and ourself. To our astonishment we find our eyes growing moist as we repeat the lines :—

> "Say, was it right to sever
> Two fond hearts for ever."

Why, oh why, should we be separated? Did not Antony lose the world for love? And we, too, would forfeit prospects, profession, family, everything, for the sake of Miss Priscilla Prim. Ah, had we ever in our thoughtless ignorance dared to sneer at "*love in a cottage?*"

We lie down to sleep, "*but not to rest,*" for we dream that Miss Prim and ourself are flying from the pursuit of enraged parents and guardians on a swift dromedary across the deserts of Arabia. We are overtaken, not by our parents, but by the simoom, which has also been pursuing us; in fact, the whole world seemed to be against us, and just as we are about expiring, wrapped in a last embrace, are awakened by our sister calling from the foot of the stairs, "Are you never going to come down, Pensive; we have nearly finished breakfast." We go down humming "Fly to the desert, fly with me." "What put that tune into your head," says my sister; and a sly laugh goes round the table. Thoughts of Miss Prim come to our aid. *When did a lover ever meet with sympathy?*

A week elapses, during which we have been indefatigable in making up parties of pleasure, to show

Miss Prim the environs of B——. She has seen everything that can come under the head of "lions," far and near, and we fancy—we only fancy, for we are a modest man, as we have before hinted—that from our conversation she must have gathered some knowledge of the character of her *cicerone*. At last, the hateful day arrives which has been fixed as the last for Miss Prim's sojourn in B——.

On the morning of this eventful day we went to look at the college, which is situated on an eminence and commands a fine view. We had Mrs. Jones on our arm. Harry conducted Miss Prim. We looked behind and caught him (impudent young monkey!) as he was assisting her over a stile, in the act of squeezing her hand, which she was endeavouring to get away from him. Poor fellow, on second thoughts, we were not jealous of him; it was natural he should wish to make the most of his brief opportunity. We are afraid, though, we were rather a dull companion to Mrs. Jones. We found ourself more than once calling her Miss Prim.

On our way home, we stopped at the public gardens, which are well worthy of a visit, and here Mrs. Jones left us, whether because she pitied us for our evidently absorbed state of mind, and was willing to give us an opportunity of conversing more freely with Miss Prim, or because she really had business to attend to, we know not; and *then*, we rather think, *Master* Harry was *nowhere*. He was very good-natured, though, and not at all jealous; had he

not had the pleasure of her society for hours during each day for six weeks? He seemed only too glad that we should join our entreaties to his to detain Miss Prim a day or two longer in B——.

United in this great cause, we poured forth floods of eloquence to shake Miss Prim's resolution, and she evidently began to waver. Our coadjutor completely destroyed the character of the hero-captain of the steamboat. He declared that he (the captain) was terribly given to drinking; that he was already half-seas over, and that it was really unsafe to go in his boat. Poor Miss Prim turned appealingly to us: "But is it really true, Mr. Lovemall? Harry never sticks at a little embellishment to serve his turn." This was certainly a polite way of hinting at the fact that my friend was an accomplished fibber. That young gentleman was meanwhile winking most furiously at us to support his statement. The captain was a very handsome dog. "He is terribly dissipated," said we, "and altogether a very fast sort of character. One of those Yankee captains, who, in their eagerness to pass other boats at any hazard, throw on hams to make the fire burn more furiously, and jump on the boiler to keep it from bursting."

This last shot of ours told pretty well. "But my mother will be uneasy if I don't come by this boat to-night. I have stayed already a fortnight over my time, and it looks so foolish to change one's

mind; besides, Mrs. Jones will have my boxes sent down to the boat, I know." It was settled at last to leave the matter undecided until Miss Prim should return and consult Mrs. Jones; and so we sauntered about the garden conversing. If any one had asked us what were our ideas of the summit of earthly bliss, we should have replied at once, "sauntering about that garden with Miss Prim leaning on our arm." It was not Harry's policy to interrupt or intrude upon us. He evidently trusted to our influence to persuade Miss Prim into staying, and then, as she lived in his brother's house, he should reap far greater benefit than ourself; so we had our *tête-à-tête* unbroken.

A propos of accidents in steamers, she gave us a long and interesting account of a narrow escape she had of being killed by falling from a spirited horse not properly broken in. We listened perfectly happy in the present moment; we could have wished it had never ended, only we could not suppress an occasional ejaculation, and looks, and muttered words of sympathy and compassion, as she spoke of her beautiful features being bruised—those features so peerless in their symmetry. We could not help saying, "I must believe you, Miss Prim, and yet it is difficult to do so when I look at those features."

We are sure she felt the compliment—if compliment it can be called, when we spoke so sincerely from our heart. Compliments can never be properly

appreciated when people can stop coldly and thank you in set phrase. Oh no, give us the look of thanks.

"I regret I did not make your acquaintance sooner, Miss Prim; and yet, perhaps, I ought rather to congratulate myself when I look at poor Harry yonder; my heart is not made of adamant." Another look of thanks, and then a glance of such comical expression towards Harry: "Yes, poor Harry does look melancholy; you must keep up his spirits when I am gone, Mr. Lovemall, for I do really think he loves me very much." What we *might* have said, what revelation might have passed our lips at this interesting juncture, must for ever remain unknown, for just at this moment we were joined by Mrs. Jones, on our arrival at her house, and we took our departure, promising to be at the steamboat.

A couple of hours intervene. Alas! the die is cast. Miss Prim is going. We don't know who looks most miserable, Harry or ourself. Our heart is too full to say more than a few broken words. We make shift to get out this sentence, "If I should be at C—— soon, may I call?" "Oh, certainly," replies Miss Prim, "I shall be delighted to introduce you to my mother, and I am sure" (here she smiled, as I thought, archly) "Mr. Jenkins will be most happy to make your acquaintance." We did not think of it at the time, but afterwards, the idea rose up repeatedly, and prompted this question, which we

kept continually asking ourself without coming to any solution whatever, "*Who is this Jenkins?*"

What power women have over their feelings to be sure. Miss Prim was still smiling archly, doubtless to keep up her spirits, while *we—we*, you might have knocked us down with a feather; and we don't think Harry was much better. *She* stood at the stern of the boat, and waved her handkerchief. We darted at full speed along the banks of the river, and as we got some head-start, while the steamer was getting under weigh, we managed to keep up with it for a good half-mile. Then we sat down exhausted on the bank, and watched the last flutter of the handkerchief, and strained our gaze on that receding *form* till the boat was lost to view by a turn in the river. The state of our feelings then might best be described in the words of the opera:—

"All is lost to me for ever."

But poor Harry's condition was apparently more distressing than our own. He could, however, find a refuge in tears. That was a consolation denied to us. No, our heart bled, but we did not weep. We were too much of a man for that. We mutually endeavoured to console each other. We were not jealous. Each found a delight, a solace, in the society of one who could appreciate Miss Prim.

One morning, about three weeks after *her* departure, Harry Jones rushed into our room in a very

disordered state. He could not speak, but he laughed wildly, almost hysterically, and pointed to a paragraph in a paper, which he grasped convulsively in his hand, and which ran to this effect: "Yesterday, by the Rev. Mr. Marplot, John W. Jenkins, teacher in the High School of C—, to Miss Priscilla Prim, only daughter of Mrs. Prim, &c. &c." I read no more—the perfidious girl had been engaged to this wretched Jenkins all the time she had been flirting with Harry and myself. "And to a poor devil of a schoolmaster, as ugly as he can be, and blind of one eye—I know the villain," cried Harry, and again he laughed hysterically, tore handfuls of hair from his head, and danced frantically about the room in some nondescript step which would have moved the mirth of any unconcerned spectator.

Thus Harry and ourself had both been made victims by an engaged young lady. That night we made a solemn determination to die a bachelor. We also resolved to shut ourself up from the world, and go to no more parties, for the sight of young ladies had now become hateful to us. To this resolution we adhered most religiously for the space of a fortnight, at the end of which time we were reconciled to a young lady, between whom and ourself a coolness had arisen about the period of our becoming acquainted with Miss Prim—we beg her pardon, Mrs. Jenkins—and we were again restored to the world and our friends.

THE SHAKSPERIAN WOOER;

OR,

LESSONS IN LOVE.

THE widow Jenkins was a most estimable woman, remarkable for nothing but being highly respectable. A very good clue to the character of Mrs. Jenkins and family might have been formed from entering their drawing-room. That apartment was always in (what is termed) apple-pie order. Every chair knew its proper place; the very poker, shovel, and tongs appeared to have a cold consciousness of their importance in forming part of the *ménage* of such highly respectable people. There were the due proportion of anti-macassars, d'oyleys, and other nondescript articles of ladies' *work* in crochet and Berlin-wool, spread over *fauteuils* and sofas, to attach themselves to the shoulders and coat-skirts of morning visitors; and many a timid man has been driven to the verge of despair by the frantic rushes made by Mrs. Jenkins and daughters to recover the property which he has been innocently and unconsciously on the point of appropriating.

On the round centre-table are just half-a-dozen gaudily-bound insipid annuals, with a fair sprinkling of albums, for the Misses Jenkins are great en-

couragers of original poetic composition, though they do not always take the trouble of reading the verses which have been written at their request. All these books are placed at regular intervals, and do not look as if they were intended to be opened and read. You never, by any chance, see a book lying about as if any one had been perusing it. In short, they are not a reading family, neither Mrs. Jenkins nor her handsome daughters. We once detected one of the annuals about an inch out of its wonted place, and Mrs. Jenkins suspiciously near it, and in the act of yawning; from which symptoms we have always concluded that Mrs. Jenkins must, on that occasion, have been making an attempt to read, and that she had either been, or was going asleep—an effect, as she ingenuously admits, of all her literary efforts. It is but justice to Mrs. Jenkins, to state that we never saw her in the actual fact of reading; nay, it is possible that from long disuse she may have forgotten that useful accomplishment.

Mrs. Jenkins and her daughters have no time to waste on reading. They are too busily employed with the cares of life, viz., paying and receiving visits, giving and getting all the news of the town, *work* (in the sense which ladies attach to that word, including crochet, Berlin-wool, embroidery, making little ornaments, &c., &c., &c.) shopping, walking, pic-nics, evening parties, and though last, not least, taking refuge from *ennui* in one grand resource, viz., seeing life from a bow-window which looks most

conveniently into the principal street; ensconced behind the heavy curtains of which, they can take observations of human nature, and spy their friends and neighbours without being in their turn subject to supervision. In this refined, intellectual, and highly laudable method of combining amusement and instruction, the Jenkinses pass many hours of each day.

And yet there are some highly valuable books in Mrs. Jenkins's house, but books, alas, which, as she mentions in strict confidence to every one of her friends and acquaintance, belonged to her late husband, and "are not, you know, proper books for ladies to read," being no less than "Tom Jones," "Perigrine Pickle," "Roderick Random," "Tristram Shandy," and the rest of the works of those *depraved authors*, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. Accordingly these books are *taboo*, and kept carefully under lock and key. We blush to state that often on casting a glance towards the sacred cabinet where such treasures were lying hidden, unappreciated by their possessor, and useless to the world, we have felt the spirit of a burglar rising within our bosom.

The Misses Jenkins were too well-bred young ladies to be termed flirts, but they had been carefully trained to look to the main chance in matrimony, to see the propriety of having two strings to one's bow, and not to encourage one lover after another more eligible had appeared upon the horizon. The eldest Miss Jenkins had once a literary lover, who cherished

the fond but delusive hope of forming the mind of his intended before marriage, till it should assimilate perfectly to his own.

Mr. Prose was remarkable for an almost insane admiration of Shakspere, and was determined to marry no woman who could not sympathize with him in his taste for his favourite bard. Accordingly he used to come, evening after evening, and favour the family circle of the Jenkinses with long extracts from the immortal poet, "*This dear Williams*," as he has been newly christened by our "volatile neighbours, &c." No method of love-making could have been more admirable had the swain pitched upon a young lady with the proper literary tastes, but the Jenkinses, like Gallio, "*cared for none of these things*." Had Prose possessed quickness of observation, he would have seen that he sadly bored his intended and her mother, that an *émeute* was brewing, and that mortal patience could not much longer endure what they looked upon as so cruel an infliction. But Prose was so wrapt up in his own adoration of the poet, that he never questioned his eventual success, even when they talked, interrupted, yawned, or even laughed at the finest passages.

At length a great and important evening arrived—an evening on which Prose had decided that he might safely depend on the sympathy and congeniality of taste which he had been so long labouring to create. He had postponed a formal proposal for the hand of Miss Jenkins, until he could make it with *éclat* in

the sure confidence of a reciprocity of his own enthusiasm. He felt that moment had now arrived, and to-night he chose for the reading, Othello's defence before the Senate. The Moor's tale of love, and how he won Brabantio's daughter, would (in Mr. Prose's opinion) be a fine preparation for the avowal of his own attachment for the fair Arabella Jenkins. No thought crossed the mind of the sanguine Prose that the selection might be ominous, as Othello had "loved not wisely, but too well."

The evening arrived, and punctually to the appointed hour arrived Mr. Prose, with Shakspere under his arm. The innocent, single-minded young man did not perceive that the interruptions, from the moment of his entering, were even more numerous, and more sustained than usual, that the younger sisters kept their heads, if possible, more invariably bent over their "*work*," and that Mrs. Jenkins and Arabella might have seemed to have made some secret compact, so ingenious and persevering were they in interfering with Othello's wooing.

Prose. The subject which I have selected for this evening's reading, is—

Mrs. Jenkins. Pray, Mr. Prose, let me offer you a cup of tea. (*Rising and ringing the bell. To the servant who enters.*) Tea, Susan, if you please.

Prose. We will, if you please, preface—

Sally (*entering, and banging the tray down so as to startle Prose, with a significant look at her mistress*). Tea, ma'am, if you please.

Mrs. Jenkins. Oh, I'm so glad tea's come; it will keep me awake! I'm so dreadfully sleepy. (*Yawns.*)

Prose. The tendency to slumber will soon depart when you know that the play I have chosen for this evening's entertainment is—

Mrs. Jenkins. Susan, take this cup of tea to Mr. Prose, and be sure you don't spill it. I've filled it too full.

Prose (*persevering*). You should know, before I begin, that Desdemona has eloped from her father, Brabantio, with Othello. Brabantio brings his complaint before the Duke and Senate, and Othello justifies himself in this splendid speech — thank you — yes.

These words, thus oddly prefaced, were hurriedly ejaculated in reply to Mrs. Jenkins, who begged to know if his tea was to his liking. Mr. Prose then continued, "It ought not to be spoken tamely, so if you will permit me, I will suit the action to the word.

Prose (*rising, stretching out one arm like a sign-post, and looking hard at Mrs. Jenkins and family, speaking after the most approved histrionic fashion, mouthing his words, and lengthening the syllables*).

"Most po-tent, gra-a-ve, and very re-ve-rend si-
ign-ors.

Susan (*officiously offering a plate*). Do you take toast, or bread-and-butter, sir?

Prose (*indignantly in his natural voice*). Silence, woman! (*Proceeding in his professional manner.*)

"That I *have* ta'en away this old ma-an's da-
aughter
It is most tr-rue; tr-rue I *have* ma-ar-r-ried her.
The very head and front of my offending
Hath—
Mrs. Jenkins. More coals, Susan.
Prose (*continuing with desperation*).
——"this extent, no-o mo-re, &c. &c.
&c. &c. &c.
——Yet by your gracious patience
I will—"
Mrs. Jenkins. Stir it, Susan.

Subject to these repeated interruptions, Prose went on, secretly chafing, until a hearty burst of laughter, in the most pathetic and beautiful part of the speech, utterly exhausted his patience. Abruptly shutting the book, he vented his displeasure in very decided terms, regretting that he should find so little sympathy and congeniality of taste in the family with which he hoped soon to be intimately connected.

The dignity of Mrs. Jenkins and her daughters was highly offended. While the younger sisters hastily crammed into their *work*-baskets the shreds and patches which formed the material of their "*industrious idleness*," and *rustled* out of the room, a flood of indignant eloquence from the mother and eldest daughter was poured forth on the devoted head of Prose. Never before had he had an opportunity of gaining such insight into the real cha-

racters of his intended wife and mother-in-law. Arabella spoke in the sharpest of tones. Mrs. Jenkins quite forgot her company manner, and raised her voice into a *cracked* treble, which was painfully audible. He was told, first by one, then by the other, then several times by both together, that if he found their society wearisome, the compliment was mutual; and he might go to those he liked better. Mr. Prose was the last man in the world to make head against this torrent of words from two angry women. He took the ladies at their word, and retired hastily, with the conviction that "all was lost except honour."

In order to account for this conduct of the Jenkinses, it is necessary to state, that Miss Jenkins, ever since she had made the acquaintance of a young Irish lieutenant, then quartered in the town, had begun to think she might do better than marry Prose. The next evening, then, Lieutenant Mooney was seated in Prose's chair, chattering away agreeable nothings, with all the easy impudence of his countrymen, making Mrs. Jenkins's heart to sing for joy as she built up redoubtable castles in the air for her eldest daughter, and causing each of the younger sisters to feel jealous of Arabella, as they thought of her engrossing such whiskers to herself.

In the meantime how fared it with the rejected Prose? He was a sensible man, and had some refined tastes; but sensible men often do very foolish things, especially when they have been crossed in

love. Miss Arabella was certainly handsome, even if she was not literary; and he had not bargained for being given up in so unceremonious a manner. Alas! for Prose, he had had little experience of the female heart. Perhaps he could have made up his mind to reject Miss Jenkins himself; but he did not like being rejected by her. At no time is a man more off his guard, and liable to make an imprudent match, than just after undergoing a disappointment like that experienced by our friend Prose. At such a time sympathy is doubly dear to us. If we are men of spirit, and have a proper self-respect, we will immediately prove to the foolish fair one the truth of these aphorisms: "That a man may marry when he chooses; a woman when she can." "That there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," &c. &c.—by going "right off," and marrying another young lady, instead of gratifying her whom we formerly vowed to be "the only object of our dearest, best, most lasting affections," but whom we now know to be "a deceitful, heartless, capricious being," "one with whom we never could have been happy, &c. &c."—by moping, or committing—suicide.

It must have been in obedience to these immutable principles of our nature that Mr. Prose carried his wrongs and his Shakspere into the bosom of another family, between whom and the Jenkinses, although they preserved all the externals of friendship, existed a species of private feud. The Prues, mother and daughter, lived just opposite the Jen-

kinses, and the fact is, Miss Clarissa Prue had long regarded with a good deal of envy the frequent visits paid by Mr. Prose to their neighbours. On that very evening on which Mr. Prose had received his *congé*, Miss Prue had watched him into the Jenkinses, and had expressed very decided and virtuous disapproval of the conduct of Miss Arabella Jenkins, in giving encouragement to so many danglers at once. "There's Mr. Prose, ma, and Mr. Flatt, and Mr. Green, and Mr. Hotcopper, and Lieutenant Mooney, and Ensign Sappy;" and Miss Prue enumerated a long list, which we shall spare the reader.

Imagine the astonishment of mother and daughter, when, after a somewhat nervous but energetic knock, the servant entered and announced that Mr. Prose was below, and desired to pay his respects to the ladies. It immediately darted into the mind of Mrs. Prue that Mr. Prose had been rejected, or had been asked his intentions, or in some way or other had got his dismissal from over the way, and had now come post-haste to offer his hand and heart (and, we may add, *par parenthèse*, FORTUNE) to her daughter. A hurried consultation took place between mother and daughter.

"Well, but mamma, do you think I'd accept any one whom Arabella Jenkins had refused?—only I don't believe he could have been so foolish as to propose to such a flirt."

"Nonsense, child. What has that to do with it

if he'd proposed to fifty women? There, run away for a moment just to calm your spirits and arrange your hair, and you might slip on that becoming lilac dress, and just try and get a leetle more colour into your sweet face."

(*Exit* Miss Clarissa, like an obedient daughter.) Mrs. Prue had just time to open at random a large Shakspere which lay on a side-table (for she was well aware of Mr. Prose's mania), before that gentleman entered the room.

"My dear Mr. Prose, how kind this visit is. We are *so* pleased when our gentleman-friends drop in of an evening, just in a quiet, sociable way." (By the way, this form of speech is surely superfluous. Who could be supposed desirous of seeing their gentleman-friends dropping in, in a *noisy, unsociable* way.) "Will you let me offer you a cup of tea?" continued Mrs. Prue, rising to ring the bell.

Inexpressibly sweet were these words of welcome to the lacerated heart of poor Prose, after the rude torrent of reproach to which he had been so lately exposed. It was to his spirit like pouring oil and wine into a corporeal wound. He bowed, and said he was particularly fond of tea.

"It is an excellent *trait* in a young man's character to be fond of tea. Do you know, I always think that gentlemen who are fond of tea would make good husbands. Indeed, I may say I have always found it so in my experience. Such husbands always lead more domestic lives, and do not break their

poor wives' hearts with pipes and cigars, and late hours, and billiards, and bachelor-company."

"I never smoke," said Prose. "I've tried it, and it don't agree with me."

"Not smoke!" repeated Mrs. Prue, holding up her hands with a pretty gesture of astonishment, although she was well aware of the fact. "Oh, that is so rare in young men now-a-days. Really, Mr. Prose, you are quite a pattern for the rising generation."

Mr. Prose suddenly became animated. He had observed the Shakspere lying open on the table.

"The Swan of Avon, as I live."

Mrs. Prue had not the most remote idea what the "Swan of Avon" meant; but she knew by the direction of Mr. Prose's glance that he spoke of Shakspere.

"Oh, yes, Shakspere. My daughter was just reading a little of that delighful—comedy—of—of—'Timon of Athens.'"

"And open at 'Antony and Cleopatra,'—'All for love or the world well lost,'" exclaimed Prose, too much engrossed to perceive the discrepancy of Mrs. Prue's observation—"I trust I have not frightened Miss Prue away. Does—does she like Shakspere?"

"*Like* is not the word," replied Mrs. Prue, "she positively doats on Shakspere. She would read him at three in the morning if I would let her: many and many a time have I been obliged to take away the dear girl's candle and say, 'Clarissa, you will

spoil your eyes really, if you persist in reading so much by candle-light, and that would be a sad pity you know, for your eyes are very much admired by the gentlemen; and even if they were not, they are too useful to be spoiled.' Don't you agree with me, Mr. Prose?"

That speech did Mr. Prose's business. "Here," thought he, "I shall find that admiration of the immortal bard which I have hitherto sought in vain." His castle-building was interrupted by Mrs. Prue saying, "But here comes Clary to speak for herself." "My love," she added, as her daughter entered, "we are talking of Shakspere. I have been telling Mr. Prose how you doat on him."

"Oh fie, mamma," said Clary, after making a charming inclination to the gentleman, "Mr. Prose will think me quite a blue—"

"Say, rather, a votary of the goddess Minerva," exclaimed the inspired Prose, "as dangerous to our sex from the acquired loveliness of mental accomplishment as from natural beauty." Then taking up the Shakspere, he continued, "Notes, too I declare. In your own handwriting, may I ask?" Miss Prue owned that they were. These commentaries, it must be confessed, were sufficiently terse, being nothing more than the words "Lovely—divine—enchanting —how true," &c., &c., generally written in the proper places, that is, the margin of the most admired passages.

"Ah, this is the truest criticism," continued the

delighted Prose, "what more ought mortals to dare to write of Shakspere than the most simple, unqualified praise of his writings."

"Oh, Mr. Prose," cried Clarissa, with the most interesting affectation of bashfulness, "pray, now don't read any more—you'll make me *so* ashamed of my humble annotations. They were drawn from me in moments of enthusiasm—when—when—I had no one near me to tell my thoughts to, no one—to sympathize with me—in—my admiration—of the author's genius."

Carried away by this conjunction of circumstances, Mr. Prose immediately burst forth into the following fit of eloquence:—

"Great heavens! then my visit to-night was providential. You admire Shakspere—so do I. You pine for sympathy in reading him—so do I. I—I have been seeking all my life for some one to participate with me in this my favourite taste. Oh! now that I have found her—my peerless one in thee—do not reject the homage of a true heart, of—of—a Shaksperian admirer! Do not cast me back again into the cold unfeeling world—into the Sahara of uncongenial matter-of-fact people. Be mine, beautiful, accomplished Clarissa. Let us unite our destinies; let us devote the remainder of our lives to one sole occupation, one pursuit—I don't mean literally do nothing else, but let us read the immortal poet together at every available opportunity;" and Mr. Prose wound up by sinking on his knees before

Miss Prue, little thinking that it needed not his eloquence to make him an eligible suitor in the eyes of the daughter or the mamma.

Clarissa, however, played her part to admiration. She appeared violently shocked at the proposal of marriage, and could only gasp out, "Mamma, mamma, speak for me. I feel so faint. I—I—"

Mrs. Prue flew to the support of her daughter in two ways—she sustained her drooping figure, and she spoke for her. "I will, child! I will!" she said. "It is a mother's privilege, her duty. Mr. Prose, read in the agitation, the silence of my daughter, the only consent which a dear, unsophisticated girl—a well-educated, right-thinking young lady, can give to such a proposition. I, as her mother, sanction it; rise up her accepted lover, and my son."

Mr. Prose jumped up, and in his agitation embraced Mrs. Prue first before her daughter. After, however, he had remedied his mistake, and transferred the warmth of his feelings to Clarissa, such was the fulness of his heart, that he could only strike an attitude with that young lady reclining against his manly breast, and exclaim, in the words of his favourite author,—

"If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy."

Mr. Prose took the earliest opportunity of parading his young bride in triumph pass the well-

known bow-window of the Jenkinses, where, behind the heavy curtain, Arabella sat flirting with the handsome Lieutenant. The slightest possible shade passed over the features of Miss Jenkins, but her eye reverted, by the force of habit, to the large pier glass which hung so conveniently opposite. She saw at a glance that Mr. Prose was not half so handsome as herself, and resumed her flirting with renewed vigour. The fond mother watched her own daughter with maternal pride. "Let me see, Arabella, is not Thursday your birthday?"

"Yes, ma," replied Arabella.

"I shall give you and Edward a party on that day."

It was intended, and fully anticipated both by mother and daughter, that Edward (for by this familiar appellation they already designated the fascinating Irishman) should propose on that day.

He had now been intimate with the family six weeks. Miss Arabella had grown accustomed to the support of his manly arm in the waltz and polka; and, indeed, at other times it had a knack of slipping round her waist as they sat on the sofa *tête-à-tête*. Everybody said that Lieutenant Mooney and Miss Jenkins were engaged, and shortly to be married. Yet still the Lieutenant had not proposed. The appointed evening came and passed, and Mr. Mooney danced every dance with Miss Jenkins. But in vain did the mother telegraph the important question to her daughter. The downcast, unsatisfied

looks of the latter said plainly "He has not proposed." After the ball was over, Arabella sobbed herself to sleep.

"This will never do," said Mrs. Jenkins; "I will ask him his intentions the very next time I see him, and that will be to-morrow."

The morrow came, and the Lieutenant did not appear. He seemed to have an inkling of what was in store for him. On the next day as mother and daughter were seated at their usual observatory, the bow-window, the following conversation took place.

Arabella. Well, but mamma, I really love Lieutenant Mooney, and you yourself was as willing as I was to get rid of that hateful Prose. After all, the more I think of matrimony the more necessary a *little love* seems. Gracious! only to think of choosing one man from all the world to be happy with for ever and ever.

Mrs. Jenkins. Exactly what I said to your poor dear father, my love, when, with all the unreasonableness of men, he used to complain that I never received him alike two days running. He said I stood shilly-shally and played with his feelings. 'Good gracious,' said I to your poor dear father—I remember it as well as if it was yesterday—'are we poor women *never* to recall our words, or change our sentiments? What tyranny! Are words, which are but breath, as the Rev. Dr. Faddle told us in his sermon only last Sunday—are words mere breath, uttered in the impulse of the moment to bind us for

ever?' I shall never forget what a rage your poor dear father got into, when I said I really must retract the promise of love I had given him that morning. But as I was going to say, my darling, it is you who are going to live with your future husband, not me; therefore, you are certainly the best judge of your own happiness. I'm sure there's not a day passes that I don't feel thankful that I have done with marriage ever since I lost your poor dear father. I never wish to become the slave of another man, or the victim of his tyranny and caprice; and so, if you really think you prefer Lieutenant Mooney, well and good; but remember, I I think you have been premature in breaking with all your other admirers. What a *levée* you had to be sure, and how astonished Mr. Green and Mr. Flatt were; and how rude Mr. Hotcopper was.

Arabella. Oh! don't bother so, ma. I'm sick of their very names.

Mrs. Jenkins. Well, but my dearest girl, consider, you haven't left yourself one single suitor to fall back upon. You remember, love, I said I thought it premature dismissing all your admirers.

Arabella. You said nothing of the sort, mamma; but that's always the way with you—blowing hot and cold.

Mrs. Jenkins. The very taunt your poor dear father used to throw up to me so often. And though I was obliged to bear it from him, it's really too bad to hear it from my own daughter. Once

more I say, in case the Lieutenant, after all his dangling, should not propose—and it looks very like it.

Arabella (*almost crying with vexation*). Ma, you'll make me hate you if you go on in that cold-blooded way. I tell you he must and shall propose; for I love him, and he loves me. Yes; I know he loves me truly; and who could help loving such a dear, delightful duck of a man, so tall, and with such a soft insinuating voice, and—

Mrs. Jenkins (*ironically*). With such red whiskers.

Arabella. His whiskers aren't a bit redder than a man's whiskers ought to be; and—*oh—oh—oh!*

"What's the matter my love," exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, for Arabella had all at once screamed out and turned very pale.

"Oh, look there; only look there," cried Arabella, pointing out into the street.

Mrs. Jenkins looked in the indicated direction, and then the cause of her daughter's uneasiness was no longer a mystery. For there, in the open street, was Lieutenant Mooney, bodily walking past Mrs. Jenkins's house, with a young lady leaning on his arm, to whom he appeared to be talking confidentially, familiarly, ay, even tenderly; and the lady was looking up into his handsome Hibernian features with an expression of pleasure and trusting affection which could not be mistaken.

"Who is the creature?" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, when she could speak for astonishment and rage; "any one we know?"

"No, mamma, it's a perfect stranger. Oh! the wretch! the monster!"

"Perhaps—perhaps" suggested Mrs. Jenkins, "She's his sister."

"No, no, 'ma, he's got no sister; he told me so at the ball the night before last. Oh—oh—oh—oh!"

The last rays of hope had disappeared, and both mother and daughter proceeded immediately to go into hysterics, after the most approved fashion with ladies when any sudden cause of trouble arises. Arabella fell on the sofa, Mrs. Jenkins into an arm-chair.

The faithful Susan rushed hastily into the room. "Oh, Miss; oh Marm; what ever is the matter? what is it? Oh! sich a turn as them 'ere screeches give me. Which is it that's took bad? Oh, I declare if it isn't both on 'em at oncet;" and Susan hovered in a distracted state between the sofa and the arm-chair, uncertain whom to attend on first.

From the sofa certain indistinct sounds were heard, which resembled the words "Mooney, Mooney." From the arm-chair groans which seemed to denote to the practised ears of Susan that her mistress was suffering from cramps in the stomach, a complaint to which Mrs. Jenkins was very subject, and for which there was no cure, but a small dose of brandy in its unadulterated state.

"Please, Miss," said Susan, answering her young mistress first, "I sor him" (meaning Mooney) "jist now a gallwantin' with another lady; and, indeed

Miss, I wouldn't take on so," continued the kind-hearted Susan, almost crying herself from sympathy, "he's jist like all the men, for they're all alike, and none of 'em worth it."

Susan had not further time to elucidate what she meant by these somewhat incoherent remarks, for she now rushed to the arm-chair. "Yes, mum, is it them nasty cramps agin, mum? Will you jist try and swallor a thimbleful of brandy, mum? you knows it always cures 'em. I know where the bottle is, mum; I'll run and fetch it d'recly."

"Stay, stay, Susan, stay," said the sufferer; I think—I'm almost sure the bottle's empty. You must run round the corner to Dickson's, and be sure you say it's for illness; and don't let the Prues see you going into the public-house, if you can help it; and—and make haste, Susan, I feel as if I'd be dead before you come back."

Susan was not long gone, and returned breathless to say that Lieutenant Mooney had met her at the door, and was just coming up stairs, and this intelligence was confirmed by the sound of the gallant officer's sword jingling, according to custom, against each step as he ascended. In a moment the ladies appeared miraculously recovered. Arabella bounded off the sofa and took refuge in another room, and Mrs. Jenkins, suddenly forgetting the cramps, sat up in her arm-chair, and prepared to receive the Lieutenant with severe dignity.

Lieutenant Mooney entered as if nothing had

happened, and inquired after Arabella, in his usual cool and easy manner, saying he intended to have called the day before, but for a pressing engagement.

"May I inquire, sir," said Mrs. Jenkins, with difficulty restraining her temper, "if it had anything to do with the lady whom you took past my house half-an-hour ago."

"Faith, and ye've guessed it, my dear Madam," said the unabashed Mooney.

"Have I, sir; and you, sir, may I ask, are you not ashamed to—to refer to it?"

"My dear good lady, what do ye mane?"

"Mean, sir? What do I mean? Why, to ask you, sir, what your intentions are to my daughter; and to say, that if you have the feelings of a man, you'll apologize for the gross indelicacy of your conduct, and the insult you have inflicted on her feelings by passing the window just now with another lady hanging on your arm."

"Arrah, madam!" replied the lieutenant, with matchless effrontery; "why do ye single *me* out to ask my intentions? Am I the only officer who visits at this house? Isn't there Captain Blazer, and Ensign Sappy, and a whole host of civilians? Why don't ye ask them what their intentions are?"

"Come, come, Mr. Mooney," said Mrs. Jenkins, growing excessively angry, "this assumed simplicity won't serve your turn. You know as well as I do that Arabella has turned away Mr. Prose, Mr. Flatt,

Mr. Hotcopper, and several more very eligible suitors; and I, sir," continued Mrs. Jenkins, drawing herself up, and speaking in a very pompous tone, "I have a duty to perform as a mother, and I insist, yes, I *insist* upon knowing what you meant by taking another young lady past our house, after the attentions you have been paying to Arabella, and the interest which you know you have created in her susceptible heart."

"Faith, and I'm very sorry for the intherest I've created in her susceptible *harrut* then."

"Sorry, sir; you don't look as if you were sorry." And the lieutenant certainly did not, or the subdued smirk lurking at the corners of his mouth belied him greatly. His demeanour surpassed all that Mrs. Jenkins had heard of Hibernian impudence. "Come sir, have you been imposing upon us, and playing with the feelings of that trusting angel — my daughter. I insist upon knowing who that lady was."

"Ye insist upon knowing?"

"Yes, sir; I insist upon knowing."

Och, well! if ye insist upon knowing, why—'tis soon told. "That lady—," here the lieutenant paused.

"Well, sir, go on; that lady—."

"Whom I took past your house just now?"

"Whom you took past the house just now."

"Well, then; that—lady is—."

"Yes; who is she?" exclaimed Mrs. Jenkins, in a fever of curiosity.

"MY WIFE!" replied the lieutenant, with the utmost *nonchalance*, "and I just called to say that, now she's come, I can't be a gay bachelor any more, and I'm afraid I can't have the pleasure of attending so many of your jolly parties."

Let us draw a veil over what passed in the Jenkins's house that evening. Far be it from us to say why there was such a smell of burnt feathers and *sal volatile*, and why Susan was seen so often rushing breathlessly round the corner with a small bottle in her hand. Our own private opinion is that never had Miss Jenkins experienced a more sincere *bonâ fide* fit of hysterics, and never had Mrs. Jenkins suffered from a more powerful, long-sustained, and obstinate attack of cramps in the stomach.

Alas! it was too true. Too late, Mrs. and Miss Jenkins recollected that, on first making the acquaintance of the lieutenant, they had occasionally heard him speak of a Mrs. Mooney; but, as he had generally introduced the name in connexion with "*his grandmother*," and coupled it with sundry grins, and shrugs of the shoulders, and humorous distortions of his features, they had either confounded it with the aforesaid relative, or fancied that he spoke of some fabulous wife in jest. Lieutenant Mooney had thought it a capital joke for a married man to engross a young lady so renowned as Miss Jenkins was for her numerous flirtations, and won an incredible number of bottles of champagne on the wager he had laid at the mess-table, that he would succeed in imposing

himself on the fair Arabella as an eligible matrimonial match, provided none of his brother officers peached as to the real state of things.

As for Miss Jenkins, she deserved and profited by the severe lesson she had received. With respect to Mr. Prose, it is a painful fact, but truth compels us to state that his marriage did not exactly fulfil his expectations. His wife's literary tastes did not appear by any means in the same light *after* as they had done *before* marriage. He has now reason to believe that Mrs. Prose is *not* passionately fond of Shakspere, and that she is not within a great many shades of being a blue. He feels that he has neither made himself nor his wife happy, and that he has failed in his laudable attempt to make Miss Jenkins miserable; for that young lady has quite recovered from the effects of the *ruse* practised by the lieutenant, laughs at Mr. and Mrs. Prose, and is now said to be engaged to another officer, who is veritably *an unmarried man*.

Moral: Young ladies,—Be sincere in your love affairs, and beware how you sport with the best feelings of human nature, lest you in your turn be made victims to flirtation.

Young gentlemen,—Lay this to heart, that marriage is too serious a condition to be embraced in a fit of pique or disappointment, or from motives of revenge on a third party.

WINTER-TRAVELLING IN CANADA.

"Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte: nec jam sustineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes, gelùque
Flumina constiterint acuto?"

HORACE, *Ode* IX.

IT is an erroneous idea of a Canadian winter which represents the "the natives," for six or seven months of the year, ice-bound and snowed-up, cowering over their stoves. In truth, to the young and all those enjoying good health and capable of taking out-door exercise, this is the gayest and most genial portion of the year.

With the freezing of the rivers commences a species of carnival. Between this period and that of the breaking up in spring, the farmers especially make holiday, and after the day's work of hauling from the forest the wood for the ensuing summer's consumption, they have little else to do but engage in merry-makings and junketings, and keep themselves comfortable in their snug homes, which, by the aid of large wood fires and hall stoves, are often too warm.

It may hardly seem necessary to describe a sleigh. Let, then, the initiated excuse this slight sketch intended for the benefit of the totally unsophisticated

reader. It is simply a carriage with the tires of the wheels flattened out into runners. The sleigh in Canada corresponds with the *carriage;* the sled is a much humbler vehicle, analogous to the cart or waggon. There is a great variety in the fashions of sleighs, from the clumsy shapeless family sleigh (often only a box covered with furs, and placed on runners), to the light and airy *cariole.* A well-appointed sleigh and pair of horses, or, as it is called, a *double* sleigh, is a very imposing affair. The sleigh itself, often of a very elegant shape, the runners rising high in front and curving gracefully, the front seat considerably elevated, and richly dressed with the skins of the bear, buffalo, wolf, tiger, panther, &c., forms a picture suggestive of pleasure and comfort; while the horses tossing their heads and jingling their bells, which are either attached to their necks, or in a girth round the body, or at various parts of the harness, appear to enjoy the task of drawing the light vehicle over the snow.

In most of the garrison towns of Canada, and British North America generally, sleighing-clubs are formed, and it is a beautiful sight to see from a dozen to twenty sleighs sweep by in succession, some driving tandem, others four in hand, while the enlivening notes of the key-bugle awaken the echoes, and those who have mingled in such excursions can alone appreciate the exhilarating effects of the rapid motion, and the keen clear bracing air in raising the spirits. Doubtless, many a match between the

Canadian *belles* and their military admirers owes its origin to those golden opportunities.

The true enjoyment of sleighing is, perhaps, best experienced in making a journey; for, to the novelty of this mode of travelling to a stranger, are joined the gratifying emotions inspired by nature in her wintry garb. The *stages*, as the public conveyances are called, are of two kinds,—open and covered, and it depends on the state of the roads and the weather in which you travel. If you express any feeling of disappointment on finding that you are to be exposed for the greater part of the day in an open sleigh, the driver will, probably, shrug his shoulders, deprecatory of your ignorance of matters and things in general in a new country, and "*guess* that with them heavy roads you might as well tackle up a meeting-house as a covered sleigh."

The town or village from which you start is soon left behind, and the horses, as they warm to their work, fall into a steady trot. The road or beaten track narrows to a path, the exact width of the sleigh. If there has been no fall of snow lately, it is compact and easy to travel, though on each side the snow may be two feet deep or more. The only difficulty occurs when it is necessary to pass another sleigh. This is an undertaking of some nicety. Both drivers slacken their speed and begin to draw off to the right, and not to the left, as in England, each taking his exact half of the road to an inch. Down goes one of your horses half-buried in the snow. The

sleigh is tilted over to such an angle that you think it must upset. And if it did, it would be only a harmless turn-over into the soft snow, unaccompanied by any risk; but the horse is an "*old stager*," in the most literal sense. He is used to it, and neither kicks nor plunges, and in a few seconds you are once more upon the beaten track, and scudding onward. If the snow is at all soft, or moist, the driver gets out occasionally, and with a little hammer which he carries for the purpose, knocks out the hard balls which form in the cavity of the horses' shoes.

If the country through which you travel be, in provincial *parlance*, "*settled*" or "*cleared*," your eye roams over vast fields of snow covered with a *crust* (the result of frost after thaw) which sparkles in the sun-beams, as if it were set with precious stones. The hard-wood trees, for the same reason, assume an appearance of magical beauty. Trunk, branch, and twig, even to the most minute tendril, are covered with a delicate cuticle of ice, through which the rays of the sun are transflected in the most brilliant prismatic hues.* This is one of nature's most gorgeous effects in these trans-Atlantic climes, and once seen can never be forgotten.

And now you leave the settled country and enter the forest—the wild American forest. The road winds, a white streak, now, through a wilderness of

* See, for a fine description of this phenomenon, "The Old Judge, or Life in a Colony," by Judge Haliburton.

hard-wood trees, whose naked branches permit the eye to penetrate for some distance into the gloom, now, through the rich green of the soft-wood species—the pine, the fir, the hemlock, the cedar, the tamarac, &c.* It is monotonous, but beautiful. Here is solitude profound, unbroken, save by the gentle tinkle of the horses' bells, the cry of a blue-jay, or the chirrup of a squirrel. It induces to cheerful musing, this pleasant onward noiselessly-gliding progress through the still solemn forest, as you nestle closely under your furs, and lazily upturn your face to the grateful sunshine—when suddenly your day-dream is interrupted by the report of a rifle echoing far and wide in the hushed wilderness—the horses prick up their ears, the dozing driver suddenly pulls up and listens; presently, a crashing of branches and cracking of the snow-crust is heard, and there, just fifty yards in advance, a large animal, with its huge head elevated so as to lay its gigantic antlers almost flat on its back, breaks cover, and crosses the road at a bound.

"A moose," cries the driver, somewhat excited from his usual apathy. "I guess that critter won't run much farther."

A confused yelping of curs announces the approach of the hunters; and two Indians running fleetly on snow-shoes appear and vanish like a dream. The driver is right: a trace of blood showing

* "The stern, inexorable fir-tribes alone maintain their eternal sombre green."—*M'Gregor's British America.*

brightly on the white snow, tells that the game is already wounded, and ere long the report of another shot informs you that in all probability the fate of the gallant moose is sealed.

Another event is a stoppage in your journey, owing to a tree having fallen across the road. But for this the driver is likewise prepared. He gets out, and by the aid of an axe which he carries in readiness for such emergencies, and another, wielded by an obliging settler, who has a cabin or log-house hard by, the difficulty is removed, and on you go. You think the stages terribly long, twenty miles each. You enter the plain farm-house, which serves for inn, and partake of some simple speedily-dressed dish, such as eggs-and-bacon and a cup of tea (a handmaiden standing by to replenish your cup), the usual beverage in the country, with an excellent appetite, the fruit of your exposure to the wintry air. Your driver sits down at the table with you, and discovers more decorum and respect than you had augured from the first impressions made by his familiarity. You swallow a dram, a most excusable luxury under the circumstances, and take your place again under the warm furs in the sleigh.

As evening draws on the trees assume strange, shadowy, and indistinct forms; and it requires no great stretch of imagination to fancy them gigantic figures imbued with life, and stretching their arms, as if beckoning towards the traveller. When you are tired of reverie (though if you are of a contem-

plative, castle-building disposition, there is hardly a situation in which you can surrender yourself with more delightful *abandon* to dreamland, than thus gliding lazily at twilight through the mazes of an American forest, warm and comfortable, while the snow-laden trees around tell of winter's stern inexorable reign), you can encourage the communicative propensities of your driver, who will entertain you with stories of hunting, of perilous adventures with Indians, wolves, &c.; and perhaps point carelessly to a spot by the roadside where he once encountered an old bear, who sat up on his hind legs, and watched him as he drove past.

So much for one kind of winter travelling; but there is another by no means so agreeable. However pleasant it is to journey in a comfortable warm sleigh, wrapped up in buffalo-robes, it is quite another thing to proceed in an open and loaded "*sled*" during inclement weather. A friend of ours, who has a thriving farm in the Townships, once persuaded us to essay this mode of travel, and it formed an era in our winter experience, which we shall not easily forget. We left Montreal early, and cut across the broad St. Lawrence, in a diagonal direction to La Prairie, a distance of nine miles across ice frozen generally to the thickness of two feet. The roads over the rivers are marked out by small fir-trees, stuck into the ice at short intervals, and here and there *shanties*, or wooden huts, are erected

where people make a living by watering horses and selling spirits to travellers.

The French country is flat and uninteresting, the roads being lined with poor white-washed cottages, at such short distances as to present, the whole way, the appearance of a straggling village. So perfectly alike are these dwellings, that the traveller might sleep for twenty miles, and not know on waking that he had advanced a rod.

As we sat perched up on the top of our baggage, freight, &c., the keen searching wind pinched our noses and ears, penetrated through all our wraps, and occasionally left us in doubt whether we possessed any hands and feet, so perfectly benumbed were those extremities; and the only way by which circulation could be restored, was by getting down and running for some distance. Yet we cannot deny that it appeared worth while undergoing this severe degree of cold, in order fully to appreciate the otherwise incalculable luxury of growing warm, when we stopped at the end of a stage, every nine miles, and hurried nearly dead with cold into the genial temperature of the bar-room. As to going near the fire or stove, under such circumstances, it is impossible. The instant you are under shelter, the change from cold to heat makes itself felt almost too suddenly at first to be pleasant, and it is only by immediately divesting yourself of your wraps, and by degrees only approaching the fire, that you can

properly enjoy the change; and then what a luxury to feel the genial warmth creeping over you, permeating the veins, and causing the agreeable relaxation which such a respite inspires.

What a stock of caloric did we lay in at such places, and how carefully did we muffle ourselves before leaving the hospitable shelter, and venturing again *sub Jove frigido*. For the first mile or two we could defy the enemy, but gradually Jack Frost began again to insinuate himself through our defences, and having effected a lodgment to make rapid progress, and laugh to scorn our attempts to repel him. Then how anxiously, as we approached the end of the stage, did we strain our eyes to catch the first glimpse of our haven of refuge, the uncouth looking country inn, more beautiful in our eyes than the most picturesque *château*, for we knew that we would be welcomed and made much of; with what thankfulness did we greet its appearance, and how eagerly did we rush again to thaw our half-frozen limbs in the grateful shelter.

But cold was not our only enemy. We had other obstacles to contend with. In some places the track was nearly obliterated by snow-drifts, and it required no little skill on the part of the driver to preserve the middle of the road, and avoid the deep ditches on each side which abound in the French country. The horses, taught by experience to dread the deep snow, shoved against each other, in their attempts to keep a firm footing; or, in technical phrase, *crowded*

so, that our progress was necessarily very slow. And when we encountered another team, it would have been amusing if it had not been a matter of such moment to ourselves, to watch the jealous fear displayed by the driver of yielding an inch more of the road than was lawful. For when a loaded sled gets embedded in the snow, the horses are often injured in their attempts to extricate it. Once we stuck so fast, that we were obliged to unyoke our horses, and substitute a pair of oxen, whose superior strength once more placed us on the beaten track.

We had several times regretted our rashness in exposing ourselves to such hardships, when we might have travelled securely and comfortably in the regular stage. But we did not destroy our friend's peace of mind by giving utterance to our feelings, nor disturb the placid delusion under which he laboured, that we must be enjoying ourselves exceedingly, while he launched forth into praises of his sled, horses, harness, &c., remarking that he had not met a team on the road equally robust. Yet when the day's journey was over, and we were ensconced in a comfortable inn, we did indeed acknowledge that the luxury of such rest had been cheaply purchased, even by such real miseries.

How shall we convey to the reader our agreeable sensations, the calm which stole over our spirit, when after having partaken of a plentiful repast which might be called either dinner, tea, or supper, since it partook equally of the nature of all three respec-

tively, we sat round a blazing fire, our weary feet ensconced in slippers, every muscle relaxed, and with that delightful feeling of drowsy consciousness which attends long exposure to the cold. As we sit thus enjoying a pipe and a glass of grog, listening to some long-winded story, told by the landlord, of some memorable snow-storm, the exact date of which he is as particular to demonstrate as though it were an important political or historical event (but which we do not recollect), when he drove through a snow-drift of such surprising depth, that he could but just see the tips of his horse's ears. As we sit thus, gentle reader, listening to the monotonous humming of the landlord's voice, and sleepily gazing at the crackling faggots, we fancy that it is impossible to arrive at a more vivid enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*.

At length repeated nods and short excursions into dream-land—during which we have become utterly oblivious, not only of the story, but of the landlord himself, though in our intervals of consciousness we know that he is talking on, either calmly resigned to our inattention, or too much wrapped up in the interest of his tale (which he has told so often as probably to believe in himself) to heed it—warn us that it is time to quit the huge blazing fire for a comfortable bed, and such a sound slumber as only attends such a day of "*Winter-travelling in Canada.*"

THE UNREMARKABLE FEMALE.

"Thou art gone from my gaze
Like a beautiful dream."

ALMOST everybody who has dwelt long in a small town has had some individual who stood toward him or her in the same light as Mrs. Frump did to us, viz., who possesses the peculiarity of being associated with our earliest recollections, and whose presence (from passing frequently before our eyes without exciting any particular train of thought, except the vague idea which we attach to any familiar senseless object) we never notice, but whose absence would be immediately felt. Such had been the secret tie which had bound Mrs. Frump and ourself together for many years; a tie, the force of whose mysterious influence we knew not, until it was rudely and abruptly severed for ever.

It is hard in describing Mrs. Frump to refrain from paradox. Now that she has passed away from our gaze, and we are, therefore, in a measure, called upon to build up again in thought what was once a real actual presence; to embalm her, so to speak, to give her a *regal monument* in the *pyramid* of memory, we should define her as a being—let us say at once a woman (for we do not desire to affect unnecessary

mystery)—so exquisitely devoid of all character as to be on that very account eminently characteristic. Had we been asked suddenly by a curious stranger to give some definite idea of Mrs. Frump, we believe we should have replied promptly, that her most remarkable peculiarity was living in the house at the corner.

It was a peculiarity of "Chevy Slyme" that he was always "round the corner," and it was perhaps the most striking and salient feature respecting Mrs. Frump, considered in a moral and mental point of view, that she had always lived in that identical corner-house. Even as the Greeks represented eternity by a serpent endeavouring to swallow his own tail, so did Mrs. Frump appear to us an emblem of a changeless routine of existence. We never could discern any alteration in her appearance from the time when she first dawned upon our boyhood ten years ago. We know we must have seen her for *the first time*, but we can recall no such era. To us she had always existed.

We never doubted that the "oldest inhabitant" recollected her living in the same corner-house, and walking about in pattens, with the same coal-scuttle bonnet and green gingham umbrella. The idea of numbering her years never occurred to us. She could not be under forty, she might be fifty, possibly more. Had she ever been young? would she ever grow very old? were thoughts which may have dimly presented themselves, as the coal-scuttle bon-

net and the green gingham umbrella came into view (as things which had always been, and would always continue to be, essential accessories of existence, periodical phenomena, like the recurrence of the seasons, to which, from habit, we grow indifferent), but which we desired not to solve any more than to decide to a day the age of an Egyptian priestess-mummy in the British Museum. Why should we now press the inquiry? Thus the reader may comprehend what a strange mixture of the shadowy ideal with palpable reality was Mrs. Frump to us.

To convey a correct idea of her personal appearance we feel to be equally impossible. We can certainly adapt the language of Enobarbus in describing Cleopatra:—

> "For her own person
> It beggared *all* description,"

Though not assuredly for the same reason. Mrs. Frump was not beautiful. So far we can speak positively. We cannot rush into the opposite extreme, and pronounce her plain, since this would be to imply a tendency to character or expression of some kind in her face, which was indeed a sealed book in this respect; one of those faces which we are always seeing and never can remember—a face which would have driven the artist who attempted to paint it, to despair, a face which nullifies all attempts to particularize, beyond the vague admission that it possessed a nose, mouth, and two eyes. Further detail is impossible.

As for her person, it was neither stout nor thin, short nor tall. The main features of her costume have been already mentioned. We have a faint recollection of a black bombazeen dress, made after no fashion extant, which left a vague impression on the mind that Mrs. Frump had been at one time married, and was now a widow. Indeed, we have since recollected there were rumours that the oldest inhabitant remembered her husband, and had even known him when he occupied the corner-house in which his relict now resided. What sort of a man had been the late Mr. Frump? had he been of a convivial turn, the possessor of a latch-key, or a domestic husband? had he ruled his wife, or she him? had he been happy in his matrimonial experience, or had he died weary of life spent with so unremarkable a female? Such ideas were, however, painful, since they disturbed the hitherto classical repose in which Mrs. Frump had rested. It was unsatisfactory to think of her as having ever had another name, or sinking her independence in the authority of a husband. We found it difficult and distracting to associate the idea of Mrs. Frump as we saw her, inseparably connected with the black bombazeen dress, coal-scuttle bonnet, umbrella, and pattens, with that of a young virgin with a white veil and orange-blossoms.

For years, then, there had been growing up in our bosom, not the less surely because unconsciously to ourself, a feeling of strong, deep, chivalrous, pla-

tonic attachment toward Mrs. Frump; an attachment which the slightest breath of scandal dared not impugn, seeing that it was confined to our breast alone, and that Mrs. Frump herself was as guiltless of even knowing it as the far-famed Dulcinea del Toboso of the fierce flame which consumed the Knight of La Mancha. Under these circumstances, the reader will imagine our painful surprise when calling one day on our amusing and satirical young lady-friend, Miss Quizwel, she said, apropos to nothing, "Have you heard the news, that your neighbour, Mrs. Frump, is going to be married?"

Never until this moment, when we heard that we were about to lose her for ever, had we felt or appreciated the depth of our platonic attachment to the characterless Mrs. Frump. We had grown so accustomed to her appearances and disappearances from and into the corner-house, the frequent casual and transient glimpses of the black bombazeen dress, the coal-scuttle bonnet, the green gingham umbrella, and the pattens, that her continuance in that locality had come to be considered as a thing of course, as a destiny, a necessity. And now we heard that those fond ties and associations were to be broken up. The glory was to depart from the corner-house. From henceforth we were to learn to disconnect it from the idea of Mrs. Frump Could it be done?

So sudden had been the shock of this intelligence that we were too overwhelmed to ask Miss Quizwel the name of the man (our unconscious rival) who

was to bring this desolation upon the corner-house and rob us of—Mrs. Frump. However, rumour soon informed us. The man's name was Crump. Our bereaved heart derived some consolation in reflecting the pair must have been formed for each other; and after all, we reflected, if he can make her happy, why should she not marry him? We only loved her with a platonic love. One thing was certain, "she never *could* be mine." We comforted and consoled ourself with reflections of a similar nature, and at length arrived at sufficient Christian fortitude mentally to apostrophize Mr. Crump in a burst of generous enthusiasm, thus, "Take her, Crump, take her, but make her happy." Did we use our handkerchief at the same time to wipe away a tear? Excuse us, dear reader, but *that* you shall never know.

We have said that Mrs. Frump and Mr. Crump appeared formed for one another. The same negative qualities (if we may use such an expression) distinguished both. The only approach to definite character which could be remarked in Mr. Crump was stoutness, and a stranger might on the first interview have confidently pronounced him to be no genius. He was a member of the Provincial Parliament, or House of Assembly, and represented a remote district called Stumpandswamp. Why, or with what views, he had been elected, is a mystery between himself and his constituents, of which we have never heard the solution. He is not the leader

of a party, and his parliamentary duties are comprised in voting occasionally when he happens to be present, slumbering through the debates, drawing his daily allowance as a member, and keeping his family supplied with stationery all the year round at the expense of the province.

His speeches are generally reported after this fashion: "Mr. Crump perfectly agreed with the honourable gentleman who spoke last, and would not take up the time of the House any longer;" or, "Mr. Crump made a few remarks, which were inaudible in the reporters' galllery." There is generally a vast deal of coughing when Mr. Crump rises (seldom as it is), for he has not the faculty of amusing "the House" by his humorous blunders, like that honourable member, Mr. Leatherhead, from the county of Softbrains. Only on one occasion, to the best of our recollection, did Mr. Crump make what can be called an attempt at rhetorical display. Rising with dignity, he wiped from his forehead the profuse perspiration indicative of the labouring brain within, and spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Cheerman—ahem—Mr. Cheerman—we live —in—an enlightened age—Mr. Cheerman—we live in an age—of—of—" (an awful pause, during which, Mr. Crump actually grows redder in the face than usual, and fidgets with his handkerchief) "an age, Mr. Cheerman, of—of—enlightenment" (another awful pause, and after several spasmodic gasps, and a wild clutch at the back of his chair, Mr. Crump

sits down, amid roars of laughter, without having demonstrated his premises, that "we live in an enlightened age, or an age of enlightenment."

From the time that we first heard of the pending engagement between Mr. Crump and Mrs. Frump, the former became an object of interest, the latter, if possible, of renewed interest to us. We used to sit in the gallery of the House, and watch Mr. Crump's unwieldy figure, and endeavour to read in his phlegmatic physiognomy and dull grey eye some tokens of the inward fire which was consuming him. Mrs. Frump, too, was eagerly watched. From a window which commanded a view of her court-yard we could behold her engaged in the pleasing domestic occupation of hanging out clothes.

On these occasions, on which we beheld Mrs. Frump (to borrow an expressive Gallicism) "*chez elle*" (*anglicè* at home), she wore an older, more dilapidated coal-scuttle bonnet of straw (dearer to us, by the way, than the original of the celebrated "*chapeau de paille*" could have been to Rubens), which was put on more as it appeared with the view of screening the face from the sun than with an eye to fashionable effect, since it afforded a striking contrast to the style so much in vogue; in short, it completely covered the head and a great part of the features. How natural that Mrs. Frump should so far conform to the usages of the world as to have *a déshabillé* as well as a full-dress costume. She knew not even

that the observant eye of her faithful platonic admirer was upon her.

The playful zephyr toyed wantonly with a certain article of female apparel, causing it to flutter so as to defeat Mrs. Frump's efforts to fasten it to the line with that utensil of domestic economy vulgarly called a clothes-pin. An exclamation of impatience escaped the lips of Mrs. Frump, at this unexpected opposition of a lifeless thing to her wishes. Echo (one of the many classical embodiments which hovered round Mrs. Frump) caught the words and conveyed them to our ear. We may have been mistaken, but they sounded more like "Bother the shimmy" than anything else.

Suddenly, with the electrical rapidity of a chain of thought, the contrast between Mrs. Frump as she then appeared hanging out clothes, and Mrs. Frump a new-made bride with orange blossoms in her hair, struck us so forcibly, and from so ludicrous a point of view, that we could not repress a perfect shriek of laughter. Two events followed in such proximity as almost to be simultaneous. The straw bonnet was tilted into the air at an angle of forty-five degrees, so as to give the eyes beneath the range of the window; and from that window we immediately vanished.

For Miss Quizwel's benefit, who kept continually saying that she did not believe it—that she could not understand it—that it was impossible these

"two old things" (such was her irreverent way of speaking of Mr. Crump and Mrs. Frump) were really going to be married, we inquired and learned it was not altogether a love-match, but that motives of interest and expediency had actuated both parties. The circumstances were these: —

Mr. Crump owed Mrs. Frump a round sum of money for board and lodging during the session of parliament. Always averse to paying money when he could help it, Mr. Crump revolved how he could avoid discharging this debt with credit to himself. Mrs. Frump also, to use a common phrase, "had her weather-eye open." One night, by some unaccountable accident, Mr. Crump slept in damp sheets. The consequence was a severe cold and rheumatism. Nothing could exceed the well-acted surprise and sympathy of Mrs. Frump. Such a thing had never happened before, in her house, and could not, should not, by any conceivable possibility happen again. The girl, "careless jade," should have warning that very day, and, for the future, Mrs. Frump would superintend the airing of everything, down to a pair of socks, with her own eye. Doubtless she meant both eyes, though she spoke but of one.

Mr. Crump could hardly regret his illness, so exceedingly attentive was Mrs. Frump to his comforts. Never had his gruel been so nicely made, or his back more tenderly manipulated, than by the scientific hands of Mrs. Frump. Mr. Crump calculated the matter like a prudent man of business;

weighed the expense of a wife against the saving of a bill for board and lodging, and the necessity of a housekeeper, threw in perhaps a grain of gratitude, which turned the scale, and decided on marrying Mrs. Frump. We almost shrink from describing the affecting declaration of attachment. It requires an abler pen than ours to do justice to the scene on that eventful morning when Mr. Crump, being entirely recovered, Mrs. Frump entered his apartment with the bill in her hand and a tear in her eye (for he had not spoken out yet, and she dreaded losing him after all).

"My dear Mrs. Frump," said Mr. Crump, "what would you say if I were to decline paying that bill?"

"Say, sir!" why, sir, I'd say as how you was a-jokin', sir, with a poor widdy woman as lives by boardin' and lodgin'."

"Now, Mrs. Frump," replied Mr. Crump, "can't you imagine circumstances under which it would be perfectly preposterous for you to ask me to pay it!"

Mrs. Frump trembled with undefined hope. Mr. Crump went on:

"Suppose, for the sake of argument, Mrs. Frump, that I said to you, Will you marry me, Mrs. Frump? and you said, Yes. Would it not be a joke then presenting your bill?—only for the sake of argument now, suppose—"

But Mrs. Frump could not dissemble her joy. She completely overlooked Mr. Crump's hypothetical way of putting the case. She only heard a

downright proposal at last. She was to be a lone, lorn woman, a widow, no longer. Not a moment more could she keep her hands off what she regarded as already her own property. She had her arms round Mr. Crump's neck and had kissed him twice before he could call for help, had he been so inclined.

Perhaps, in that moment, Mr. Crump bitterly repented his precipitancy; but it was too late. Mrs. Frump had accepted him, and the new servant, always in the way (but perhaps most opportunely for Mrs. Frump in the present instance), appeared at this moment a witness of the bargain. As she beheld Mrs. Frump in Mr. Crump's arms, or, more correctly, Mr. Crump in Mrs. Frump's embrace, the new servant gave utterance to an ejaculation of surprise and wonder (very common with girls of her rank and class, known by the world as "menials," and by a slang but expressive phrase, as "slaveys"). The word was "lawk," evidently corrupted from its original meaning, and not to be found in Johnson: of its exact signification we are ignorant. But Mrs. Frump only held on the tighter, and gave symptoms of approaching hysterics, if Mr. Crump did not soon acknowledge her as his affianced wife. Who shall tell what frightful visions of actions for breach of promise, and damages far exceeding the amount of his landlady's bill, danced before the mental eyes of Mr. Crump, in that agitating moment, and maddened him to the desperate resolve. He deliberated—

and was lost,—we mean, he made a decided proposal, was accepted, and married before he had time to repent.

We regret to state that Miss Quizwel repeatedly interrupted the narration with fits of laughter, and persisted in asking, with mock gravity, "Will he take her home with him?" Reader, that question we can answer. He did take her home with him. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" Mrs. Frump is now no more—at least she exists not to us: a landmark has been taken from our existence in the absence of the unremarkable female with the coal-scuttle bonnet, umbrella, and pattens. We felt, when she departed, that the corner-house could never look the same to us again. And, as if to mark the desolation more strongly, the corner-house has *literally* changed. It has undergone repairs and been newly painted, and a shop has been opened in it by a smart, dapper little woman, the very antipodes to Mrs. Frump. Our feelings have received a rude shock. We feel, indeed, now too keenly that this world is made up of changes. Old associations are broken up. Like Bishop Berkeley, we begin to think "there is no matter,"—like Toots, that everything is "of no consequence." There is only one emotion, or thrill of pleasure, which bids fair to rescue us from this fearful condition of scepticism and indifference, and that occurs when we place our arm round the slim waist of Miss Quizwel to dance the polka. At such times, it appears perfectly ridiculous to doubt *her*

reality, or the fact (which we have declared to her so frequently, that we have no room to doubt it ourself) that *she is a charming girl, though she is so satirical.*

MRS. BL—M—R ON FEMALE EMANCIPATION.

(*Mrs- Bl—m—r seated at a table, writing, and drinking coffee.*)

Mrs. B. (*loquitur*). At length, I approach the termination of my labours, and already begin to appreciate the exaltation of Gibbon, when he wrote the last lines of his "Decline and Fall." After repeated trials, I have at length hit upon a fitting peroration to my work on the Regeneration of Woman. (*Reads.*) It may be that the monster man (stay, let me underscore these words, *monster man*, so) (*reads*) "that the *monster man*" may not yet have filled up the measure of his iniquities towards our sex. The struggle for freedom may yet be delayed. The wicked may yet continue to prosper. But let not the oppressor boast in his fancied security. The storm is brewing. The finer organs of woman hear the distant mutterings of the thunder, though man, steeped in his sensual enjoyments, may yet remain unconscious and unheedful. We can foresee a contest more fearful than any of the hitherto petty wars waged only between races and nations. It is the struggle for freedom between

the sexes, all over the world—between woman and her tyrant man, the true battle of equality. What shall resist the Amazonian spirit which shall then animate the sex to a man (dear me, a mistake (*corrects*), to a woman). With the fall of the usurper man, shall fall all king-craft, priest-craft, state-craft,—all the unworthy shackles forged by the monster, in his long reign of power, to keep our brave, manly (dear me, another slip of the pen (*corrects*), womanly) spirit in subjection. And after this fearful commotion of the moral elements shall have subsided,—after the revolution which, in its chaotic effects, will only be surpassed by "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds"—shall have passed away, from the bright blue empyrean, even as the ark rested on Mount Ararat, shall woman, lovely woman, take her seat on the topmost round of the social ladder, and begin her reign of justice and peace, dispensing with a lavish hand happiness and contentment, from her elevated locality, on the sure and steady foundations of a moral platform. (*Rings the bell—to a servant who enters.*) Send Bl—m—r to me. (*Enter Mr. Bl—m—r, looking very subdued.*) Oh, Bl—m—r, run with this MS. to the publisher, and if they don't keep you above one hour and a half, or two hours, you can wait for the proof; and then make haste home, for I'm bound to be down town by two. I shall dine at Taylor's, so you needn't wait dinner for me. You'll find the cold mutton in the pantry. We've only had it three

times, so there'll be plenty of picking for you and the children; and mind you don't stir from the house this evening, for I've got to lecture at the Stuyvesant Institute on Manhood. (*Bl—m—r is going.*) Stay; come back; I forgot: as you come from the publisher, you can call at the tailor's, and tell him I won't give him another day beyond Thursday to send home my new ——. (*Exit Bl—m—r, in a great hurry. Mrs. Bl—m—r whistles "Yankee Doodle."*)

ST. CLARE;

OR,

THE DANGERS OF FLIRTATION.

"Had we—but hold—hear every part
Of our sad tale—spite of the pain
Remembrance gives, when the fix'd dart
Is stirr'd thus in the wound again—"
MOORE'S *Loves of the Angels.*

EDWARD ST. CLARE richly deserved all those expressive *eulogia* which young men lavish on one another. He was "a nice fellow," "a clever fellow," "the best fellow in the world" (besides being a very good-looking fellow into the bargain); in short, "*a regular brick of a fellow.*" Permit us to remark, *en passant*, gentle reader, that we cannot satisfy the curiosity of a young lady who is desirous of knowing the exact signification of this word "*brick*," what manly qualities it denotes, and how it came to be applied as a commendatory appellation to young men; but we believe it had its origin in Oxford, and vaguely implies the possession of heroism, generosity, courage, &c., and generally all the attributes of the male nature.

"Ned St. Clare" had, however, one weakness, viz., a tendency to flirt,—we should rather say a

confirmed habit of flirting. He could not sit beside a young lady for five minutes without turning the conversation on love; and we know the truth of the French proverb:—

"*Parler d'amour, c'est faire l'amour.*"

But in order to make the reader thoroughly acquainted with Edward St. Clare, we cannot do better than insert a description of his character, written by an intimate friend, in a letter addressed to him, and which we may call

"PORTRAIT OF A PHILOSOPHICAL FLIRT."

"Wherever you are, St. Clare (for I only know your New York address at present), I'll wager you are pursuing your old game of falling in love, acting up to the character which all the young ladies give you of being smitten with every pretty face. It has become quite an aphorism, I assure you, that 'Mr. St. Clare makes love to *everybody.*' Your character, *mon cher ami*, is an unfortunate compound of the man of feeling and the philosopher. It would be better if you possessed a great deal more or a great deal less of either. As it is, you keep searching everywhere for a woman sufficiently approaching your ideas of perfection to love, and as you never find the wonderful creature, you only fall *partially* in love. *You* can break your chains at the voice of reason, and fly forth like the roving bee to fresh conquests. Not so with the fair object of your flirtation, in whom you have been vainly trying for

a time to behold your ideal. *She* may fall a victim, while you depart free and unfettered. *Monster*, have you no fear of poetical justice overtaking you? Do you not perceive my application? You are too much of a philosopher in not surrendering your heart altogether where you have provoked love; and you are too little of a philosopher in permitting yourself to be attracted for a temporary period by charms which have not power to retain you for ever.

"Feeling certain that you are deeply grateful to me for this estimate of your character, for not putting the harshest construction on your conduct, I declare that you are too much of a philosopher to be quite a flirt, and a *great deal* too much of a flirt, to be quite a philosopher. What a pity! for the sake of the peace of mind of the other sex, that one of these two great traits in your character — your philosophy or your susceptibility—does not entirely usurp the other. Then, you could either remain stoically indifferent to the fair sex, or you could fall really in love, and get married; which latter event would be a good thing for yourself, and also for Mrs. Edward St. Clare. For my part, I have always admired the gay nonchalance which leads you to combine labour and love in so impartial a degree, to recruit the mind exhausted with the pursuits of ambition with a little racy flirtation, (though you "*fin renard*," never call it by that name), to be severe upon you. I always take your part when

I hear you stigmatized (which I regret to say I do very frequently) as "an arrant flirt," "an accomplished male coquette," "a would-be lady-killer," "a vain coxcomb," "a conceited jackanapes," "a heartless trifler with female affection," "a gallant, gay Lothario," and an immense number of similar complimentary terms.

"The coolness with which you, Edward St. Clare, a graduate of Harvard University, possessed of acknowledged talent, &c., can turn aside from serious work or grave argument, to chatter nonsense with some girl, for whom you don't care two pins, and follow up the acquaintance, unshaken by the raillery of friends or the fear of Mrs. Grundy's remarks, until your fancy has tired itself out, and you find she is not the girl for you (thus taking a young female immortal, and experimenting on her mentally and morally, as you would on an impaled butterfly or beetle, in an entomological point of view), has always amused and interested me. At one time, I hear of you reading furiously, burning the midnight oil with a perseverance which threatens to defeat the very object of such over application. I dread to hear that you are in a consumption, and that all your hopes of literary fame are destined to extinction, when, *presto*, the next news is, that your books are cast aside, and you are dangling after some fair girl, either at some fashionable watering-place—Newport, or Saratoga—or in some little out-of-the-way inland village amongst the Kaatskills or the

White Mountains; not in love, for *that* I believe you never were in your life, but only suffering under the incipient stages of the disease, slightly or severely smitten, as the case may be.

"And you make such charming philosophical excuses for your conduct, that no friend at least, can think it otherwise than the only rational and proper thing you could have done under the circumstances. Thus, for instance, I think I hear you say, 'A young lady has dawned upon my horizon (I met her at a party the other evening), whose appearance greatly interested me. She was handsome without being a beauty. Her figure slight and elegant, her manners easy and graceful. Began to conceive it possible that she might be the identical young lady intended by fate to convert me from a miserable, despairing bachelor, into a happy Benedick. She may be the one destined to change the language of compliment and false flattery, which I have whispered to so many, into a sincere, heartfelt avowal of love; to fill up the vacuum in my affections which I in vain endeavour to supply by light trivial attachments and flirtations.' You accordingly become quite devoted to the young lady, walk, talk, polka with her; and just when all your friends are congratulating you, and the young lady's friends are congratulating her on the highly eligible connexion you are both about to make—you—O inconstant, capricious, hard-hearted stoic! are off upon a tour, or

find some pretext or other for discontinuing your attentions, regardless of the consequences, the fury of relatives, and the agony of a bereaved heart.

"If you would but own your crime, and repent it in sackcloth. But no, 'thou hast damnable iteration,' as Falstaff saith; and upon the slightest hint you enter on a diabolically skilful justification of your conduct. You, poor innocent, are not aware that you have behaved amiss. 'Dear me, is a man to be rallied either into marriage, or out of the acquaintance of every agreeable girl he meets? I assure you I have not such a coxcombical opinion of myself or my own merits, as to fancy that every pretty girl to whom I have said some civil things will break her heart for me. I never spoke of love to the young lady, that is, I never said I loved her. It was Platonic friendship, nothing more.' And pray, St. Clare, how many of these Platonic friendships may your Philosophy have had already? There is certainly much to be said in extenuation of your conduct. Perhaps it is better to be called flirt, coquette, deceiver,—anything, rather than forego the society of an agreeable, accomplished woman. Still it is no excuse for your conscience that you have not directly committed yourself by an avowal of love, if you have deliberately, on every opportunity, by all those little inexpressible attentions, by looks, words, and manner, given a woman cause to think you love her. And so I leave the subject

well knowing that all my preaching is thrown away; for you are incorrigible, and will remain, I fear, to the end of the chapter,

"A PHILOSOPHICAL FLIRT."

Now, Edward St. Clare had hitherto succeeded in eluding all the machinations of match-makers, mammas, and marriageable misses, and was engaged as usual making his attentions as *catholic* as possible among the fair of New York, when all at once his absence from the "*beau monde*" was suddenly remarked. It was the evening of an "at home," at a most fashionable mansion in Fifth Avenue. A stream of carriages completely filled up the street, the knocker vibrated with incessant rat-tats, the rooms were filling rapidly, and more than one fair *valseuse* wondered that St. Clare came not to claim the promised hand, as with eye and ear on the alert, she strove to hide her disappointment on the fresh announcement of some indifferent name. Still St. Clare came not, and he had been heard to say that he would not have missed this "*assemblée*" on any account. And no note of excuse either—nothing to account for his strange absence.

Other assemblies took place, at which St. Clare's unwonted absence excited the wonder of his friends. At length it became known that he had left New York abruptly, but whither and on what errand no one knew. As time flew on and St. Clare returned

not, even the vacuum left by the gay man of fashion began to be occupied; for in "*good society*," the places even of the most popular and the greatest favourites are soon filled up, and *friends* forgot to speculate on what had become of him, and fair ladies who had vowed in strictest confidence to other fair ladies that they were quite inconsolable for that "dear delightful fellow, St. Clare," that they were quite miserable that nothing had been heard of him, that they never could see any one whom they liked as well, &c., began to be *consoled* in his absence, to dance and play off their fascinations on others, and to hide their misery so skilfully, that spectators in general gave them credit for being exceedingly light-hearted and happy.

Two years had elapsed, and a young gentleman, whose name we shall disguise under that of Jack Aimless, happened to be sitting in the Broadway Theatre. He was regarding intently an individual at some distance, and it was evident, from the fixedness of his gaze, and the muttered phrases which broke from him at intervals, to such effect as, "I'll take my oath it's he," and then again, "Pish! nonsense, it's impossible—a mere chance resemblance," that he recognized, or fancied that he recognized an old acquaintance.

Gentle reader, have you ever been placed in a similar predicament? If so, you have experienced the strange struggle between the two opinions—one prompting you not to lose sight of an old friend,

perhaps for ever, on account of a little *mauvaise honte*, on the score of the uncertainty of his identity —the other holding you back, lest you accost an entire stranger.

Jack Aimless was now a prey to this nicely balanced struggle between two impulses. At one moment he got up as if he had finally made up his mind to speak to the stranger—then he would sit down and turn his gaze to some other part of the house, as if determined not to be made the sport of a mere fancy. But do what he could, he found it impossible to distract his attention from the individual in question. His eyes would wander back in spite of him, and he would stare harder than ever. The stranger, who was dressed in a coarse surtout, buttoned up close to his chin, was leaning forward on his elbows, his head crouched between his shoulders, as if he desired to hide as much of his features as possible. He kept his gaze steadily fixed on the stage, but not like a man who was intent on the proceedings. He stared with lack-lustre eye, he neither laughed, nor applauded, nor shared in any way the varying emotions, which the acting produced on the rest of the audience, but preserved the same immoveable unchangeable expression. His thoughts were evidently far away, and quite independent of the scene in which he found himself. He seemed like one, who, constantly brooding over painful ideas, had forced himself into this place of merriment, to cheat memory for a while. But if this was his object, it was also quite

evident that he had failed in the attempt. For there he sat, the only unmoved one in that vast assemblage, preserving the same sad look, while the faces of all around were wreathed in smiles. Nor at tragic parts, when tears might be seen rolling down some cheeks, did this man appear a whit more moved. He seemed to carry about with him some hidden grief, which could neither be lightened nor increased.

Such a singular demeanour in a place of amusement might well excite the curiosity of any observer of human nature; but Jack Aimless seemed to have further private reasons for watching the moody stranger. When the latter suddenly got up with a restless movement, and took his way to the bar-room attached to the theatre, Mr. Aimless followed, and stood at the counter almost as soon as the unknown.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Jack, as the other raised a glass of brandy to his lips, "but surely I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance." "You have not sir," said he, whom he addressed abruptly, almost rudely, as he swallowed his brandy, and drawing his coat-collar up about his face, went forth into the street.

"Cool, that, by Jove," soliloquised Jack; "well, I suppose I've made a mistake; a singular case of resemblance; I would have sworn it was he; though dreadfully reduced; just as if he had got up from a sick-bed; and yet I don't know—why should a stranger have answered a civil question so snappishly. Hang me if I'll give it up yet; I'll follow and trace him; at

all events, I'll be quite satisfied before I leave him." With this magnanimous resolution Jack hastened out of the saloon, and succeeded in "sighting" the stranger, who was stalking along Broadway, quite unconscious that his footsteps were dogged.

Broadway is a gay thoroughfare by night, especially as you approach the Park, which, though in itself only one-third as large as the Green Park in London, is rendered imposing by the City-Hall, rising within, in all the dignity of white marble, and by the Mammoth Hotels which cluster in the neighbourhood. These Mammoth Hotels are remarkable for many things, two of which alone we shall notice here. First, the spittoons which cover the tesselated floor of the hall and smoking-room; these spittoons, from their large size and elegant appearance, and their claim to public attention (not hiding themselves away modestly in corners as they do in English hotels, but occupying prominent places, as if conscious of their own importance) might almost be deemed a peculiar national institution of the Republic. Secondly, the long rows of the soles of boots which may be seen elevated at the windows of the smoking-rooms, and to the unsophisticated on a cursory glance, conveying the idea that the ground-floor of these hotels must be tenanted by shoemakers, who thus display their wares for sale; whereas these boots adorn the feet of free and enlightened citizens, who, either from choice, or a conviction that a horizontal position promotes a better circulation of the blood, or an obliging wish

to gratify such passengers as may have any curiosity to inspect the soles of their boots, preserve this attitude by tilting their chairs back; and in the meantime keeping up what Dickens would call "a playful and incessant shower of expectoration."

About this hour in the evening, the oyster cellars present a very gay and enlivening appearance; the immense billiard saloons (some of them containing rooms above rooms, each with half-a-dozen tables, and a rifle gallery at the top), and the ten-pin alleys are thronged; omnibuses are crowded too closely together to run races with each other, as they frequently do, at the upper end of Broadway; and if there happens to be a fire, which is generally the case in New York, morning, night, and noon, the ringing of alarm bells and the shouting and yelling of the "*b'hoys*" who run with the engines through the streets, make the scene tolerably impressive to strangers. Tracking the unknown through these familiar sights and sounds, Aimless came at length abruptly upon him as he stood gazing on a spectacle which we believe to be quite peculiar to New York. It was one of those undertakers' *stores* or warehouses, in which large coffins, manufactured out of mahogany, and beautifully lined with white satin, are exhibited, standing on end "like open presses.' On these receptacles for the dead, which derived from the flaring gas-light a particularly ghastly appearance, the stranger gazed as earnestly as if riveted to the spot by some peculiar interest inappreciable to the

general observer. Aimless had now a good opportunity of studying his features, and was on the point of again accosting him, when, heaving a deep sigh, the unknown turned and hastened away. Aimless followed him across the Park and up the Bowery. The stranger frequently stopped and entered various places of amusement, ten-pin alleys, billiard saloons, rifle-galleries, &c., all with the uncertain, restless, purposeless air of a man seeking to fly from himself, to banish some gnawing gaping wound of memory.

Just in front of the Bowery Theatre, three young men locked together, arm-in-arm, in a highly excited and uproarious state, from frequent potations of brandy-and-water, attempted to take the *trottoir* all to themselves, and jostle the stranger into the gutter. Aimless stepped forward to proffer his assistance against the heavy odds, but ere he could reach the scene of the fray, it became evident that the stranger stood in no need of help. Had his drunken assailants noticed his eye, or could they have known the fierce reckless mood of the man, they had wantonly insulted, assuredly they would have stood aside to let him pass, for, turning upon them with a curse, as if overjoyed with having something at length on which to vent his pent-up bile, the unknown, struck right and left, two well planted blows, which made two of them measure their length on the pavement. The third ran off at full speed, howling for the police; but the police are proverbially never in the way when wanted, even in London, much more so in New

York, where they are, comparatively, "so few and far between." "A plucky fellow," thought Aimless, as the stranger passed on without condescending to notice his fallen antagonists. "Ha, down Town, this time," he added, as he noted the other's direction. "Well, I'll follow you, if you walk about all night."

In the course of an hour, the unknown was pacing on to the Battery, still followed, at some distance, by the persevering Aimless. The Battery (we state for the benefit of readers not personally acquainted with the topography of New York), is a pleasant grove or park, at the southern, or lower extremity of the city, and takes its name from the esplanade, which, mounted with guns, would make a most efficient battery. It is no longer fashionable, but is one of the prettiest and most picturesque spots in New York, notwithstanding. The tide was in, and the waves washed the stone-coping about six or eight feet below the spot where the stranger stood. He appeared to be gesticulating violently, evidently fancying himself free from observation, for the hour was late, and no loungers could be observed. Aimless, however, who had hitherto stood in the shadow of a tree, crept nearer, with a thrill of horror, as he saw the tall figure relieved so plainly in the clear starlight sky, throw up its arms above its head, preparatory, as he interpreted the gesture, to diving into the sea.

"Come away, for God's sake, come away," cried Aimless, with his arms round the stranger's waist, struggling to drag him from the verge of the parapet.

"What is the meaning of this impertinent intrusion on my privacy?" said the other, curbing his resentment under a measured tone of haughty good-breeding. "If I don't mistake, you are the same person who already accosted me this evening. By what right do you presume to dog my footsteps?"

"Now, it won't do. Ned St. Clare, it won't do," returned Aimless. "I've followed you like your shadow ever since you left the theatre, and as sure as I'm Jack Aimless, so sure are you Edward St. Clare. Why, the way you floored those two fellows in the Bowery was proof positive. Nay, nay, St. Clare, do me justice," added Aimless, as the person he addressed turned away gloomily, "can you have so utterly forgotten my character as to attribute my conduct to-night to any miserable prying curiosity? First of all, I wished to be convinced if it was really you, my old friend, whom I have mourned as dead for two years, and now that I have found you—don't think I wish to worry you with questions, or to ask your confidence. Tell me nothing, St. Clare, of that which has worn you almost to a shadow, and made you look as if ten years, and not two, had passed over your head; but at least shake me by the hand, and look as if you believed me when I tell you how glad I am to see you once again."

"I do, I do," said St. Clare, with quivering voice, his incognito and his sternness of manner both giving way before this manly greeting of an old friend.

"Forgive me, Aimless; let us sit down here on this seat awhile. Don't speak to me yet, Aimless. I'm not used to this sort of thing—sympathy, and I can't trust my voice to reply."

And sitting down upon a seat under a tree, with his friend's hand locked fast in his, the man, who but a short hour ago, had given such evidence of the steadiness of his nerves, now bent over, his elbows supported on his knees, his face hidden in his hands, and Aimless knew by the convulsive throbs and twitches of his frame that he was weeping bitterly.

* * * *

"Not a word, not a word to-night, my dear friend," said Aimless; "let us go home; some other time, when you are more composed, I will hear this painful story."

"No, no, to-night, now, here in this secluded spot, with the branches overhead waving gently in the night-breeze, and the moan of the sea in our ears—what better accompaniment, what more fitting time and place!—I will tell it now, my dear Aimless. I shall be better when I have unburthened my mind of this dreadful secret, when I have made you my confidant; the misery of memory will not be so great when you share it with me."

And so, on that calm night, under the trees of the Battery, the Atlantic wind sighing over the harbour of New York, and rustling the leaves over their

heads, and while the city slept, Edward St. Clare made the following confession to his friend John Aimless.

There is something in the act of relating a grief which lightens the heart. It must have been for this reason that St. Clare appeared to his wondering friend, Aimless, to have undergone a sudden reaction, and especially in some of the lighter parts of his narrative, spoke with a vivacity, almost a gaiety, which seemed quite out of place, and inconsistent with a sorrowful catastrophe.

ST. CLARE'S STORY.

THE PIC-NIC.

"You are well aware," began St. Clare, "that in the town of A——, on that beautiful river, the Indian name of which signifies the broad water, I have friends and relatives, and that I have spent there some of the happiest days of my life. It was on the occasion of one of my periodical visits to A—— that I made one of a numerous and promiscuous pic-nic assemblage in the steamer 'Arrow.' It had been arranged that steamers should leave A—— and B——, situate about 120 miles apart, at the same time, and meet at an appointed place midway distant from both towns, thus giving the passengers the opportunity of enjoying each other's

society, after which the boats were to return to their respective destinations.

"It was a bright morning, between seven and eight o'clock, that I and my old college-chum, Tom Thornton, walked down to the steamboat-landing. I had not exactly made up my mind about going, and I watched the parties as they went on board, hoping that some unusually pretty face, with the charm of novelty, might overcome my indecision.

"'To go, or not to go,' said I to Tom. 'Oh, come by all means,' said Tom. 'I don't know,' said I. 'Perhaps it will turn out a dull affair, and I don't see any one on board that I care about particularly.' Just at that moment, I caught sight of a very pretty face belonging to a Miss Myrtle, a young lady to whom I had been very devoted, although the intimacy had cooled of late. 'You will go now,' said Tom, slyly, as he marked the direction of my eyes. 'If I do,' I replied, 'it will not be to play the agreeable to Miss Myrtle, "though, by your smiling, you would seem to say so." Don't you know I am *de trop* in that quarter—that I am supplanted?' Just then, the band on board struck up. 'Tom,' said I, 'that polka has decided me; I will go, if it is only to be *méchant*, and show Miss Myrtle that I can enjoy myself even in the presence of my rival, whom I see paying his *devoirs* to her already. I will flirt fast and furiously with every pretty girl who will let me.' 'I believe you,' said Tom. On what trifles does our fate depend! If I

had not been decided thus, as it seemed, by the most trivial circumstance, to step on board the 'Arrow,' I should not have seen Annette Armour; and then I never should have known"—here a deep, long-drawn sigh convulsed St. Clare's bosom. After a pause, he continued: "The day was fine; the scenery on both sides of the river beautiful; there was no lack of pretty faces and pleasant people; the band discoursed most delightful dance-music; and between quadrilles, polkas, and admiration of nature, both animate and inanimate, the time flew rapidly, and we arrived, as it appeared, in an incredibly short period, at the appointed place. The other steamer was there already, and had begun disembarking her passengers.

"The spectacle was most picturesque and striking. The spot had been admirably selected. The ground rose with a sweep, in some places precipitous, in others gradual, from a savannah or intervale of a quarter of a mile in width between the river and the highlands. The mountains were dotted with magnificent trees, chiefly oak, and the gay groups, who wandered about and formed little encampments underneath their branches, unfolding white cloths, and spreading the contents of their baskets on the green sward, formed a '*fête champêtre*' worthy of Watteau's pencil. My meditations on the picturesque were interrupted by some very decided common-place qualms of hunger. I had received kind invitations from several families to join their

tables (or, to speak more correctly, table-*cloths*), all which I had declined, having previously engaged myself to Tom Thornton and sundry other young bachelors, who scorned the society of the female sex, and had brought their own '*prog.*'

"Taking my winding way up the side of the mountain, now covered with merry parties sitting on the grass, and discussing the good things which had been unpacked from their respective hampers, I could not help feeling a sort of regret that I had been so precipitate in shutting myself out from such agreeable companionship; but I consoled myself with the thought that I had seen no one yet to whom I felt inclined to devote myself. At last I discovered my bachelor party perched upon a cliff, and, having joined them, forthwith proceeded to satisfy the calls of hunger.

"It chanced that immediately below us sat a party composed of a family of young ladies from B——, the Misses Barton, whom I knew very well, an invitation from whom, through their brother, I had already received and declined, for the reason before specified. I began to draw comparisons between our dull bachelor-party and the merry one beneath. Yet I could have withstood the bright eyes of the Misses Barton, even the sight of pigeon-pie, and the popping of champagne-corks, while we had nothing but bread and cheese, and sandwiches, and beer; but there was another attraction which was irresistible, and this was a stranger young lady,

whom at first I had not noticed among the party, and towards whom my eyes now began to turn like those of the fascinated bird.

"If she had indeed dropped from the clouds (as I was at first tempted to believe, in order to account for the suddenness of her appearance), she could hardly have displayed to my susceptible fancy a beauty more marvellous. Never before had I seen a blonde who so dazzled and impressed me at first sight. (For generally, I thought fair women insipid and deficient in piquancy.) Her hair was a golden yellow, her eyes a bright beaming blue, like the sun-lit heaven—*as we see it*, which no painter, no, not even Claude can represent—her nose aquiline, her mouth small, and her teeth pearls. As she reclined on the grass below me, I studied every action; endeavoured to impress every detail of the position on my mind, that I might at a future time transfer it to canvas as an Undine or Virginie. 'Oh,' cried I, inwardly, 'that I were a painter indeed, that I could depict that scene, and make the whole group, with the trees and river for a back-ground, all subservient to the chief figure—the blue-eyed beauty who has taken me captive, and thrown the veil of enchantment and delight over what was merely pleasing before.'

"While these thoughts were passing through my mind, the eldest Miss Barton looked up, and caught me in the act of '*glowring*' down upon the happy party like an angel shut out of paradise. I observed

her whisper to the beautiful stranger, who seemed to blush and appear in the very slightest possible degree confused; and in the course of a minute, during which I watched her out of the tale of my eye (to use a vulgar expression), I perceived a furtive glance travelling towards me from those glorious orbs, which excited in me a strong desire to make the acquaintance of their fair possessor.

"Shortly afterwards, young Percy Barton beckoned to me. I seized this opportunity to apologize to my bachelor friends, and beat a retreat; and a few minutes saw me comfortably seated amid the circle which contained my magnet of attraction, whilst I could discern the envious glances with which the deserted ones up aloft pursued the recreant. 'So Mr. St. Clare,' said Miss Barton, 'you have at last condescended to prefer our society to that of your bachelor friends. Really we should feel very grateful to Miss Armour for procuring us such an acquisition. Misss Armour, Mr. St. Clare; Mr. St. Clare, Miss Armour.' I hastened to dissipate Miss Armour's confusion and my own in a bumper of champagne; and in spite of the quizzing we underwent from the merciless Miss Barton, I bent all my energies to make myself agreeable to my fair neighbour. And, vanity apart, none but the most unmitigated of muffs could have failed under the circumstance. Sitting next to a perfect paragon of beauty, on a glorious summer day, with only the branches of fine old trees between us

and the blue canopy of heaven, and the distance where

"The river nobly foams and glows,"

with merry voices and laughter awakening the sylvan echoes, to say nothing, of course, of such material adjuncts as pigeon-pie, bottled porter, sherry, and champagne.

"How happily the next four or five hours flew away! The feasting was now over, and the united assemblage, which had freighted both steamers, were *fraternizing* on the stretch of intervale land. In one place foot-ball and various athletic sports engrossed the rival champions of A—— and B——. In another, the enlivening strains of the band summoned all lovers of dancing; while distant groups and couples could be discerned wandering among the trees, preferring a bird's-eye view of the merry scene below, or forgetful of all else save their own earnest topics of conversation.

"Mrs. Percy, an aunt of the Bartons, had been paying a visit at B——, and she now pressed her young friend Miss Armour to come on with her to A—— for a day or two, as she was already half-way there. You may be sure I was not idle at this juncture. I painted A—— in glowing colours, as one of the fairest spots of creation, one which it would be a source of endless regret not to see. In short, so warmly and ably did I second Mrs. Percy's invitation, that Miss Armour at last assented to go

on in the 'Arrow.' Never did I feel more inclined to sing a pæan or hymn of triumph than when I heard the little monosyllable which decided this important matter. To my shame, however, I will confess that, added to the sudden interest I had conceived in Miss Armour, I derived a malicious pleasure in piquing Miss Myrtle, who I could perceive was a good deal nettled at the independence of one who had formerly been enrolled among her slaves.

"As the hour for departure arrived, all was hurry-scurry and confusion. A report had been circulated by some malicious wags that the two boats were to change destinations; that the 'Arrow' from A—— was to proceed down the river to B——, and the 'Swallow' to go on to A——. The agony of mind which it caused to timid young, and nervous old ladies, lest they should be carried away from their respective homes, is indescribable. On every side were heard questions which no one seemed able to answer. Even after it was to all appearance generally understood that the boats would return respectively to the places from which they had started, I experienced quite a fright on missing Miss Armour from the deck of the 'Arrow.' Under the impression that she had repented her decision, I rushed on board the 'Swallow' to search for her. 'Ha, ha,' laughed Miss Barton, 'love has certainly made you blind, Mr. St. Clare, for there stands Miss Armour on the upper deck of your own boat.'

"While the steamers lay alongside as if loth to

part, the repetition of huzzas, hand-shakings, and waving of handkerchiefs, made the leave-taking quite striking. People who were ordinarily reserved and cold, caught the infection for a time,—the genial feeling of the hour seemed to burst through all the shackles of worldly pride and conventionality, and pervade all from the highest to the lowest. At last, with a perfect storm of cheers which completely drowned for a time the air of 'Auld lang syne,' played by the band, the boats swung off, and went each on its respective course. A turn of the river soon hid the 'Swallow' from our gaze; but the passengers of the 'Arrow' were in no mood to cherish fond regrets. While the band played quadrilles and polkas for the fashionables on the upper deck, the violin at the prow stimulated to reels, hornpipes, &c. Every face wore an air of gaiety and good nature; and those who did not dance themselves looked on, pleased spectators of the scene. The shades of evening descended, but the laugh, the jest, the song, the dance continued, and the echoes of merriment from the rushing vessel were borne over the wide river to the ears of wondering cottagers on the banks, and startled the wild duck from her nest among the low-wooded islands which we passed. Thus have I dwelt minutely upon the commencement of my acquaintanee with Annette Armour;" and St. Clare heaved a deep sigh.

* * * * *

"I beau'd Miss Armour about to several places,

while she remained in A——; but the time was so short, that I had not sufficient opportunity of conversing with her to satisfy myself whether she possessed those mental qualities, without which it is impossible to get up a '*grande passion*.' After the lapse of a day or two she returned to the Misses Barton, at B——. She had, however, given me an invitation, in her brother-in-law's name, to pay them a visit, if I felt inclined, along with Percy Barton, who frequently spent some weeks with them in summer. After her departure I felt very lonely, and began to think I must be really in love. Tom Thornton, who had been amazed at my '*confounded impudence*,' in striking up such a sudden acquaintance with a stranger, rallied me about my dejection, and assured me if I would only make an effort, I could banish Miss Armour's image with the same facility as others. I did not, however, agree with him, and took an early opportunity of going down to B——, and visiting the Bartons, with whom I was very intimate. Much to my regret, Miss Armour, had just returned to her home. Percy, however, agreed to accompany me on a visit to her brother-in-law, if I wished to go. He was young, and did not suspect my design in going; but I received a tremendous quizzing from his sisters.

"Miss Armour's relations were good, simple, country people, just the kind of society that one is glad to escape to occasionally after the mawkish conventionality of town-life. Her brother-in-law,

Mr. Anderson, was a nice, frank, clever fellow, much superior to the farmers around him, and with literary tastes which made him a pleasant and congenial companion. Percy was looked upon quite as one of the family; and they gave me a sincere and hearty welcome. Their residence was most picturesque: a large roomy old farm-house, situate amid a grove of firs, at one extremity of an island, about eight miles long by four or five broad, distant about two miles from the main land. The bay in which this island (called Beaver Island) is situated, rivals in some measure the Lake of the Thousand Isles, containing at least five hundred islands and islets. Beaver Island is one of the oldest settled of any; and there are still traces of the last war between the English and Americans, in the remains of a block-house or fort, and two worn-out honey-combed forty-two pounders.

"On more intimate acquaintance with Miss Armour, I found no such qualities of the mind as to challenge the continuance of the admiration which I had at first felt towards her. She was amiable and gentle, and that was all—"

"And I never want more in any woman," said Jack Aimless; "beg pardon for interrupting you; go on, St. Clare."

St. Clare continued, though somewhat surprised at the earnestness with which his companion had spoken.

"This would not have distressed me so much, as I

did not fear any ill results to the lady, and I had found so agreeable a companion in the brother-in-law, and as there was, moreover, a pleasant little circle of young lady acquaintance on the island; but what mortified and annoyed me a good deal, was to find that I was looked upon as an acknowledged suitor to Miss Armour. I regretted having placed myself in so false a position. I determined, however, to let things take their course, trusting to extricate myself at the proper time, as I had done from similar scrapes.

"There was a young lady on the island, an intimate friend of Miss Armour, named Matilda Martial; and both in personal appearance and character her very opposite. Her figure was tall and commanding, her hair raven black, and her eyes dark and piercing, with a boldly beautiful countenance, which gave a very decided clue to the mind of its possessor. In manner and conversation she was strikingly superior to other girls on the island, which might be accounted for, from her having been educated at Troy, and having travelled and moved in society. Among other traits that I liked in Miss Martial was this, that she gave herself no airs of superiority over her country friends, amongst whom she reigned an acknowledged queen of fashion, as one who had actually spent a winter at New York, and a summer at Saratoga. She mixed in all our rustic games with the greatest alacrity, played 'fox and geese,' 'hunt the thimble,' 'post office,' and 'blind

man's buff,' with as much spirit as any one, only I observed that she strongly set her face against kisses as forfeits. In this I admired Miss Martial's taste, for, making due allowance for the license of country manners (and I am well aware that many a good innocent country maiden thinks no more of a kiss than a town-bred damsel does of a squeeze of the hand); still, to a refined mind, kissing in company is a custom (to quote an absurdity written by a great poet) 'more honoured in the breach than the observance.'"

THE "CONTRACTED" MEETING.

"I well recollect the first occasion of my meeting Miss Martial, and it has served to impress for ever, and render almost solemn, a reminiscence, which in itself is fraught with nothing but ludicrous emotions. You know something, Aimless, of our remote country districts; and a residence for a short time in an American village will convince any one that man is a religious animal. Under all circumstances he desires to worship. In out-of-the-way rural districts, where missionaries of regular established forms of Christianity have not penetrated, this love of religion is a plant of wild growth, and frequently takes very uncouth forms. So much respect and esteem is lavished by the simple peasantry upon the profession of a spiritual teacher, that a white neck-cloth, as denoting a minister, is a passport to a hospitable welcome everywhere. At country inns

it is not an unfrequent occurrence for the traveller who sports this emblem of the clerical office, to be told on asking for his bill, 'Oh, sir! we never take money from gentlemen of your calling.' One very natural consequence is, that men of no particular religious education find it easier to make a living by preaching and praying, than by working. These nondescript professors being generally illiterate men themselves, command the comprehension and sympathy of the rural population, better than the more polished clergy of the Established Church; and in a country where a living is easily got, and destitution is unknown, their demands on the hospitality of their congregations, in return for the spiritual food they dispense, is not felt as a serious inconvenience.

"It is common for these black-coated gentry, when they find themselves in a neighbourhood where brotherly love and creature comforts abound, to get up what they call revivals of religion. Instead of the average length of two hours, the services are lengthened into '*protracted meetings*,' where people are encouraged to make professions of religion, tell their experiences, sit on the penitent benches, and engage in other edifying exercises. It chanced that one of those "*contracted meetings*" (as my friend Anderson called them, and I thought the name very appropriate) was to take place on another island in the immediate neighbourhood, and accordingly we made up a party to witness it. Tranquilly we glided over that placid sea towards our destination. The

wind was fair and so light, that even Miss Armour, the most timid of all our party, did not object to our setting the sail.

"The meeting-house was a rude wooden building, remarkably unattractive, both without and within. The men sat all on one side, and the women on the other. A box or pen, capable of holding a dozen people, served as reading-desk or pulpit. The minister who officiated snuffled through his nose, and said Lo-o-ard for Lord. He gave out the hymn, pitched the tune, and sang a great part of it himself, as no one seemed disposed to join in, in the early part of the evening. The sermon was a mixture of nonsensical rant and superficial appeal to the feelings—full of contradictions. It ended with a frantic denunciation of the terrors of hell-fire, which made the perspiration stream down the utterer's cheeks, and frightened some of the women, one of whom groaned, and was carried out fainting. When it was finished, the preacher mopped his face with his handkerchief, turned round in the pulpit to spit, and then sat down.

"Then began the proper business of the 'protracted' or 'contracted' meeting. Several black-coated sleek-looking men, with white neck-ties, dispersed among the congregation, whispering and talking in a low voice, and evidently urging individuals to testify, tell their experience, &c. Occasionally, the one in the pulpit sang another *solo* to spirit up the unregenerate among the congregation

to the proper pitch of enthusiasm. At length, by degrees, one by one, people got up and spoke hesitatingly and briefly, often only a few unconnected words, and in such low tones as to be inaudible, and then resumed their seats, as if glad to have got it over. One of the preachers evidently appeared to think this method of testifying exceedingly slow, for he suddenly electrified me, at least, with the following words:—

"'Brethern and sistern, I don't kinder like this—this revival ain't the right thing yet—not by a long chalk. You don't testify as Christians had ought to. I suspicion the devil's got a hold of some of us—that's a fact. Best make a 'neffort, my friends, and shake him off.'

"This pithy speech appeared to rouse the congregation. They all joined in the next hymn, and when it was finished, a man got up and favoured us with a rhapsody, of which I only recollect the following strange simile or illustration:—

"'Now, my dear brethren, do ye want to know what a true Christian is? for a man may come so nigh to a true Christian, that unless you look considerable sharp and close, you couldn't tell that he warn't a true Christian. Wall, now, I guess this just puts me in mind of a case in pint. Old Joey Parkes down to Slab City, undertook to imitate a "bumbly-bee,"* that was to be so like natur', you couldn't tell one

* Humble-bee.

from the other. Well, he sot to work, and bein' considerable clever, when it was finished, I never see anythin' look so nat'ral and so ridic'lus like a bumbly-bee in my life. I swan it had the shape and the wings complete ; and several were took in—that's a fact. But this is the way you see,—when I comed to examine it I knowed it warn't a ra'al bumbly-bee—*it hadn't got no yaller fuz on.* Now, my dear brethren, whenever you're in doubt if a man's a ra-al Christian or not, jest you watch him close, and see if he's got the "*yaller fuz*" or not.'

"After this speaker had sat down, a young man stood up in his shirt sleeves, and in the coolest and most independent manner, began to tell his experience, confessing that though he *had been* a great sinner, he was now in a state of grace. The following summary will give you some idea of this testifier:—

"'Dear brethern and sistern, I guess it's a great comfort to all of you, as I feel it to be myself, to find myself in your midst this here blessed evening, 'specially when I recollect what a *desolate* and depraved character I used to was no longer agone than last spring. I s'pose there warn't a wilder young man to swear, and carry on in every bad way, in the whull village. Many's the night, and there's them that knows it here this evening, and why should I be ashamed to say it, I've lain drunk on the bridge, and if anything had happened to me then, what would have become of my precious soul I'd like to know. Oh, if the old devil ever had a hold of any one, he had

me then slick, and no mistake. But them times is past and gone, and that's why I feel so happy, to find myself a-standin' up and addressin' of you here in your midst this here evening. For my dear brethern and sistern, I can lay my hand on my heart and say, *I am regenerate.* Thanks to the Gospel and Deacon Elder, under the Lo-o-ard, I seen the error of my ways, and quit them. Fust I jined the total abstinence, then I took to tendin' meetin', and guv up all bad company. Then I made a public *pro*fession of the Lo-o-ard, and then I felt my sins kinder drop off of my back like a burthen. That's why I feel so light and happy standin' here in your midst on this here evenin'.

"'Now dear brethern and sistern, I wish that every one that hears me would make up his mind to learn from actyal experience the refreshin' grace of true repentance. For, take my word for it, I knows the two conditions, and there's no comfort eq'al to bein' satisfied as to the state of your precious soul, to trustin' in the Lo-o-ard. But, my friends, heaven's a big place, and there's room for us all there—I don't want for to get there alone. I want to see my friends and neighbours there. I want to see all I see here to-night there. But, my friends, how are you going to git there if you don't take the right road? It ain't no use to keep a thinkin' it's time to repent byme bye, and keep a puttin' of, and a puttin' of. No, yow'll never work it that way. But set to work, and begin to repent right away. Now's the appointed time,

my dear brethern and sistern—this here very evenin' —this here very minute. The Lo-o-ard's a-callin' you through my v'ice. Come to Jesus! come to Jesus!'

"'Thank you brother, thank you brother,' resounded from the preacher in acknowledgment of this very able testimony; and after a hymn had been sung, and several others had spoken, a lull of some length took place, and then a woman, who had evidently been in a nervous state of indecision for some time, got up and began to speak in a very excited, tremulous manner, sobbing convulsively at every word. What she said was little to the purpose: it was a mere repetition of some such phrase as 'I ain't ashamed to own my Lo-a-ard, to confess my Saviour, &c., &c.' Hitherto there had been a strange mixture of the ludicrous in the proceedings, but the distress of this poor woman, who thus mistook hysterical feelings for religion, was painful to witness, and our party thought it high time to leave the *protracted meeting*.

* * * * *

"The first thing that drew my attention particularly to Miss Martial's intellectual superiority was a remark she made, on our progress home, in reply to Miss Armour, who stigmatized the scene we had just witnessed as 'wretched fanaticism.'

"'After all,' said Miss Martial, 'why should we denounce these poor people as wretched fanatics, simply because their worship wants the appliances which lend dignity to the services of established

churches. If religion does not consist in canting, it is certainly not in the lukewarmness of fashionable congregations. We cannot read each other's hearts. Sincerity of intention will doubtless render the humblest offering acceptable to God.'

"'This woman thinks for herself,' thought I; but ere we reached home that night I was to receive other proofs of Miss Martial's superiority. The wind had risen, and there were evident symptoms that a storm was brewing. Still, as the distance was not great, we felt confident that we could make the run, and reach our haven, and so be snugly seated round a blazing wood-fire before it began. And here it was that the defects in Miss Armour began to strike me more forcibly than ever. I had only given her credit for that share of timidity which is considered so becoming in young ladies that many affect it who are constitutionally brave. But now I discovered that she was an arrant little coward."

"Say that again, if you please," interrupted Aimless.

"An arrant little coward,—why did you ask me to repeat it?"

"I didn't quite hear you, that was all—pray go on," said his friend, and St. Clare continued.

"First she flatly refused to go in the boat at all, until her sister and brother-in-law scolded her into compliance; then she insisted that the sail should not be hoisted.

"'How can you be so childish and obstinate,

Annette,' said Anderson. 'We shall never get home by rowing, and with this wind we shall be snug in the cove in an hour's time, and safe under cover before the storm breaks. What danger can there possibly be when I don't fasten the sail-rope, but hold it in my hand ready to let go?' So Miss Annette was at length over-ruled, and sat down in the stern sheets beside Miss Martial. But it was to no purpose that the latter young lady, who was quite cool and collected, endeavoured to direct her attention to the actual beauty of the scene. Poor Miss Armour was too terribly frightened to have ideas for anything but the danger. She saw nothing to admire in the dark waves, occasionally tipped with a white crest, or in the phosphoric wake we left behind, or the rapid motion of our craft through the water, or the heavy clouds that sailed above us.

"'Good heavens! what was that?' cried Annette.

"'Nothing, my love,' said Miss Martial, soothingly. 'A flash of lightning, that's all.'

"'O God! we shall be all drowned,' screamed Annette; and she would have jumped up in her nervous excitement had she not been restrained by the encircling arms of Miss Martial.

"'Be quiet, little puss,' said her friend, 'there's no cause for fear—we have made two-thirds of our voyage already.'

"'Oh! the boat does lean over so—oh! if they'd only let down the sail.'

"'There, there,—I'm going to do it to please you,

you little coward,' said Anderson, in a rallying tone; but he evidently thought it was high time to do so, as the wind had freshened considerably. The sail was accordingly furled, and we took to our oars.

"The storm had now fairly begun—the flashes of lightning grew more vivid and frequent—the crashes of thunder more tremendous—and the rain descended in torrents. One of my fellow-rowers whispered to me, 'If we were only round the point.' We were fast approaching the headland, where I knew the danger to be real, for the tide meeting the wind caused a heavy sea for an open boat. What I dreaded most was that as the boat rose on the crest, and dived into the hollow of the waves, one or more of the ladies might lose their presence of mind, and stand up, in which case we might have been swamped. Annette Armour had now lost all command of herself, and screamed aloud. I watched Anderson's face; even he looked anxious—he was steering, and could only speak to Annette; but his words fell unheeded on her ear. All the ladies were more or less frightened, with one exception—Miss Martial; and had it not been for her, I believe that Miss Armour, in her fright, would have upset the boat. But Matilda Martial, finding that Annette was quite deaf to words, took her in her arms as if she had been a child, and held her with a gentle violence, so that the face of the terrified girl was hidden, being pressed against the bosom of her courageous friend, and she saw no longer the threatening waves. After

this poor Annette grew calmer, and soon, thank God, we weathered the point, and glided into comparatively smooth water. I don't think any of us were sorry to exchange our rocking boat, and our out-of-door experience of that wild night, for dry clothing and a cosy supper, and a chat round the fire; though the young ladies grew very eloquent indeed on the romance of the affair, now that the danger was over.

"I should have been well pleased to grow more intimate with Miss Martial, but though she was frank to everybody else, there was a very decided stiffness and constraint in her manner towards me, which always repelled my advances. When Percy and I and the two young ladies were walking together, she received every little attention or common politeness I offered her with a manner which seemed to say plainly 'You had better keep such civilities for Miss Armour.' At the same time if I took the hint, and devoted myself to Annette, I could observe Miss Martial listening superciliously to all the remarks, all the little nothings I communicated to that young lady, and noticing every little trivial gallantry as though she were treasuring up evidence to convict me of insincerity.

"I did not know enough of Miss Martial to account for this conduct, and I used to puzzle myself in trying to solve the problem. Has she heard my fatal reputation of a flirt, and does she despise me as a heartless trifler with the affections of her sex; does she fathom my indifference to Miss Armour, and hate me for

making her friend a victim; or is she a *woman* after all, and only a little jealous and annoyed at my bad taste in preferring the *blonde* to the *brunette?* None of these solutions entirely satisfied me. Perhaps, I thought, she is actuated by all three, and unconsciously, for who can perfectly analyze his or her own motives. Then the thought would come to me, what a triumph to conquer her aversion, to punish her rash judgment and the unfounded prejudice she had taken against me, by making her love me, and then repaying her scorn with interest. It was an ungenerous thought, I confessed it to myself, but it would come and nestle at my heart, when I heard her biting sarcasm indirectly levelled at me, though couched generally against *roués* and male coquettes. Then would come better, gentler ideas, that she who now looked so disdainfully as she heard me utter compliments which did not come from the heart, might learn to know and appreciate me more truly —that the eye which flashed so indignantly might possibly be able to shed a melting glance—that this fierce nature might be tamed by *love*—that possibly we might be, after all, congenial spirits.

"Nevertheless, despite the want of confidence between us, such is the freemasonry which unites minds of any similarity in taste or cultivation, that I found myself while speaking to Miss Armour, watching involuntarily to catch the glance of intelligence and sympathy which, notwithstanding her coldness, often flashed from Miss Martial's eyes. And by little and

little I perceived, or fancied that her reserve was diminishing. On one occasion, when I had been on the island about a month, we were all spending the evening at Old Mrs. Martial's, Miss Martial's grandmother, and at tea-time the conversation took a turn beyond Miss Armour's depth; but Miss Martial listened with sparkling eyes, and bore a part in the conversation, which evinced a sound judgment, and a cultivated understanding. The subject was the emancipation of women; and Anderson, though I think in his heart he agreed with me, took a pleasure in taking an opposite view of the question, and drawing me out by every means in his power. I warmed with my subject, and spoke earnestly my own conviction, and therefore I presume I must have expressed myself with tolerable fluency. Though the majority of the company evidently did not understand a single position I had advanced, and though an old maid present grew perfectly indignant at what she called my wish to unsex women, yet I was pleased to see, that independently of Anderson (who was laughing in his sleeve the whole time, both at my vehemence, and the misapprehension of my audience,) Miss Martial not only comprehended, but cordially approved my sentiments. Never before this evening had we conversed so frankly, or appeared on a footing of such sincerity.

"When we took our departure, Miss Martial put on her straw-hat and shawl to accompany us a little way.

At high-water, the peninsula on which the house was situated, became a sort of lesser island, communicating with the greater by means of a narrow breakwater, about thirty yards in length. Along this we took our way, the waves rolling to our feet with that beautiful phosphoric emission of light which so often occurs in America. I offered my hand to Miss Martial to conduct her along the narrow path, fully expecting a refusal; but to my agreable surprise it was accepted. Delighted with my good fortune, I determined to make the most of Miss Martial's relenting humour, and while Percy was walking with Miss Armour, I took the opportunity of expressing a regret that we had not earlier become better acquainted, and that any coolness had existed between us.

"'It is your own fault, Mr. St. Clare.'

"'Why, pray, Miss Martial? I am innocent of giving you any cause to dislike me.'

"'No direct cause, certainly, unless playing with the feelings of a dear friend may be deemed such.'

"'That is a serious charge, Miss Martial; in what way am I playing with Miss Armour's feelings? I have never spoken of love to her.'

"It may have been fancy, but I thought I could detect an increased joyousness of tone when Miss Martial next spoke, as if she was pleased to hear the avowal I had made.

"'Why are you here then if you do not love her?

You know well that everybody here thinks you engaged, and when you go away and forget her, what will become of her?'

"'Miss Martial,' said I, choking with remorse, 'if you really are Miss Armour's friend, let me speak with you alone to-morrow evening.'

"She scanned me closely for half-a-minute. 'You really wish it? Be it so. I shall be at the Old Fort to-morrow evening about nine o'clock.'

"On the following night, at the appointed hour, I found her waiting for me, seated on one of the old rusty guns . . . *O God!*" exclaimed St. Clare, with sudden vehemence, "why did no misgiving, no sudden ray of the future, enlighten me at that moment, and make me turn back from that meeting, and fly the island at once. But I will not anticipate, I will tell my tale methodically." He paused awhile to control his emotion, and then continued: "As I approached and beheld her sitting there in the calm moonlight, looking so beautiful, beside those engines of war, with the glorious sea for a back-ground, an impulse of strong ardent admiration seized me. Ah! thought I, if I might but make love to her; but she would despise me if I did so.

"After some ordinary expressions of salutation had passed,—

"'Now,' said the strange girl, 'what have you to say of such importance? Can you defend yourself? Are you not a general flirt?'

"'Miss Martial,' said I, 'tell me, were you in jest or earnest in what you said last night?'

"'In earnest.'

"'You think then that I am compromising Miss Armour. What would you advise me to do? That you have been deceived in my character all along, your manner has too well informed me. You have done me injustice, however, if you believe me capable of premeditated trifling with another's feelings. I have behaved foolishly, very foolishly, and selfishly perhaps, but not wickedly. May I ask you, as Miss Armour's friend and well-wisher, to be my confidant in this delicate affair, and instruct me how to repair my error before further mischief ensues.'

"'In strict confidence then,' replied Miss Martial, do you or do you not love Annette?'

"'I have the utmost esteem and respect for Miss Armour,' I said, 'but it would be false in me to pretend to a warmer feeling.'

"Miss Martial maintained silence for some time, while she gazed steadily out at sea. At length she said slowly,—

"'What a desparate flirt you must be, to take so much pains about a girl about whom you do not care.'

"'As we are speaking confidentially,' replied I, 'I admit that on first making Miss Armour's acquaintance, I certainly did admire her, but —'

"'Further intimacy has healed your wounded

heart,' she interrupted, in a tone of irony. 'And is it thus with every attachment formed by Mr. St. Clare?'

"'It has been hitherto,' said I; 'but I live in hopes of one day meeting a woman who will so charm me that I cannot forget.'

"'It will require a paragon to take you captive.'

"'You flatter me.'

"'No, seriously; you have seen our rustic society, you cannot believe that we have many visitors of your abilities and cultivation of mind.'

"'But,' said I, 'if I have had the misfortune to make an impression upon Miss Armour, an impression which I do not reciprocate —.'

"'Annette is most amiable,' said Miss Martial, 'but to confess the truth, she is like *somebody else*, very susceptible and capricious in her attachments. In short, in my opinion, her heart is made of wax. Don't be offended,' she added, scrutinizing me closely, 'no disparagement to your powers as a lady-killer—she loves you very much just now, but you must not imagine she will break her heart for you. Oh, the vanity of your sex!' she continued after a pause, during which she had kept her large dark eyes fixed on me. 'Confess now that your pride is hurt, that you are exceedingly disappointed to hear that you are not to have a victim, that the poor girl will be able to forget one who admits he has already ceased to *admire* her.'

"'By no means,' said I; 'even your irony is

delicious to me, for you have taken a load from my heart. You can understand the dilemma in which I have been placed; I thought of departing suddenly, of posting a letter to myself, informing me of the illness of a dear friend, of —'

"Notwithstanding the great command which Miss Martial usually exerted over her features, it was evident that, from some cause or other, she felt troubled; she could not suppress an involuntary start, and her voice trembled, as she said with some vehemence,—

"'So you were going to fly, Mr. St. Clare. You could selfishly depart when the affair became "*ennuyant*,"—when there was risk of compromising yourself, and leave a poor girl to die, to break her heart —'

"'My dear Miss Martial, you are jesting with me. Did you not say just now that Annette would find no trouble in forgetting me?'

"'True, true,' replied Miss Martial, 'with signs of confusion; 'but you did not know this till I told you.'

"'Perhaps I was not so thoroughly convinced of it as I am now,' I replied; 'but I have had good opportunity of judging Miss Armour's character too, and I had perhaps arrived at the same conclusion as yourself. But, under the circumstances, what do you recommend,—an immediate departure, or the reverse?'

"'Mr. St. Clare must be a better judge of that

than I am, and will do just what pleases himself. It is growing cold' (wrapping her shawl round her), 'I must bid you good night.'

"'Then you will not advise me;' said I, earnestly, 'but perhaps may—I hope we shall—resume this discussion another night. I am anxious to pursue the right course, and shall feel certain of doing so if I have your approval.'

"'I don't know; we shall see; I must bid you good-bye now—no, thank you' (as I offered my escort), 'the tide is down, I shall not want your assistance over the breakwater.'

"I knew she meant what she said, so I sat down on the gun and watched her form diminishing in the distance, till it disappeared in her own home.

"Not to lengthen out my story, the ice once broken, Miss Martial and I became very good friends. By insensible degrees, as our intimacy ripened, a slight, a very slight coolness grew up between me and Miss Armour; but her brother-in-law continued frank as ever, and pressed me so cordially to continue my stay for the duck-shooting, which was now beginning, that I permitted myself to be persuaded, though I confessed to myself that the great magnet of attraction which bound me to the island, was now Miss Martial. Our *tête-à-têtes* at the Old Fort were frequent. Here we were secure from intrusion, because a rumour had gone abroad in the island that the place was haunted, and none of the girls (Miss Martial excepted) would visit it after

night-fall. The topic of the first evening was never resumed. Probably Miss Martial saw that I was gradually, but surely weaning myself from Annette. We found ample subjects for conversation on literary, artistic, and general questions, having a common interest for both of us; and what a charm these intellectual communings with a woman of sense have, beyond all the idle flirtation in the world! At times I felt a strong inclination to fancy that Miss Martial was growing partial to *me*, as well as my society; but a suspicion that she might be, after all, playing a deeper game, and feigning a fondness she did not feel, merely to see how far my coxcombry would carry me, checked all approaches to love-making.

"Thus glided by six delightful weeks. One night we met for our last *tête-à-tête*, by the Old Fort, and our last stroll on the sands. I was to leave the island the following day. Often as I had walked with this woman alone before, never had I ventured on a single pressure of the hand, a single word of idle gallantry, such as I had addressed to hundreds of others on a first acquaintance. Such had been the intellectual intoxication I enjoyed in her conversation—such the effect produced by her natural dignity and frankness of manner, that I had not time to think of *love*. Other women that I had seen, by their superficial show of accomplishments, by their absence of any deeper, worthier bond of union, had *provoked* me, as it were, to take refuge in the idle words of common-

place gallantry. But of Matilda Martial, so help me Heaven, I had thought as a *sister*—as a superior, holier nature. Walking by her side on that sea-shore, I had felt elated indeed, but by no common, every-day, conceited gratification. I was realizing some of my poetic visions of happiness. An angel-woman was elevating, purifying me. As *Numa* returned to the society of mortal men, strengthened, ennobled, exalted, from his conferences with the divine nymph, so did I return a better, stronger, more ethereal being from these *tête-à-têtes* with my *Egeria*. O ye beautiful women, constantly thinking and plotting about marriage, ye know not what gorgeous hopes are extinguished when stern experience unfolds to men of poetic natures the difference between what ye *seem*, and what ye *are*.

"To-night, then, as I felt her hand upon my arm, how I cursed the reputation of a general admirer I had obtained. Though on the eve of parting with this woman for ever, I dared not tell her the solemn conviction of my own soul,—how far nobler, better, more beautiful I thought her than any other I had yet seen; for *she* would deem them but the words of course which I had so often used before, and would scorn me, and part from me with anger and contempt. Imagine, then, my surprise, when Miss Martial interrupted my silent communings with myself, by saying abruptly, 'Edward St. Clare, what do you think of me?'

"'*Edward St. Clare?*' what could that mean? She

was not the sort of woman to utter idle rhapsodies, too. Was she joking? or was she—could it be possible that I had undervalued my own powers of pleasing even *her?* She continued,—

"'With some men I should occupy a very false position. Do you despise me in your heart? Do you believe I had any interested motives in weaning you from Miss Armour? Could you deem me actuated by any other object than sincere regard for my friend, in sparing her the pangs of unrequited affection?'

"In my confusion, I said something, I don't know what, but it was to the effect that I had every confidence in the sincerity and magnanimity of her motives.

"'Thank you for that, Mr. St. Clare; I did not like that you should go, and misconstrue me on that point. This is the last time we shall be alone together—you go to-morrow.'

"'O, Miss Martial!' I began, 'do not imagine that I can ever forget—'

"'Hush!' she exclaimed, and her voice quivered a little; 'do not destroy the recollection I would fain have of you—do not let your last words to *me* be those of idle flattery and compliment.'

"In my eagerness to defend myself from this charge, I ventured to do what I had never done before. I passed my arm round her waist, and made her sit down beside me on the gun. The exertion I used was so gentle, that the slightest movement on

her part would have counteracted it; but she made none. The words, 'I love you,' were on my tongue, but my heart was too full at the moment to speak. To my surprise, she broke the silence.

"'Edward—Mr. St. Clare—tell me, then, you do not despise me, that you do not think meanly of me, because I have broken through the conventionalities of the world in these interviews.'

"'Despise you, indeed! I should think not,' was all I could say, though I felt so much more.

"'And you mean it—you really mean it? Oh! you have made me so happy; for I feared sometimes that I had done very wrong, and that you would think me deficient in delicacy and reserve; and I wished—I wished to justify myself with you, Edward St. Clare, especially, before all others, because I did you wrong — grievous wrong. I judged of you at first sight, biassed as I was by the false reports I had heard of you. I, a poor weak woman, one of an inferior sex, dared to rush to a conclusion about you, a man, on the strength of the opinion of a few paltry girls,—yes, I thought you were heartless, and worldly, and unfeeling—I thought you were that basest of all things, a flirt,—you, with your large and cultivated mind, your ardent, poetic temperament, your lofty faith in our sex, your extended views on all subjects,—you, to whom I owe the only really happy intellectual moments I have spent in this island, the happiest I have ever spent. —I could not let you go till I had told you this, till

I had asked your forgiveness, and made amends by confessing, even to my own humiliation, the estimation in which I did and do hold you.'

"Good heavens! did I hear aright? was I awake? Could this be the same Matilda Martial, who, six short weeks ago, had been so cold and supercilious, and whose pride I had wished to humble. Well, I had had my wish, for could I doubt after the words she had spoken, that she loved me? But what need of words to betray the secret? Did that eye, that once flashed so indignantly, dare to meet mine?—and did it not now look far more beautiful, though veiled by its long lashes, and only shedding sidelong melting glances, that said plainly, 'I love you!' Yes, that hitherto free, unfettered, wild spirit was tamed by the master-passion; and did I now feel inclined to show my power, and return for love indifference and cold scorn? No, no!—how had we both changed in our feelings toward one another!

"'What have I done—what have I said!' she exclaimed, as she started hastily from my embrace, and the kiss which I pressed upon her lips.

"You have made me the happiest of men, Matilda," I exclaimed; 'for you have betrayed your secret, that you love me."

"With a cry of maiden bashfulness, she sprang away, and fled like a fairy along the sands. I pursued; but as I gained upon her, she turned and forbade me to approach, with a friendly but firm farewell gesture. She vanished from my sight;

and but for the small foot-prints in the sands—'foot-prints,' which in a short space of time the advancing tide would obliterate — all that had passed might have seemed a dream.

"On the following morning I received this note from Miss Martial:—

"'Edward, dear Edward,—how strange it seems to write so to any one. But I may to you now; and I must write. I must tell you something on paper which I could never say. Why is it that such a longing impulse comes over our sex at times to emulate the superior frankness of yours. To bind ourselves by a written confession, so that there may be no misconception about so solemn a thing as the exchange of two hearts? I offer you then, Edward, a heart, my heart — well, perhaps, it is not much to offer; and yet it seems a fearful thing to let one's heart go out of one's own keeping. Take it, or reject it, Edward. I need not say, do not keep me in suspense, do not excite hopes which will never be fulfilled; for you are too manly, too noble for that. I know you now, and no one shall dare with impunity to disparage you in my presence. Write, then, dear Edward, but ponder well first. Is my heart to beat for you alone? I will wait as patiently as I can for your decision. If I am to be nothing more than your dear friend, then I will try and bear it cheerfully; but if once you *love* me, Edward, then remember you must love me always.

Oh, yes! you *must*, you *must*—or—*something very dreadful will happen to me*, that I am sure of. I dare not see you again before you go, so I bid you farewell here. God be with you.

"'MATILDA MARTIAL.'

"'*P. S.* — Though I cannot trust myself to another parting, yet I will watch you through the telescope. There is a nice gentle breeze at present, but be sure you don't make the sail fast, for fear a sudden squall should come on. I will not shut the telescope till I see you safe in Southport.

"'M. M.'

"And what reply did I make to this touching, straightforward letter? I covered two sheets of paper with vows and protestations of love. I wrote well and truly from my own heart, for I felt madly in love with her. I said that I dreaded a parting interview even as much as she did, even for so short an absence; for I fully intended to return in one month, after I had transacted some necessary business which took me to New York. Oh, that letter, that fatal and deadly letter! When I think of how I falsified every word I wrote, every vow, every assurance of eternal love—what superlative agony I was preparing for this glorious woman, who scorned to leave me in suspense a moment, who trusted so implicitly in *my* integrity, *my* constancy, *my* truth—"

Here St. Clare become painfully excited; and it

was only after a lapse of half-an-hour, during which he had paced rapidly to and fro, the cool air fanning his burning brow, that he was able to continue.

"Oh, Aimless," he went on, "it is torture to dwell on this part of my story. Would you have believed now that I could have acted towards this angel the very part which she exonerated me from performing—that I could have played with this heart which she offered me so readily, yet with fear and trembling, and such a timid prayer that I would reject or refuse it at once;—but stay, let me explain the manner of my guilt, that you may not think me quite a fiend.

"When I came on to New York I was plunged as usual into a round of fashionable gaieties and dissipation. Who ever came out of the wretched whirl of society improved by it? What fixed and worthy aim, what earnestness of purpose, ardent hopes, lofty thoughts, moral feelings, or good principles are not injured, deadened, and more or less destroyed by its baneful, cold-blooded, sneering, worldly influence? I had intended to write from New York immediately on my arrival. I put this off from day to day: then I thought, as I purposed returning to the island so shortly, it would hardly be necessary to write at all; it would be a pleasanter surprise to Matilda to pop in upon her without any previous intimation. But by the time a month had elapsed, I had begun to regard my relations toward Miss Martial herself in a very different light. Now

that I was away from her, that I was not influenced by the charms of her society and the witchery of her beauty, I could look at the matter in a much more worldly point of view. Was I so certain of her sincerity after all? Had she not very skilfully managed to worm out of me an avowal that I did not love Miss Armour? She disclaimed all personal motives in this, but had it not resulted after all in securing me as as a lover for herself? Then her apparent frankness and our unconventional *tête-à-têtes*, her impulsive speaking, and writing the very things which I had admired and loved her for, which made her seem so different from other women, —might not these also be viewed from a very opposite point of view? Were they in reality virtues, or defects? All these wretched, unworthy suspicions, I must do myself the poor justice to say, were not originated by myself, but were the opinions of an intensely prudent, matter-of-fact, narrow-minded friend, whom I had applied to for advice, taking care to put the case in a general way, and not betraying any confidence. And yet I should take no credit to myself for this; for why did I doubt? Had my love been like hers, I should never have admitted the first faint misgiving.

"Well, well, by such sophistical arguments, I endeavoured to deaden the stings of conscience, to find a refuge from self-reproach, by trying to think her as heartless as myself,—that time would have its usual effect in enabling us to forget each other; yet,

occasionally, there would come a sudden reaction, when I found myself whispering the words of flattery and compliment to, or listening to the lisped nonsense of women, oh, how greatly her inferiors! *Then*, I would resolve to write—but how write after such a lapse?—how make excuses for my neglect? False pride carried the day, and I plunged the deeper into dissipation to drown remorse.

"From time to time I received letters from Anderson, which kept me apprized of the general state of affairs on the island. I learned that Miss Armour had suffered a little on my departure, but was now receiving a great deal of attention from a gentleman whose name was not mentioned. Little or nothing was said of Miss Martial, between whom and Miss Armour's family a coolness appeared to have grown up since I had left for New York. Rumours I found had circulated, both at the island and B——, that I had amused myself by trifling with the affections both of Miss Armour and Miss Martial, and an anonymous letter which I received to this effect tended still more to alienate me from Miss Martial, as the hand-writing seemed to correspond exactly with that in her letter; and who else could have written it? The writing was not a bit like Miss Armour's, and, besides, I had never been on such a confidential footing with her as with Miss Martial.

"I think nearly a year had elapsed, and I had now become so completely callous and heartless from

the lessons of insincerity I daily received in society, that I had quite forgotten the whole affair, and if I ever did recall it to mind, it was to laugh heartily at my having ever been so green as to believe in a woman's love; when I was startled from my criminal indifference by another anonymous letter, which came upon me like a thunder-clap. It reached me just as I was stepping into a cab to go to a large ball in Fifth Avenue. It ran thus: 'If Mr. St. Clare wishes to see his victim once more, while yet in life, let him make all haste to Southport.' Almost frantic with the mysterious horror of this sudden intimation, I set off for Southport. I knew that the letter must refer either to Miss Armour or Miss Martial; but which, and why was the information so sudden? Could it be a fatal accident? Then I remembered, what the sudden shock had hitherto hindered me from recollecting, that about a fortnight previous, I had received a letter from Anderson which, as it had reached me at an occupied moment, I had thrust into my pocket unread.

"With trembling hands, I unfolded this letter and read—Great God! my worst misgivings were realized. The letter fell from my hands as my eyes caught this paragraph:—

"'By the way, Miss Martial, I am sorry to say, is in a rapid decline, and, I understand, given over by the doctors.'

"As I stooped to pick up Anderson's letter, I observed another small billet which had slipped out

from his envelope. I knew the hand-writing in a moment; it was from *her*. It ran thus:—

"'Dear Edward, they say I am not to live. I, therefore, have begged Mr. Anderson, who knows your address, to enclose you this farewell line. Oh, Edward, I do not mean to reproach you, but I cannot leave this world with a lie on my lips. They cannot tell what is the matter with me, but I know. I told you in my letter, near a year ago, that it was a fearful thing to give one's heart out of one's own keeping. I fear the proverb is true, that *one* alone *loves*, the other merely tolerates affection. I remember now these lines of Balzac: "*Si jamais vous aimez, gardez bien votre secret! Ne livrez pas avant d'avoir bien su à qui vous ouvrirez votre cœur.*"* Your letter made me so very happy. I thought you loved me. I still think you must have loved me when you wrote. Ah, why write so soon? why not take longer time to think? Read my letter over again, if you have it still. I warned you, dear Edward, that if you loved me, you must love me always—"*or something very dreadful would happen to me.*" I fear you thought them words of course, but now you will know that they are not so. I am very weak; I cannot write more: and do not think, dear love, that I write this reproachfully. It is only to show

* "If ever you love, hide your secret closely. Do not yield it before you know well to whom you are about to open your heart."

you that I die loving you as much as ever. God bless you in this world, and that to which you will one day follow me.

"'*P.S.*—I should like to see you if you could come—but I fear I shall not live so long. Perhaps it is better not. I have prayed regularly for you, Edward; and I pray God now to bless you. Amen.

"'Yours in death, as in life,

"'MATILDA MARTIAL.'

"When I arrived in Southport, the bell was tolling for a funeral. There was no need to inquire whose it was. A conversation which I casually overheard in the street informed me that *she* was dead. I staggered to an inn; and still the dreadful bell kept tolling. I talked so incoherently that a medical man was sent for. I was put to bed, I believe, by main force, for I was bent upon attending the funeral; and for some days I lay on my back delirious. When I arose, weak as a child, I ordered a carriage to take me to the Southport burial ground, for I knew there were none buried in the island.

"They told me in what direction the grave was, and I insisted upon entering alone. I was so weak that I was obliged now and then to crawl on my hands and knees. I was not long in finding the new-made grave. No tombstone had yet been erected; but two staves were stuck into the earth, and on that at the head were carved the letters

M. M. I lay down at full length on the grave; vague thoughts came over me. Why was all this—could it not all be undone—I had loved this woman, and she had loved me—ay, *loved* me as often I had hoped and prayed that I might be loved by woman, and—and—we might have been so happy together—and she was dead, and *I had murdered her!* Then my thoughts grew more and more confused. I remember shrieking out something, I know not what—then a space of time, long or short I cannot tell—and then a faint, indistinct perception of people trying to lift me up and bear me away, while I screamed and clung to the grave, and grasped handfuls of the mould—and then unconsciousness again, till I woke up in my bed at the inn with the doctor standing over me, and—and—"

* * * * *

St. Clare had fallen into the arms of his friend, and lay weeping there like a child. Aimless, too, wept from sympathy.

"Oh, my friend," continued St. Clare, after a pause, and with a broken voice, "since then I have been wandering about like a restless spirit. I have travelled in the Southern States; I have even made a voyage to England; but it was of no use: I could not banish memory. Something draws me towards the island. I must see the old block-house, and all the places where we were so happy, and *her grave* once more, and then—but, good heavens, Aimless, what is the matter with you!"

Aimless was trembling, as if with suppressed emotion, and yet the expression on his face was a puzzle; it told of sympathy for his friend, and it was not sadness, either.

"I will tell you," he replied, "when you are a little calmer. Lean on my arm—let us take a turn or two among the trees."

"You noted me this evening," said St. Clare. "You saw the shifts to which I was put to cheat thought for awhile. You see what a burden life is. What—what have I to live for?"

"Much, much," replied Aimless; "I do not say repentance, for you have repented already, but—for *restitution*, for *compensation*, for—"

"What mean you," returned St. Clare. "How can I ever make compensation, when *she* is dead and gone? and do you think that I could ever do violence to the memory of that angel by speaking words of love to another woman?"

"You misunderstand me—*be firm*, St. Clare. Have you not seen from certain symptoms of interest that I betrayed, that I was not altogether unacquainted with Beaver Island—with Miss Armour—and—and—Miss—"

"With Miss Martial!—well—well—why do you look at me so singularly. Great God! I thought you sympathized with me; but—"

"Now, for heaven's sake, be calm, St. Clare," cried Aimless, seizing him by both hands; "let me feel your pulse; so—now—answer me, did you go

on the island? Did you see Anderson, or Miss Armour, or any of Miss Martial's relatives at the time you were ill at Southport *under the impression that she was dead, and that you had seen her grave?*"

How can we describe accurately the cry of surprise which burst from St. Clare on hearing these words—the wondering looks, the rapid, unconnected questions—the skilful, masterly manner in which Aimless managed his friend, and unfolded to him, by degrees, the strange, strange, dazzling, almost overwhelming truth. No, we cannot do it; we *must* (whether we choose or not) leave it to the reader's imagination. But it is our duty, without wishing in any way to destroy the effect of the moral of this tale, to remove the sad impression from the reader's mind, by a brief statement of the communication made by Aimless to St. Clare. After having then judiciously prepared his friend, he broke to him the startling intelligence that he had remained under a delusion for two years, and had been premature in believing Matilda Martial to be dead. Thus it was: a Miss Martial had died at that time, and it was her grave he had visited; but it was a Mary Martial, a cousin of Matilda, and the mistake of confounding the two had been made (whether intentionally or not was uncertain) by the writer of the two anonymous letters, Miss Myrtle—the same young lady who had been piqued at St. Clare's utter neglect of her at the pic-nic, and had taken this plan of revenging herself; and St. Clare's short stay at

Southport had prevented him from seeing any of his acquaintance from the island and learning the truth: that Miss Martial had indeed been dangerously ill, and given over, as her own farewell letter to St. Clare avouched, but had quite recovered, and was now (wonder of wonders!) actually in New York along with Miss Armour and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and shortly going to act in the capacity of bridesmaid to that young lady, who was going to be married to no less a person than *Mr. John Aimless* himself.

At dawn that morning, St. Clare left the battery with his friend Aimless, a very different man from the wretched, unhappy, hopeless being he had entered it. Aimless made him accompany him to his own house, administered a sedative, and saw him in a calm, refreshing slumber before he himself retired to rest.

* * * * *

When, six weeks afterwards, Mr. Aimless became a Benedick, there was this departure from the programme, as he had communicated it to his friend St. Clare that memorable night on the battery. Miss Martial did not act as *bridesmaid*, for she and Miss Armour were both brides, on that occasion; and while Annette became Mrs. Aimless, Matilda Martial gave her hand to St. Clare, and for ever redeemed him from "*the dangers of flirtation.*"

DIALOGUE IN A RAILWAY CAR IN AMERICA.

Inquisitive Yankee (*sitting with his feet elevated in the air at an angle of* 45°, *chewing tobacco and scattering his saliva with liberality about the floor of the car, addressing his neighbour, an Englishman*). You're a stranger, I guess?

Englishman. I beg your pardon; did you speak to me, sir?

Y. (*repeating his former question with sang-froid*). You're a stranger, I guess?

E. Yes.

Y. Wall, now, what diggings do you hail from?

E. I beg your pardon, I don't quite understand.

Y. Where was you raised? where did you get your broughten-up?

E. You mean what country do I come from.

Y. That's it; whare do you come from?

E. I am an Englishman.

Y. Wall, now, I reckon it's considerable queer; you don't know your own tongue when you hear it spoke proper. I guess, stranger, you've got it to say, you've been in a free country at last. How long have you been in the *U*-nited States?

E. About a year.

Y. How do you like the country?

E. Tolerably well.

Y. Only tolerable, eh? I knowed a man considerable like you down to Connecticut, only didn't squint. Might your name be Smith, now?

E. It *might* be, but it happens to be Jones.

(*A pause, during which the Yankee expectorates with increased rapidity.*)

Inquisitive Yankee (*returning to the charge*). I calkilate, Mr. Jones, you're in trade. (*Englishman nods affirmatively*). What business might you follow, now?

E. My business is not the same as yours.

Y. (*after cogitating*). Wall, I allot you don't know what my business be.

E. I mind my own business; you mind other people's business.

(*Inquisitive Yankee subsides into silence, until the cars make a sudden bound, as if they would run off the track*).

E. (*starting up in great alarm: after a pause*). Pray, sir, what's the cause of that sudden shock we felt just now?

Y. (*without the slightest sign of surprise*). I guess we've run into a *critter*.

E. (*with horror and indignation*). Do you mean to tell me, sir, that we have run over a human creature, and that the engineer will not stop the train to—

Y. (*elevating his eye-brows with contemptuous pity*).

Wall, stranger, you do beat all, for not understanding English. Who said it was a *human* we run into?

E. Then what in heaven's name was it? What do you mean by "*a critter?*"

Y. Why a c-y-ow (cow) to be sure!

(*Inquisitive Yankee immediately proceeds to enlighten curious Englishman on the mysterious implement prefixed to American trains, called the Cow-catcher.*)

PART II.

IN THE OLD WORLD.

THE DOOMED SISTERS.

"Sie ist die erste nicht."
"She is not the first."

GOETHE'S *Faust.*

"'Tis well thou hast forgotten me—'tis well.
Man will forget, but erring woman—never."

Address of the Spirit of Margaret to Faust:
Poetical Remains of P. J. ALLAN.

IT is unnecessary to state how we picked up the facts which form the outline of the following sad tale. We recommend it to the reader, first, because we believe it to be interesting; secondly, because it embodies two great and glaring social evils of our day—the difficulties which our unjust division of labour throws in the way of young women, possessed of education and refined minds, reduced to the necessity of earning a living; and the shameful partiality of public opinion, which, while plunging the erring woman into crime, permits the guilty seducer to stalk abroad unpunished.

Mrs. Mansell had been left a widow, with two daughters, her husband having died heart-broken from the failure of a speculation, and leaving his family next door to beggary. With the pride which is said to characterize her native country (Scotland), Mrs. Mansell preferred coming to London, and battling with the cold, stern, hard world, to accepting the patronizing bounty and supercilious compassion of the provincial town in which she had hitherto resided.

To young women situated like Leonora and Minnie Mansell, the conditions of society present few employments, and those of a very secondary nature—either a governess or a seamstress, or some one or other of the many subdivisions of generic industry, into which the labour of the needle is divided. To a young man, thrown on his own resources, there is at least no limit but such as his own abilities and perseverance may oppose. Society does not say to him, as to woman, All lucrative and honourable functions are incompatible with your proper sphere; choose between these few insignificant employments. Yet woman is naturally more helpless than man, her resources for gaining an honest livelihood less; and then what deplorable temptations are offered to young and handsome women! On the one hand, uncongenial, unremunerative work, scarce earning a scanty and miserable subsistence. On the other, affluence, luxury, ease,

pleasure. Alas! how fearful are the odds against virtue.

Leonora and Minnie were both handsome, although their beauty was very dissimilar in character. Leonora, the eldest, was a brunette, with raven hair, and eyes of the same hue. Her features, without being of faultless regularity, were extremely beautiful, and possessed that power of expression, which lights up the whole face in moments of emotion and enthusiasm, with an irresistible radiance. The prevailing expression was that of a tempered melancholy, her manner was retiring, and she was passionately fond of reading. In happier days she had possessed an opportunity of gratifying this taste, and had made no trifling acquaintance with the classics of more than one European language.

Minnie was in many respects a contrast to her sister, both in personal appearance and disposition. Leonora was tall, the younger sister *petite*. Minnie, though not exactly a blonde, had more white and red in her complexion than the elder. The colour of her eyes was hazel, her hair a dark brown, her features not so regular nor so delicately formed as those of Leonora, but the expression more lively and perhaps more striking at a first glance. Minnie was as gay and light-hearted as Leonora was reflective and calm. Altogether, Minnie was more fond of excitement, infinitely more dependent on

external than internal resources, of a less stable and more plastic nature, and in every way more impressionable and more exposed to temptation than Leonora.

The sisters loved one another all the better for the diversity in their respective dispositions. Each found in the other the qualities which she herself lacked. The mother appeared to love both equally. Where both were so dear, she was probably not conscious of a preference. Perhaps, if a partiality could be fancied to exist, her heart secretly inclined towards the younger—"Wee Minnie," as she was affectionately called.

Minnie had obtained a situation at a large millinery establishment, kept by a Madame Le Blond; and delighted her mother and sister by her racy descriptions of her new mode of life. Had they been more suspicious, or more acquainted with the world, they might have dreaded evil from some of Minnie's revelations, and the evident admiration with which she dwelt upon the rich dresses which she assisted to make, and the feeling of envy which she displayed towards their wearers.

One thing did at length begin to excite slight symptoms of uneasiness in Leonora's mind. This was observing that her sister began by almost imperceptible degrees to dress more smartly than heretofore. Minnie, however, anticipated all inquiries, by laughingly declaring the cause to her mother and sister, viz., that Madame Le Blond was

so pleased with her that she had increased her wages; and she presented her mother with more than the usual weekly sum which she had been in the habit of contributing as her share towards the household expenses.

One day soon after, Minnie unexpectedly informed her mother and sister that her services had now become so necessary to Madame Le Blond, that the latter wished her to take up her residence altogether at the establishment. Mrs. Mansell and Leonora consented to this sacrifice, but not without tears.

"It will be a dull house, Minnie, without you," said the widow, as she strained her youngest daughter to her bosom at parting.

"But I can come and spend every Sunday with you, mother, dear mother," said Minnie, with a burst of almost hysterical grief, which appeared strange in one generally so gay and light-hearted. "Oh, my good, kind, dear mother! and you, too, dear Leonora, do you love your 'Wee Minnie' then so very much?"

Her violent and sudden emotion affected her mother and sister. They could not have anticipated that the volatile Minnie would have felt so deeply a temporary parting for so short a period. More than once did Minnie return, after saying farewell, to throw herself into the arms of her mother and sister, and sob convulsively. At last, with a final effort, she tore herself away.

The first Sunday that she returned to spend at home, she seemed a changed being. All her spirits and vivacity were gone. She looked pale and ill; though protesting, in reply to her mother's and sister's kind inquiries, that she was quite well—that there was nothing the matter with her. She did not speak much, but she listened attentively to the chapter which her mother read from the Bible, in the evening. It happened to be the parable of the Prodigal Son; and as the widow read the beautiful passage, beginning: "I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, &c., &c.," tears flowed silently down the cheeks of Minnie.

On the following Sunday, her manner had resumed all its cheerfulness. She was gay and full of animation, and chatted a great deal after her old fashion; and her mother and sister congratulated her on having overcome her home-sickness. Thus it went on. One Sunday she would be gay, the next depressed, for a period of six weeks. Still neither Mrs. Mansell nor Leonora saw any reason for disbelieving her solemn asseverations that nothing was the matter—that nothing had occurred to vex her, &c.; and attributed all her inequality of spirits to her natural keenness of feeling at being separated from those she loved. From this delusive dream of confidence they were destined to be suddenly and painfully awakened.

On the seventh Sunday she did not come as usual; but a letter, which her mother had received late on the previous evening, fully accounted for her absence. It was hastily scrawled, blotted, and shrivelled with tears, and the writing was difficult to decipher, and in some places quite illegible. Thus it ran:—

"Mother and Sister,—Alas! I know not if you will let me still call you so. How shall I begin—how break to you what I have to tell? Oh! be not too angry—at least do not utterly hate and despise me—do not curse me. I have been playing a false and deceitful part for some time. I have pretended that I loved you alone—you thought my grief arose from home-sickness—while, alas! my heart has long been another's. That, at least, is my only apology—my only extenuation—that I love him!—oh, mother and sister! how dearly—when he could usurp my affection from you!

"Ever since that fatal day, when I pretended I was going to reside at the establishment, I have been living with him—as his wife. Although we are not married yet, he has promised solemnly that I shall be his wife;—but there are reasons which I am not at liberty to explain, which prevent it at present. We are going to the Continent. Oh, mother—sister—may I come and see you, and bid you farewell, and explain all, and show you that I am not half so criminal as you must think

me? I did not dare to come without writing this first. Oh! your embraces have made me so wretched — knowing how guilty, how unworthy I was, and how deceitful—and yet if you knew all— * * * * Oh! kind mother—sister—have pity on me, going among strangers, trusting implicitly to the truth and honour of one whom I love, alas! too well. * * The name by which he knows me is an assumed one. It will be useless to inquire at Madame Le Blond's. He never saw me there or knew that I had been there. It is six weeks since I quitted the establishment; and I told her, to disarm all suspicion, that I had got another situation. I told all these untruths (alas! one sin brings on another), at least from a good motive, to prevent the possibility of a shadow of reproach falling on the name which you and Leonora bear. No! whatever happens to me, the name of my father shall never have disgrace attached to it. Oh! forgive, pity, pray for me,— if you did but know how wretched I am at the thought of the anguish I am causing you!"

* * * * *

Here the writing became illegible, except a word here and there, and the commencement of a sentence abruptly broken off. A postcript, however, contained a repetition of the request that she might

be allowed to visit her home once more; and gave the address to which a reply might be sent.

Mrs. Mansell had been educated in that narrow and prejudiced school, which pardons all faults to a woman, but one. It would be useless to urge upon her, or the thousands of women who think like her, that this one unpardonable fault is, from the constitution of human nature, the artificial structure of society, and the temptations of the world, in point of fact the most venial, and one which can plead more in extenuation than any other. Her youngest daughter, her best beloved, had committed this sin. It was enough; and no pleadings of natural affection, no precepts of religion, could hinder that strict disciple of Calvin, that female moralist who believed that a large portion of her fellow-beings would be tortured for ever in hell, from tearing from her bosom (no doubt with a mighty pang, but not the less ruthlessly) all the ties of love and parental pride which had hitherto bound that erring daughter to her heart.

The stern determined character of the widow was evinced by the manner in which she acted, on and after receiving her daughter's communication. She read the letter in secret. Whatever the inward struggle, the mighty anguish of her grief, she gave no outward sign. She did not weep, she did not groan. As she sat thus alone with her affliction, her eye was attracted by something on the floor. She

stooped and picked up a bank-note for twenty pounds which had been enclosed in her daughter's letter. For a moment her eyes flashed, and she grasped the note with a gesture of ungovernable fury. In an instant it would have been worthless, torn into shreds (a pause) she grew calmer, and her features relaxed into a grim smile, as she smoothed out the note and muttered hoarsely, "the wages of her infamy." Then she sat down and wrote a few brief bitter words to Minnie, to the purport that she had cast her off for ever, enclosed them in an envelope, along with the bank-note, and having sealed and directed her letter to the address given in Minnie's postcript, she put on her bonnet and shawl, walked to the nearest office and posted it. This done, she seemed comparatively relieved. Yet all that night the strong-minded, stern, relentless woman wrestled in solitude with her secret cause of agony.

In the morning she arose, to all appearance calm and composed, and read Minnie's letter to her eldest daughter, without, however, showing it to her or acquainting her with the address mentioned in her sister's postscript. She waited till the first burst of Leonora's grief had subsided, and then announced to her the reply which she had already sent, and her determination to consider Minnie Mansell henceforth as one dead. "Mind, Leonora," concluded the unforgiving mother between the hysterical sobs of the latter, "if, by any chance, you ever discover that vile abandoned outcast, and hold any intercourse with

her, you cease to be my daughter. I will cast you off even as I have done her, though it break my heart. Yes, I have now but one child. Never pollute your lips, or insult my ears, by mentioning her name before me again. Get the Bible and read the morning chapter. We must not forget *His* service, whatever happens."

* * * * *

Six months had rolled on, and mother and daughter, deprived of the assistance they had derived from Minnie's earnings, had grown more and more straitened in their means. Leonora had often wished to obtain some situation, either as teacher or dressmaker, but Mrs. Mansell would not hear of her leaving home; and, indeed, Leonora felt that her daily presence was necessary, for her mother, though unflinching in her resolution of never permitting her youngest daughter's name to be mentioned before her, showed, by the additional lines of care on her face, that the blow had stricken deeply.

Although Leonora had no regular employment which took her abroad (her labour chiefly consisting of dressmaking and slop-work which she took home with her), yet there was often a day or two in the week when she would be absent for several hours, sewing at the houses of her employers. It was on one of these occasions that the maid of all-work came up stairs, and told Mrs. Mansell that there was a lady in a carriage below who wished to speak with her. Supposing that it was some one

who had called about work, Mrs. Mansell inquired the lady's name.

"She didn't say her name, please, ma'am," said the servant; "she only said she wanted to see you, and would come up stairs."

Mrs. Mansell was about to save the lady the trouble of coming up, when the latter entered the apartment. She waited until the servant had retired, and then she advanced towards the widow. She appeared a young and well-dressed lady. As she approached, traces of sickness and sorrow were visible on the features, and as she drew nearer to Mrs. Mansell, she held down her head, and gave symptoms of being much distressed. The widow's eyesight had begun to fail her lately. The lady appeared to her an utter stranger.

"Pray be seated, madam;" she said; "I am sorry you have had the trouble of coming up these long, crooked stairs. My daughter is out at present, if it is about work that you have called."

It was very evident that the visitor was not in a condition to render exercise agreeable. But the lady, instead of seating herself, threw aside her veil which had partly concealed her features, and falling on her knees, cried in a plaintive but feeble voice, "Oh, mother, I have come back to ask your forgiveness, even as the Prodigal returned to his father. Do you not know your own 'wee Minnie?'"

Yes, it was she indeed. The Prodigal returned, but not, alas! to be welcomed like the Prodigal. The

widow started back. For an instant the slightest perceptible trembling passed over her frame; then she stood erect and rigid, as she said,—

"And what brings you here, under an honest roof, with your silks and satins, you shameless abandoned—wanton! What, would you touch me?" she exclaimed, stepping back abruptly, and shaking off rudely the hand which her daughter had laid upon the skirt of her dress.

"O mother, mother!" was all the sobbing penitent at her feet could utter.

"Call me not mother—I do not own you. I have but one daughter, as I told you in my letter; she who never abandoned, never deceived me, or preferred the trappings of guilt to her mother and her home. Oh, that I should live," she continued, in a sudden paroxysm of fury, "to hear myself called *mother* by such a thing as you! Off, off, I tell you!" and with the fearful volubility of anger she overwhelmed her daughter with the most disgraceful epithets which can be applied to woman.

"O mother!" shrieked Minnie, as she raised her wan, but still beautiful face, streaming with tears, from her hands where she had concealed it. "I am not that—I am not that fearful name! Guilty, wretched, wicked, I know I am—but I have not sunk to that; oh, God! no—"

"Will you go?" cried the mother, stamping her foot.

"Only hear me—only let me tell you—how I

was situated—what my temptations were—how I was deceived, and you will pity—indeed, indeed you will pity me—your heart will melt—"

"I will not," retorted the widow, furiously. "I tell you, madam, this is an honest house. *Poor* we may be, but we are respectable. Away—carry your finery somewhere else. My daughter, my only daughter, will be in soon. I will not have her contaminated. If you do not go at once, I will myself leave the house."

Slowly and painfully Minnie raised herself with her unconscious burthen from the floor, and gazed earnestly in her mother's face. There were no signs of pity or relenting there. All she said was, "God grant, mother, you may never live to repent this," and then withdrew.

When Leonora returned that evening, her mother welcomed her as usual. By no word or sign did she discover the faintest clue to the scene which had passed. On the following day, without assigning any reason, the widow changed her lodgings, in order to prevent Minnie from having intercourse with her sister.

* * * * *

Three years have elapsed. It is evening in that great artery of London, the Strand. People are crowding into the theatres, to force the jaded appetite for excitement, unmindful of the far more tragic and instructive drama played by that tide of humanity through which they carelessly elbow their way. Haggard, pale-faced women are besieging the

play-goers with bills, while beauty and fashion, robed in opera-cloaks, pass heedless by, from coronetted carriages, whose sleek and pampered steeds are in strange contrast to the want and wretchedness around. Women equally young and beautiful, but destined to die on dunghills, patrol the *trottoir*, eagerly seeking to barter their health and their immortal souls for gold and a brief delirium of pleasure; the pavement is alive with gaily painted street-walkers of all grades, from the draggled homeless wretch, to the flaunting dressed-lodger, attended by her satellite (a servant to the establishment) to watch that she does not abscond with the clothes she wears, as an allurement to sin, to bring in money to the vile procuress whose slave she is; with hurrying passengers, with whining mendicants, pick-pockets, apple-women, hawkers, ballad-singers, shoe-blacks, policemen, &c.; in short, with that strange medley of vice and wretchedness which swarms every evening in the leading thoroughfares of *the great city*.

A female, young and modest, with her eyes cast down, and carrying a bundle, is walking hastily, looking neither to the right nor the left. She has arrived opposite a gin-palace (very near a church) around the door of which are collected a group of bold, gaily-dressed women, who seem inclined to dispute her passage. One of them (who is still young and pretty, although the *rouge* on her cheeks cannot hide the ravages of consumption) has just sallied from

the public-house, evidently very much the worse for liquor. This woman, who is hailed by her companions by the name of Polly, looks askance at the modest young female approaching, and seems determined to play her off for the amusement of her audience.

"Here's a rare lump of modesty coming this way!" ("Hurrah!" from the other women; "give it her well, Polly.") "That's right, Miss; gather up your skirts, as if a fellow-creature would poison you."

(*One of the women.*) "Well, to my mind, Polly, she do look like a decent gal. She don't raise her eyes from the ground, or take no notice of nobody."

(*Another woman.*) "She a decent gal! Don't you believe it. I'll bet a quartern she's as bad as any of us. She's a sly 'un, that's what she is."

"I'll give it to the artful minx," resumed the woman they called Polly. "I'll teach her to come here with her virtuous airs. So you can't look up, Miss Modesty, eh? Who or what are you to stick yourself up so? I believe you're a sham after all. Let's see what you've got in that bundle. Come, pay your footing, or say goodbye to it."

"Pray, pray let me pass," cried the young woman, in a nervous, frightened tone. "Indeed, you mistake me for somebody else!"

"Well, I don't think you are what you look,

if you mean to say you're respectable; I'm up to that game."

"Indeed, I don't understand you, ma'am,—do, pray, let me pass," said the young woman, struggling with Polly, who held the bundle.

While thus engaged, she caught a full view of the latter's face; she staggered, screamed, and let go her hold.

"Oh, my God!—can it be—this is too, too horrible! Isn't your name Minnie?" she gasped out.

"No, no, it's Polly," chorussed the hardened women around.

"Well, and what's my name to you, eh?" returned she they called Polly.

Leonora (for she it was) bent and whispered a few words into the other's ear, which appeared partially to sober her, for she replied, "What's that you say about mother and sister?"

Just then there came out of the public-house a frowsy female, without bonnet or shawl, whose frightfully forbidding features were rendered still more hideous by a terribly black eye. She carried a small pewter measure in her hand, which she held out to Polly, saying, "Yere, Pol, *h*'honour bright, I told you as 'ow I'd save ye a drain out of that 'ere last quartern as you stood. Yere it be."

Leonora dashed the poison from *her sister's* lips—*Yes, her sister!*

Three years and a half, which pass so lightly

and pleasantly with many of us, had sufficed to metamorphose a girl, once pure and innocent, into this vile thing. "*Bonny wee Minnie*" had become a gin-drinking street-walker. Yet, even in her physical and mental ruin, she still looked beautiful, nay *good*, beside the libel upon woman at her elbow, who, putting her arms akimbo, addressed Leonora, and poured out a volume of abuse too gross to be written, for knocking the gin out of her hand.

"For God's sake! sister, come away from this —this woman," cried Leonora, shrinking with a convulsive gesture of abhorrence from the female who had tempted the unfortunate Minnie.

"Not if I knows it, neither," said the woman; her bloated features twisted into a look of malice, laying her heavy hand on Minnie's shoulder, as her sister attempted to draw her from the crowd. "You owes Mother 'Opkins for two weeks' board and lodging, let alone your clothes, which is not a stitch belonging to you."

Why pursue the shocking picture further? Suffice it to state, that Leonora learnt then how far her sister had fallen: that she was the slave of a procuress; and this horrible woman, whose appearance and foul language made the blood curdle in her veins, the spy who dogged her footsteps, to see that she did not abscond with her finery.

"Come, come, move on there with you, blocking up the pavement," cried a lordly policeman. At

his approach, the babbling, screaming, swearing women separated and hurried away, like a flock of small birds when a hawk is discerned hovering near. Endeavouring to shake off the deadly faintness at her heart, Leonora staggered on, feeling as if she would drop at every step, but clinging tightly to the arm of her newly-found sister, while that terrible woman stalked behind them like an evil genius.

At length they were alone together in an apartment in Minnie's (I cannot write *Home*) — but place of abode. Minnie, but half-sobered by the recognition, answered only with slang phrases the outpourings of sisterly affection. There was something inexpressibly horrible in her ill-timed gaiety.

"O Minnie, Minnie, do not use those frightful words—do not laugh that way."

"Nonsense, don't preach to me. I'm low enough, when I am low, I can tell you. Take a drop of comfort. No! then I will" (and she took a bottle from a cupboard; but the glass which the wretched girl held to receive the murderous liquor remained without a drop). "Hullo! this bottle's empty—I forgot—they never trust me with a drop now, since I had the horrors and tried to kill myself. A short life and a merry one—hurrah! Here, Sarah-Jane, — where are you? We'll send for some gin, and then I'll sing you the 'Ratcatcher's

Daughter'—I heard it at the Canterbury; but how can I sing if you keep up that snivelling there? Ha, ha! Do you know what I'm laughing at now? That you should be crying—you, an honest girl—while I, a street-walker, a 'common prostitute,' as they call me, can laugh. Ha, ha!" and a fiend might have echoed that hollow, dismal laugh.

Leonora covered her sister's mouth with her hand. "Forbear, for God's sake! do not laugh again—it breaks my heart, it chills the marrow in my bones to hear you laugh like that. O God! how unlike the merry laugh I recollect so well."

"You're very particular about my way of laughing; I should think for a girl that's booked as I am, it's pretty well to laugh at all, any fashion."

"'*Booked*,' what do you mean?"

"How precious green you are, sister; why, can't you see with half an eye that I'm *going home fast?*"

"Come, then, dear sister, come, let us go at once," said Leonora, who understood her literally; "we will go home to mother, and—"

"That's not the home I mean—I'm DYING, that's all."

Words cannot picture the look, the cry, the gesture, with which Leonora clasped her erring sister in her arms, as if by that fond clinging embrace she might haply ward off death itself; and suddenly the evil mocking spirit which had hitherto animated the unfortunate girl was cast out. Gradually, Leonora felt a faint pressure in return.

"May I—may I kiss you?" said the trembling figure in her arms. The wan and wasted face was pressed to hers; and Leonora knew, by the tear which moistened the cheek, that God had opened her sister's heart.

For many minutes they wept convulsively, heart pressed against heart. At length Minnie spoke in broken accents,—

"You love me then still? You do not shun me? You, good and virtuous, can take *me* to your arms —*me*, an outcast—a thing that everybody loathes and tramples on;—and yet, Leonora, if you would listen to my story—Oh! I am not so guilty, so wicked, as I seem—"

"But first let us leave this dreadful house. See, I have money—wages I have just received. You are free, sister. Off—off with these trappings of guilt—any rags are better than these—only let us flee!"

The she-fiend, who trafficked in the ruin of her own sex, though very unwilling to lose her victim, knew too well the consequences of a criminal prosecution, to be obstinate; and, accordingly, her claims being satisfied, and Minnie having substituted for her borrowed finery, a dress which before the meeting with her sister she would have been ashamed to wear, the two young women left the house of sin. That night, as they sat together in an apartment under a poor but honest roof (Leonora could not take her sister home until she had

first prepared her mother), Minnie communicated the following brief outlines of her sad story :—

MINNIE'S STORY.

"O Leonora! if he, for whom I left mother, you, home, and virtue, had only behaved differently, and kept faith with me, I should not be here, the wretched outcast you see me. How I loved him! I would have gone through fire and water for him. There was no sacrifice I could make for him that seemed a degradation. He might have trampled on me. He has struck me, and, spaniel-like, I fawned the more. In short, *I loved.* He persuaded me first to live with him, under a promise of marriage. I was too attached to him to have any doubts of his sincerity, but to prevent the consequences of scandal to you and my mother, I disguised my real name under that of Mary Osborne. I soon, however, discovered that Hunter, the name under which he courted me, was assumed —that his real name was Clifford—Edward Paul Clifford, and his rank so superior to mine, that marriage was hopeless. But bitter as this disappointment was, I loved him so fondly, that the thought of my affection being returned by him made me comparatively happy for a brief period, and stifled the voice of conscience. By little and little, however, he grew cold and indifferent. I pretended not to see it. I studied his happiness —his comforts; but, one day, without any pre-

vious intimation, he told me abruptly that we must part. I implored him to relent—I threw myself on my knees—I grovelled at his feet; he remained inflexible. I spoke to him of the child, of which I was about to become the mother; and he offered to bring it up on one sole condition—that I would abandon all claim to it for ever. At this last heartless insult, I turned at bay; my love was changed to bitterness and contempt. I threw back the purse which he tendered, and left him, never to meet him again in this world, as I thought.

"Then I first felt what my desolation was. My heart yearned to cling to something. I had done wrong, but I was not depraved. I wished to become good, for I felt every day the impulses and awful responsibilities of a mother quickening within me. A few Sundays before leaving home, you recollect I had wept over the parable of the Prodigal Son, and I wondered if my mother had regretted her bitter reply to my letter, and would forgive and receive me. I thought I would go and see; for I dreamed every night of both of you, and on waking, what would I not have given for one caress—one fond word from either!"

"Ah! why did you not come?" interrupted Leonora.

"I see my mother never told you of my visit."

"How! you came, and she did not receive you! Can this be possible?"

"I went to our mother," continued Minnie; "I

knelt before her; I implored her pardon. Had she but admitted me into the old home on any condition —were it as a servant—I would have been happy. But she,—my mother, who had loved me so when innocent, who, but a few short months before, had clasped me to her breast, and called me her 'bonnie wee Minnie,'—*she* spurned me from her,—would not listen to my justification, and called me—well, no matter—I was not what she called me *then*."

"Alas, alas!" sobbed Leonora, "you have indeed been wronged, my sister. Why had I not been there?—how different it would have been!"

"I know it, I know it now, dear Leonora; but then my heart was embittered with my reception, and I thought I had not one friend. Well, at length I became a mother." (Here Minnie was silent for some time, while the tears of real repentance flowed down her cheeks.) "Oh, sister, sister! you cannot tell how I struggled to be virtuous,—what trials I came through—before, before—*I fell.* But what could I do? I had no character, and could get no work. Perhaps I could have starved myself; but I could not see my child die. O, God! sister!" she cried, convulsively grasping Leonora's arm, "you have never known — I pray to heaven you never may know—what my sufferings were: to look down upon the babe that lies on your bosom, and see its features pinched, and hear its faint weak cry for the sustenance which you cannot give it. That drove me almost frantic. I had applied for assistance to Clifford; my

letter was returned; he had left the country. *I had been two days without food when I went on the street.* But my constitution had grown too feeble for the functions of a mother. My boy pined away. I struggled on, do not ask me *how*, for six months, and then, *my child died.*

"I had no means of burying him, so I was forced to apply to the parish. Yes, my bonnie babe, to keep life in whom I would have perished, for whom I had already made such sacrifices, whom I had tended and nursed, and rocked to sleep on my bosom, was taken away by brutal men, and jolted over the stones, and buried in the earth among rotting coffins, without a stick or stone to mark the spot. Oh, if they had only laid my little darling in some country churchyard, under a green grave, where I might have gone sometimes, and seen the flowers growing over him! I could not weep in that great charnel-house—and if I could, they would not let me stay—they hurried me away that they might close the gates.

"I was ill after that for many weeks, and light-headed. They said I would either die or go out of my senses; but I did neither. Health came back, but not happiness and virtue. I owed for my keep during my illness, and to pay it there was but one resource—*the street!* The people with whom I lived laughed and taunted me for hesitating. They gave me no credit for any remains of good. 'Come, come, none of your virtuous airs,' said the woman

of the house; 'but go out and bring in money like the other girls, and as you have done yourself before.' The clothes I wore were borrowed, besides what I owed for board and lodging. I was watched so that I could not run away; but where was I to run to? I called at my old home; you had gone, I could not learn whither. I was low and wretched. I had not one friend left; the people I lived with, bad as they were, were the only society I could look to, and I was considered as already depraved. If you have thought, as I know some do, that the generality of girls embrace the life of the streets from choice, even the little you have seen to-night will have undeceived you. If ever there was a hell upon earth, it is this life of '*a gay girl*' as they call it. Oh, the sights that I have seen, the fearful revelations I have heard, when wandering through this mighty city, when good, respectable people were in their beds! At times, the thoughts of my dead child, along with my actual way of life, the loathsome company I kept, and the horrible things I witnessed, almost drove me wild. And what consolation had I, think you? what refuge against suicide? Why, in the only *friend* we poor girls have —*drink!*

"One evening, I was standing at the door of the theatre, watching the people going in, and wondering whether the well-dressed ladies who passed us so proudly ever gave us a thought, or believed that

we were really made of the same flesh and blood as themselves, or that repentance could save such sinners as us, when a gentleman almost brushed against me with a lady on his arm. I knew him in an instant, and pronounced his name involuntarily, 'Clifford.' He turned and recognised me. In that brief glance I read the mingled feelings caused by the *rencontre;*—astonishment, perhaps remorse, at the condition to which he had brought me, but the prevailing emotion was shame at the exposure. The lady on his arm, who was young and beautiful, recoiled from me, as if I had been some poisonous reptile, and I heard her say to her companion, 'Does this person know you?' But the man of the world had recovered his presence of mind in a moment as he replied, 'She has the advantage of me then, for she is an entire stranger to me. Here, policeman, remove that female who is blocking up the way.'

"'Do you give her in charge, sir?' said the man, obsequiously.

"'Of course I do; here is my card,' and he put something into the man's hand, and saying a few hurried words in a low tone, passed on with the lady into the theatre.

"The policeman took me by the arm, and led me a little way. Whether acting on his own responsibility or private orders backed by a fee from Clifford, he then let me go, saying, 'Young woman, it was very uncivil of you to speak to a gentleman

going into the theatre with a lady on his arm. I'll let you off this time; but mind you never offend again, or I shall be obliged to lock you up.'

"This chance meeting with Clifford had brought back a whole tide of reminiscences, and I was longing to drown thought in the usual way, but I had no money to buy liquor, when I met a girl named Nancy, for whom I felt some degree of friendship, as she appeared the least hardened of any whom I knew.

"'Oh, Polly!' said she, calling me by the name I went by amongst them, 'come along up to the Swan; I've two bobs and a tanner left. What do you think I intend to do with them?'

"'What?' I asked.

"'Why, get jolly well drunk, and then throw myself off Waterloo Bridge.'

"I went with her, for I thought she was joking, and I was dreadfully low in spirits. In an hour the money was expended, and Nancy was in a state of intoxication. 'Now,' she said, as she beckoned me out of the public-house, 'I have the cheek to do it. Good-bye, Polly dear! God bless you!' I still thought she was joking, for I had heard her talk in this way before; but as she leaned over me to kiss me, I saw her lip trembling, and a strange wild and fixed expression in the eye. Suddenly she broke from me, and set off running towards the bridge. I began now to suspect she might be in earnest, and followed her as fast as I could, but I was very unsteady from the liquor I had drunk. I called out

to the man at the gate to stop her, but amid the noise and confusion he either did not hear or disregarded it as some frolic. I saw Nancy gain the gate and pass through on to the bridge, and then I remember no more, for I fell flat and senseless in the road. I had been knocked down and nearly run over by a cab. I was taken to the hospital and put to bed, and it was the next day before I was sufficiently recovered, from the effects of the soothing medicines I received, to recollect what had passed. The events of the night before appeared like a dream, until I heard that the body of a girl had been taken out of the river at Waterloo Bridge, with the skull fractured, an arm and both legs broken. As soon as I was able, I went to see the body, and *it was* NANCY!

"Poor Nancy! often had we shared our last sixpence with each other to get a mouthful of food. Standing by the corpse, I remembered how often she had spoken of suicide, and one conversation in particular. One morning we had been standing on one of the bridges, watching the dawn breaking over the city. We often did this—Nancy and I; it seemed to do us good to feel the fresh air, and we talked of old times, of the country, of places far distant from London, where we had been innocent and happy. I remember, as we came to the corner of Farringdon Street and Ludgate Hill, we saw a wretched, draggled, houseless wretch, whom a policeman was ordering '*home*,' while the cabmen were jeering and mocking her. She was too drunk to articulate plainly, but she was howling more like

a wild beast than a woman at the policemen and her tormentors.

"'There, Polly,' said Nancy to me, 'do you see that *creature?* People say all us girls on the streets are alike. Do you think *she* ever had a mother, and a home? was *she* ever taught to say her prayers as we were?'

"'God help her; yes, I suppose so,' said I.

"'Do you think it's true what the parsons tell us about hell, Polly?'

"I did not reply, and she continued after a pause, 'I sometimes think that our own conscience is punishment enough for us girls in this world. I hope it's not true about a hell for suicides, for I'm determined never to be like that poor wretch there. No, no, Polly; before it comes to that, the *River*, the *River* for me.'"

Minnie paused here, and looked her sister full in the face, who sat speechless in horror at such revelations.

"Leonora," she said, "do you know why I told you poor Nancy's fate?"

"No," said Leonora, in a hollow voice.

"Because I had made up my mind to follow her. I know it would have been only hastening my death about six weeks or so; but I was so wretched that even *that* seemed a dreary time to look forward to. I was drinking myself into a state of unconsciousness when you met me. Yes, as sure as God is above, but for you, I should now have been in my

last *refuge* in this great city—the common home of prostitutes—the RIVER!"

* * * * *

Leonora brought the wanderer home to die. The stern, unforgiving nature of the widow yielded at last when she beheld the miserable wreck of her once lovely daughter, and then her conscience smote her with the reflection, that she—*her mother*—had been instrumental in her ruin. Ah! of what use had been the daily-read chapter in the Bible, if she could not put in practice the golden precept, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you;" or the supplication of our Heavenly Father, "to forgive us our trespasses," if we do not forgive our fellow-mortals? The parable of the Prodigal Son — she knew it by heart—but the spirit of the example had borne no fruits. Alas! remorse came too late. Minnie had spoken truly—she died five weeks after she returned home. Bitter, indeed, must have been the self-reproaches of her mother, as she stood by that death-bed, and heard her delirious words.

"Mother—Mother—I am the Prodigal—will you not receive me? Do you not remember the parable I used to read to you, how 'His father saw him a great way off, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck, and kissed him,'—and how the Prodigal said, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee,'—Yes —I have sinned, I know—I am a great sinner, but I am not that name—Mother—indeed I am not abandoned—O Mother! cruel—cruel—Christ would not

scorn me; He forgave the erring woman—and I wished to be good too—But my child—my child—he cried—he pined for food—and they took him from me—my bonnie boy—and buried him in a big hole, full of bones and skulls——"

It was a consolation to the two mourners that she became rational a short time before she died.

"Kiss me, mother, and you, too, Leonora—do not weep—I know that God is good, and will have mercy, since there are angels like you upon the earth. Mother, sister, clasp your arms tight around me: for it is growing dark; let me feel that you are near me—that I am *home* once more. It seems as if the last four years were but a dream, and that we were all together, as in the old happy days.—Ah, no more disgrace now—no more sorrow—all, all is bright!——"

And so, in that last caress, the spirit of the penitent girl passed away. She had fulfilled the injunction of the poet to the woman who "stoops to folly"—

> "The only art her guilt to cover,
> To hide her shame from every eye,
> To bring repentance to her lover,
> And wring his bosom, is—*to die.*"

Hard is the lot of her who takes a false step in the present condition of society. She must either hide her sorrows and shame in the grave, where, it may be, "blossom and bough lie withered with one blight," or else become, indeed, the guilty creature which

one fault had not made her; and, when she has accepted the only alternative besides suicide, and every day sinks her deeper and deeper in degradation, the finger of scorn is pointed at her; the door of repentance is closed, and the excellent Christian lady, the pattern of virtue and morality, who haply never knew what it was to be poor and friendless in the midst of temptation and want, shrinks aside lest her garments should touch the outcast in the street. What, indeed, is there in common between the two? The one is shielded against vice from the cradle to the grave, the other, perhaps, begotten in infamy, reared in the midst of it, predestined to lead a shameful, shameless life, and die a fit and corresponding death. Yet Jesus of Nazareth did not disdain to speak comfort to such sinners; and one would fain hope that when all temporal distinctions, sorrows, and trials are over, the friendless being will find a Judge more lenient than the world, and that the decrees of *Heaven* will reverse the moral disorder of earth.

THE DOOMED SISTERS (CONCLUDED).

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair."

HOOD'S *Bridge of Sighs.*

A YEAR had elapsed since Minnie's death. In an elegantly furnished apartment of a house in a fashionable quarter of London, a gentleman, in a richly-flowered dressing-gown, was lounging over his breakfast. Mr. Edward Paul Clifford was a man of thirty, and might certainly have been called handsome, but for the unmistakeable air of dissipation which a long career of libertinism had stamped upon his features. Clifford was one of those called in the polite laxity of the French language, "*un homme à bonnes fortunes*," in plain English a man of no principle in his dealings with women. He had probably long ago ceased to believe in such a thing as female virtue, and only thought that some women were more difficult and troublesome than others, though in the end every female might be conquered by perseverance, flattery, and gold.

Throwing the paper on the breakfast-table, Clifford mused awhile, and then suddenly arose, and rang the bell for his valet.

"Well, Jenkins," he said, as the servant appeared, "what news of my fair *incognita?* Have you succeeded in learning her name?"

"Yes, sir," said Jenkins, obsequiously; "I traced the young person, as you ordered me, sir, to a very mean street in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials. I then proceeded to make the requisite inquiries, taking care, in course, to use proper precautions—"

"Cut it short," said his master: "tell me what you did learn, never mind the *how*."

"She is a seamstress, sir, by the name of Mansell, and lives with her mother—a widder, and an old 'ooman not expected to live."

"Any male relatives, Jenkins?"

"None, sir."

"Have you broken ground yet?"

"Yes, sir. In obedience to the general tenour of your instructions——"

"Jenkins," said his master, "you were intended for a clergyman; you would have made an admirable pulpit orator, I doubt not, and you are cunning enough to be a bishop. Your style is florid, but at present I prefer terseness—you understand.

"I will endeavour not to offend again, sir; I believe I can take a 'int as quickly as most persons, and, indeed——"

"Hang you—tell me what you did in so many words."

"I gave the young person some shirts to make up for a Mr. Heartly, sir."

"That is my present '*nom de guerre*,' or rather '*nom d'amour*,' I believe. Well——"

"I also took the liberty of representing you as a philanthropist, particularly interested in relieving the wants of young persons of her class."

"There is some truth in that, at any rate." The valet re-echoed his master's sneering laugh. "There's a guinea for you, Jenkins, and hark ye, manage matters for me with your usual skill, and you'll find me generous."

"Thank you, from the bottom of my 'eart, sir," said the valet, pocketting the douceur. "Perhaps I may be permitted to observe that the old 'ooman can't live long, and Miss Leonora — that's the young person's name, sir——"

"And a very pretty name. Well, Jenkins?"

"She'll be in a peck of troubles about the funeral expenses. In the course of my experience, sir, I 'ave observed them sort of people always is mons'ous particler about 'aving their relations buried decent. We all 'ave our little weaknesses. Now, sir, if you was to call and offer to lend——"

"I see, I see," interrupted Clifford; "a capital suggestion. I shall certainly act upon it. That will do; you deserve great credit for the ingenuity of your invention, and your devotion to your master's service." Then as Jenkins withdrew, Clifford continued, "and for being a d—d unscrupulous, stick-at-nothing knave, who will do any dirty work for

money." While the valet in the hall soliloquized as follows:—"Another dirty villanous job—my conscience is growing tender—well, this shall be the last. He certainly pays 'andsome, however," as he took out the guinea and looked at it, "and there's this consolation, I'm only subordinate, not principal, and if I didn't, another would earn the money, and, any way, I'm not anythink like the rascal master is."

At his club that day, Clifford, the finished *roué*, encountered a Mr. Tom Woodby, who was aspiring to that distinction.

"Ah, my dear Cliff, how are you?" cried the pupil, as the master approached; "though I needn't ask: gay and lively as ever, I see."

"And you, my dear Tom, as dull and hipped as ever, I suppose."

"Why, yes; London is so dull just now—"

"Dull, man! why it's the height of the season."

"Well, it don't seem like the season, somehow," said the *blasé* exquisite. "There's nothing going on, nothing to give one a fillip. Nothing new, no excitement—at least, nothing that's worth seeing. I've been staring out of the club-room window for the last two hours, wondering where all the people were got to."

"Why, surely, there are enough of people in the streets."

"Well, I mean none that one knows or cares

about. Positively if I don't get a fillip of some kind soon, I shall settle down into a state of the most unmitigated collapse."

"Why don't you imitate me?" said the *roué*—(how devoutly Woodby wished he could imitate him!) "Bustle about, cut out work, or rather pleasure, for yourself. Why, man, I've lived seven or eight years longer than you, and I'm not *blasé* yet. You're not half alive. *Apropos*, wish me joy: I've started fresh game—a charming *grisette*. I'm on my way to see her now, to make her acquaintance for the first time."

"Lord, how unconcerned you do look!" replied the more timid Woodby. "You've never spoken to her, you say. If I were in your place I should feel terribly—ahem, I mean slightly nervous."

"I've no doubt you would."

"Well, Clifford, you are certainly the luckiest fellow with the women. Where *do* you contrive to pick 'em up?"

"Pick 'em up! why, my dear fellow, they jostle you in the streets. Here, for instance, comes a bevy of charming damsels, and accomplished too—there's not one of them who doesn't *paint*—her cheeks."

"Pshaw, Clifford! you know I don't mean women of that sort, but modest, respectable girls, such as a fellow might *protect*, you understand, with some satisfaction and credit to himself."

Clifford laughed. "You must admit, my dear fellow, that your definition of modest, respectable girls is somewhat contradictory in terms."

"Nonsense, Clifford; you know well enough what I mean—a girl who hadn't loved before, who hadn't lost the charm of her innocence, who would take a fancy to a chap, as that girl Mary what's-her-name did to you. By the way, what became of that pretty creature?"

Clifford shrugged his shoulders as he said, "My dear fellow, you do ask such extraordinary green questions. Why, that is quite an antediluvian affair—a matter of four years ago. You might as well want to know the fate of my cast-off clothes, as that of my discarded mistresses. But I must leave you now, the mother of my charmer is on her death-bed, and I have to play the part of the good Samaritan, the disinterested philanthropic alleviator of distress. If I don't make haste, the old lady may take it into her head to slip her wind before I get there, which might probably disarrange my schemes. *Au revoir!* When I next see you, you shall learn what success—whether it's likely to be a "*veni, vidi, vici*" affair, or the contrary."

Woodby cast a glance of fervent admiration after the heartless libertine, and delivered himself in thought of the following soliloquy: "Now what would I not give if I could only talk, think, and act like that fellow Clifford; show that supreme disregard to the opinion of the world, the feelings of others, and more especially of credulous women, which marks him so unmistakeably for the man of fashion! There's that actress I've been making love to for a year, and

no further advanced than the first week I began. Yet she's as imperious, exacting, and troublesome as *a wife*, and ruins me into the bargain. Yes, go your way, Clifford,—the best, happiest, merriest, wickedest, most enviable dog alive. He has such success with the women! To my certain knowledge, he's ruined more than I've dared to look at. How does he manage it? He's not a better-looking fellow than I am. It must be his impudence, his infernal impudence. The women certainly like the impudent chaps best, probably because they themselves have modesty enough for two. My misfortune, my great drawback, my rock-ahead through life, is my conscience. Oh! if it wasn't for that I could be so wicked, and lead such a life! I'm sure I try all I can to be fast as it is. Ah! there goes a pretty girl, and looking this way, I think. Shall I speak to her? Best wait a little. Now if Clifford were here, he wouldn't hesitate a moment. But hang me, (though I wouldn't have my fast friends know it for the world,) if ever I ventured to speak first to any girl who looked at all respectable. Well, 'faint heart—' they say. At all events, I'll follow her and see where she goes to." [*Exit this precious specimen of Young England.*]

We will now follow Clifford to the bed-side of Mrs. Mansell. The widow had never held up her head since the death of her youngest daughter, and now at her dying hour she was troubled, not only by reminiscences of her harshness to Minnie, but also with fears for the uncertain future which awaited Leonora,

soon to be left alone in this cold, stern world. That affectionate daughter had just finished reading a chapter in the Bible when a knock was heard at the door; and Catherine, a little maid-of-all-work, aged fourteen, came to say that a gentleman, who gave his name as Heartly, begged permission to enter.

"What!" exclaimed the dying woman, "Heartly, the benevolent stranger who has sent us work and alms! It is the act of Providence that I should see him before I die."

Clifford accordingly entered, and both in words and manner appeared to sympathize deeply with the distress he witnessed. He might have been really touched, or he might have been only acting. If the latter, he certainly imposed upon the widow and her daughter.

"Believe me," he said, "I came not here to intrude upon your grief, but in the hope I might be of some service. I had heard from my servant that there was sickness and destitution here, and I thought I had a right to come and endeavour to alleviate them."

"Raise me, Leonora," exclaimed the widow, "that my dying gaze may rest upon this true Christian. O kind sir, do not think me importunate if I implore your charity, for which *I* have no need, in behalf of my daughter, the best, the most devoted child that ever breathed. It is not my own approaching death that grieves me, but the thought that she who never cost me a regret, or a moment of sorrow, who has

watched, tended, nursed me, who has waked, and pinched, and starved herself that she might preserve me, a poor, useless, worn-out burthen——"

"Mother, dear mother!" sobbed Leonora, "you will break my heart if you speak so."

Clifford took the hand of Mrs. Mansell as he said, "If it is the fear for your daughter's future which distresses you, then dismiss at once all anxiety, all doubt. I promise you, I swear to you, your daughter shall find a true friend, a protector, in me."

The dying woman pressed her lips to the hand which she held, and murmured with her ebbing breath such broken sentences as these: "God be thanked—the world is not all wicked—this man, this angel—sent to us in our distress—thank him, daughter, for me—tell him—my blessing—my dying blessing—never know want more—comfort—happiness—Leonora, farewell——"

* * * * *

Six months had elapsed. Fashionable victims, like Woodby, were lounging at their club-windows, sighing after something to give a fillip to existence. Strange apathy which besets the spoilt child of wealth, luxury, and *ton*—when there is yet so much to be done and seen in the world; for while the listless lounger, eaten up by *ennui*, is exclaiming "How dull London is!" pining for some event out of his petty daily routine of life which he calls *the world*, do not the sun, moon, and stars still continue to shine? are not the same miracles of seed-time and

harvest, day and night, still recurring? is not nature, to those who seek her, as fair and lovely as ever? are there not, diversifying the great drama of existence, sickness and health, struggles for fame, wealth, existence? does not the lover rave, the poet dream, the artist paint, the philosopher muse? are not armies, alas! meeting in the shock of battle? and does not the loud roar of busy bustling life still ascend from crowded cities? and are there not enacting around and about us, within our sphere of influence, almost within our sight, every-day wrongs, miseries, tragedies, more wondrous and heart-rending than the scenes which move our pity represented on the stage or depicted in the page of fiction.

Up high beyond a flight of crooked, rickety stairs, in a bare, comfortless room, sits a young woman in deep mourning, sewing; a delicate, beautiful being, the frail springs of life barely supported in her wasted form by her brain-searing, health-consuming toil. Were her thoughts to be put in words, they would run thus:—

"O hard, cruel, deceitful world! Little did my mother know to whose care she confided me, or the interested motives of this Mr. Heartly, whom she thought an angel sent upon earth. Already has he dared to insinuate proposals which I shudder at—alas, how completely am I in his power! The means of actual subsistence, scanty and insufficient as it is, I owe to him, and then the sum I have borrowed to defray the expenses of my mother's funeral——"

Here a knocking was heard at the door, and a rude, vulgar shop-boy entered.

"Them shirts—ain't they done yet?"

"I am sorry to say I have been unwell, and have not had time to finish them—but——"

"Oh, that's the old story! Just 'and em over as they are."

"Pray grant me a little time—my bread depends——"

"That ain't none of my bus'ness. Our guv'nor give me perticler orders I was not to take no more excuses; but if the shirts wan't done, to bring 'em back just as they was. So just 'and over. That's all'ays the way with you sewing girls—you're never up to time, you ain't." And taking the shirts he departed.

"My God! what will become of me?" thought Leonora, as she wrung her hands. "Oh, for a comforter, an adviser, a friend! What am I to do? I have heard that the virtuous poor are never forsaken—that we should bear up against our troubles and never despair; but what a black, bitter prospect is mine—"

Another knock, and Catherine entered with a parcel. She curtsied to Leonora and said, "Mr. Heartly's servant left this for you, miss, and Mr. Heartly hisself is below, and——" she was interrupted by the entrance of Clifford. Catherine closed the door and retired.

Clifford approached Leonora with a mixture of

respect and familiarity, and began in a winning voice, "How does my sweet Leonora? But, how is this? your eyes are red, you have been weeping!"

"I often do when I am alone—I was thinking of my mother."

"Excuse me, Leonora, but the eyes of love are proverbially quicksighted: you are looking pale and exhausted."

"I suppose it is because I have eaten nothing all day."

Clifford started. To do him justice, he appeared shocked at this intelligence. He ran to the door, and having summoned Catherine, put money into her hand, with directions to go to the nearest restaurant for a substantial dinner. In the meantime he went out and shortly returned with a bottle of wine, a glass of which he insisted on Leonora swallowing immediately.

In the low-spirited and desponding state in which Leonora was, she would not have been human if she had not been affected by Clifford's alacrity in ministering to her wants.

As soon as the dinner arrived, he saw that she was supplied with everything needful, and then taking a book, pretended to read, that he might not appear to be watching her. But though his eyes were on the page, his thoughts were elsewhere, and his mental soliloquy ran as follows:—

"By Heavens, I am a villain! She eats like one who has fasted long. It goes to my heart

to have recourse to such a method of taming her proud spirit. I am tempted—I am strangely tempted —but no, that would never do, to have it said that Clifford was baffled by a woman—to have Woodby and others jeering me, the *roué*, on his becoming a convert at last to female virtue. No, no, *mine* she must be, at whatever sacrifice, for I love her; I will make her ample amends for all her present sufferings." (From time to time he stole rapid glances at her unperceived.) "How beautiful she looks, in spite of her pallor and her coarse dress, and now the wine has brought a delicate tinge of colour into her cheek." He made an abrupt movement, as if about to cast himself at her feet, but restrained himself. "Fool! that would be to ruin all, to undo all my labour. Once let her feel her power, and I lose all my ascendency. *She* would become the mistress, and *I* the slave. No—though it is agony to see her suffer, to hear her prayers, and not grant them. I must preserve my false position; it cannot be long; I feel that her aversion is wearing away imperceptibly. To-day I think I have gained a good step. Courage and perseverance but for a little while, and the conflict is at an end; then paradise, rapture, love!"

This train of thought will display Clifford's character, and designs upon Leonora. He really loved her—yes, loved this woman whom he was endeavouring by every unworthy stratagem, by every advantage that could be taken of her unfortunate

position, even by actual want, to force into compliance with his wishes—that is, he loved her with all the love of which his libertine nature was capable—a strong and selfish passion. Strange and contradictory as his conduct must appear, he really loathed himself for the base use he was making of his power, for the actual physical suffering which he compelled her to endure. But the difficulty of the conquest only enhanced the ardour of the pursuit, and he lacked the moral mastery over himself to sacrifice his own personal gratification and set his prisoner free. He endeavoured to compromise with his conscience by resolutions of compensation—of the amends he would make her for every moment of anguish he had caused her, when she had once overcome her foolish scruples and consented to accept his love. Then he would live to please her; then she should not have a wish ungratified; then, what delight for him to watch the roses of health, and the smile of pleasure revisiting the features of his beautiful Leonora! Alas! the evil was existing—the good was in the future.

Meanwhile Leonora, having finished her repast, began to augur favourably of Clifford's silence. At length she addressed him. "Once more, Mr. Heartly, I have accepted from you alms which I would gladly have declined. Let me now implore, while your better nature is in the ascendant—put an end to this degrading state of dependence on my part. You have wealth, you have influence; procure me some situation where I may gain an honest livelihood, and

in time repay you what I have borrowed. Let it be anything—however humble, laborious, even menial, so that it be honest—and you will make me your debtor in gratitude for ever."

As she pleaded thus eloquently, Clifford's better nature was tugging at his heart, prompting him to comply with her request. But with a strong effort he resisted the impulse, and replied,—

"My dear girl, my dear Leonora, believe me, I know the world better than you do, and I advise you for your own good: you were never intended to lead a life of toil and deprivation, but to be carefully shielded against the rubs and hardships of the world by one who will be repaid more than a thousandfold in the reward of your love."

"Speak not thus to me in this room, Mr. Heartly."

"And whose fault is it, beautiful Leonora, that you are still in this wretched abode, and surrounded by objects which continually recall the sad past? Of what use is unavailing grief? You did your duty nobly by your mother while she lived; but now your youth and beauty invite you to enjoy life."

"And the price for such enjoyment is—*dishonour*."

"Pshaw, dearest girl! dismiss these romantic ideas. When you have lived to my age you will know that vice and virtue are two *names*, two jingling sounds, which are bandied about by fools and knaves, shifting from one signification to the very opposite, as pleasure or interest dictate."

"Mr. Heartly, say, did you not promise my mother

on her death-bed to aid and support me? and now you are plotting my ruin."

"No, by Heaven! my promise of protection I mean to keep, if you will not be your own enemy. Hear me, Leonora; what is it you wish to do? Descend in the social scale, embrace a life of toil and obscurity, and wed perhaps some dolt of a husband utterly unable to appreciate your worth, who will tyrannize over you for ever; perhaps beat you when he gets drunk? And I offer you, in lieu of this wretched existence, all the appliances of luxury and affluence, which have so great an influence in softening and refining character, and a heart that loves and adores you, a life-long devotion, and that higher intellectual condition which is the offspring of a meeting of two congenial souls."

Clifford continued to pour out a strain of impassioned eloquence, which, from the lips of a handsome man, is so perilous to female virtue. "O my Leonora! learn to see me in my true light. If I have appeared to use harsh, ungenerous measures, if I have reminded you of your dependent position, and any obligations I may have already conferred, it was, believe me, because I would not willingly lose a single chance of winning such a treasure as I esteem you. Deign to try me, dearest Leonora; leave this gloomy, sordid dwelling, for the elegant and cheerful apartments which are at your disposal. See in me no longer a gaoler, but a fond, devoted lover; and then, if you cannot return my affection, I

will make you free, even at the price of my own happiness for ever."

For some time Clifford had noticed that his words made an impression on Leonora. Now almost beside himself with joy, he perceived that she appeared to hesitate and deliberate, for none had had better experience than he, "that the woman who deliberates is lost." He redoubled his prayers and entreaties, besought as a peculiar favour that he might be permitted to escort her to a private box at the opera that evening; and then suddenly unfastening the parcel which Catherine had brought up, displayed a magnificent evening dress, which a countess might have worn with pride. With consummate tact he chose this moment for his departure, leaving Leonora's acquiescence more implied than yielded, and begging her not to deprive him of the pleasure he promised himself, in seeing her in her new costume; and pledging his solemn word of honour that she should return at her own will and pleasure, he pressed his lips fervently but respectfully to her hand, and vanished.

The reader will already have perceived that Clifford was not an object of indifference to Leonora. Insensibly, unconsciously to herself, from the force of habit she had grown not to dislike him; nor was it inexplicable that a girl so utterly friendless and alone should be impressed by one of Clifford's engaging appearance and refinement, so well versed moreover in the female heart, so consummate an actor, who played his deep game with such perfect

skill, taking care never to alarm or shock her delicacy by any overt act of libertinism. The cautious manner in which he made his advances, the turn of apology which he had given to his very harshness in ascribing it to his fear of losing her, the actual obligation under which she was to him, and the sense of being so completely in his power: all these causes combined had their effect; and though she battled sore against it, a feeling akin to affection had begun to grow up in her heart for a man whom she felt she could not esteem.

Her thoughts, while Clifford spoke, might be thus expressed: "No—no—you must not tempt me; it is cruel to tempt a poor girl so. How unequal the alternative—comfort, luxury, against actual want! I will not go to the opera with him—and yet to return when I please—What a beautiful dress! I have never worn anything that approached it in splendour—how should I look in it?" (With all her strength of mind and refinement of character, Leonora was a woman, and could not be quite insensible to the charms of person.)

After Clifford had gone, she pressed her hands to her temples and sat regarding the dress, while she mentally asked herself: "What have I done?—what have I promised?—only to go to the opera with him. Why should I not put him to the test?—His words and manner were kinder to-day than ever." (Alas! it was this kindness which proved her greatest enemy. It strengthened the leaning which she

began already to feel towards Clifford.) Then she strove to cheat her judgment to sanction what her inclination prompted. "Perhaps, if I put some confidence in him, he may fulfil his word and release me from my dependent condition."

She was startled from her reverie by Catherine, who had entered without attracting her notice, and now spoke.

"Did you call, miss?"

"No," replied Leonora.

"Please, miss, I thought you did," returned Catherine, who, like most girls of her age, was fond of a little gossip. "What a nice kind gentleman Mr. Heartly be, miss!"

"Do you think so?" said Leonora, abstractedly.

"He give me a shilling just now, miss, as he went out, and he says, 'Attend well to Miss Leonora,' says he, 'for she's the best and most beautiful young woman in the world.' Them's his very words. I often does be wondering, Miss Leonora, when such a rich kind gentleman comes to see you so often, that he lets you live here all alone, so poor-like. Oh my! what a beautiful dress!" said Catherine abruptly, as her eyes fell on it for the first time.

"Do you know, Catherine, I might have dresses finer than this, and ride in a carriage, and exchange these bare walls for luxury and splendour, if I would but say—one word."

"Law! miss, and why don't you say it?"

"What would you do in my place, Catherine?"

"I wish I was in your place, miss. I mean, I wish I had such another chance as you, miss: I wouldn't be long a-makin up my mind."

"But suppose, Catherine, that this change involved the surrender of all you held dear, the loss of your own self-esteem; the destruction of your peace of mind and happiness for ever?"

"Law, miss! I don't understand you."

How earnestly did Leonora envy the young girl the simplicity, the ignorance, which made her (Leonora's) hesitation such an enigma, as she replied: "That will do, Catherine; I was joking; I shall want you, by and by, to help me to dress."

* * * *

We will now follow Clifford, who had hardly turned into Pall Mall before he met Woodby. He was in excellent spirits at his anticipated success, and could not resist disclosing it. "Congratulate me, dear Tom;" he exclaimed, "I have at length put the finishing touch to this tedious business, of the progress of which I have kept you duly *au fait* by occasional *bulletins*."

"What!" replied Woodby, "I suppose you mean this mysterious beauty, whose name and address you persist in keeping so carefully concealed from me."

"The same; trust me for that. I know better than to give such dangerous young fellows as you an opportunity of poaching on my manor." And so

saying Clifford playfully poked Woodby in the ribs, who was delighted with the compliment to his own gallantry coming from such a distinguished source.

"Ha, ha, ho! I can be a dangerous fellow, *rather*, when I choose. I flatter myself I could destroy the peace of mind of a few married men, if I were that way inclined."

"I believe you, my boy," said Clifford, who amused himself with laughing in his sleeve at his friend's conceit. "I'd trust you with a *chère amie* of mine, as far as I could see you. Well, this little witch has proved the most difficult job I ever took in hand. By Jove, she nearly baffled me. You know, Tom, I'm not much given to despairing where women are concerned—"*Veni, vidi, vici*," is my motto —but, upon my soul, if this little tormentor had held out a week longer, she would have vanquished me, and made me a firm believer in female virtue into the bargain."

"Ha, ha! how very good! How exceedingly droll! You, such a Don Juan — such a *roué*—a believer in female virtue!" And Woodby went into ecstasies of laughter at the inconsistency of the idea.

"Why, you know, my dear fellow," continued Clifford, "as I told you, I popped in at the critical moment: won the old woman's heart on her death-bed, by promising to protect her daughter (which promise, by the way, I intend to keep literally)."—here Woodby was excessively tickled, and laughed heartily again —"laid the daughter under obliga-

tions to me, by advancing money for the funeral expenses, besides furnishing her with the means of daily subsistence, and *entre nous*, taking devilish good care to prevent her getting into any hands but my own; and, to give the beggar his due, I must say that rascal of mine, Jenkins, was very useful to me. Well, one would have thought my position was a strong one, yet here have I been pressing the siege close ever since, a matter of six months, and have been compelled, as a *dernier resource*, to starve the garrison into surrender, although it almost broke my own heart to have recourse to such an expedient."

"But you have succeeded at last?"

"She's going to the opera with me to-night. We shall sup together afterwards. That looks rather like it. Look out for me soon in the park, Woodby; you will see a perfect Venus by my side. All the men will envy me, and the women grow pale with spite at her superior beauty. Adieu, I must hurry away to prepare for my triumph this evening. I see you envy me;" and kissing his fingers jauntily to his friend, Clifford walked off, leaving Woodby in the utmost depression of spirits, to draw a comparison between Clifford's good fortune and his own hard lot in the following mental monologue:—

"Envy you! yes, I should think I did envy you, *rather*," and he gazed admiringly after his fast friend. "Fortunate fellow! the women seem positively to drop into his arms. Modest merit like mine has no chance with such an insinuating, plausible, unprincipled paragon of libertines, such a pattern for young

men of fashion as Clifford. When shall *I* have the good luck to stumble upon a beautiful girl in destitute circumstances, with a dying mother? And even if I did, when should *I* turn it to account like Clifford, by talking over her mother on her death-bed, getting the daughter into my power by lending her money, and then starving her into compliance? This comes of having my early education neglected—being brought up in a moral manner, as they call it, with my mother and sisters, like a muff, till I came to years of discretion, instead of being turned loose upon the town at an early age. I shall never recover that first false step, I fear. If I hadn't had the natural bent of my genius thus thwarted, I might have been as fast as Clifford. Why, I should be afraid to say the number of girls Clifford, to my knowledge only, has brought to the streets; and as for me (though I wouldn't have my fast friends know it for the world), I'm ashamed to say—I never seduced a girl in my life."

* * * * *

Leonora had just completed her toilet. The splendour of her dress formed a strange contrast with the mean apartment. She looked round and shuddered as her eyes fell upon the bed where her sister and her mother had died, and then on her own costume. But her self-communing was interrupted by Catherine, who gazed at her with admiration. "Law, miss! how beautiful it do become you! I'm sure if I'd come in promiscuous-like, on a suddent,

I never should ha' knowed you! You don't look a bit like the same person you was in your black, miss."

Leonora sighed. "I liked myself better in my coarse mourning. Catherine, would you be sorry if you were never to see me again?"

Catherine put her apron to her eyes. "What miss, be you a-goin' away for good?"

Leonora might have said, "For evil." "Are you sorry," she asked, "that I am going, Catherine?"

"Oh, Miss Leonora! I'll never see no one to like as well as I likes you. You was always so kind and gentle, and sweet-spoken."

"Should you like to come and live with me, and be my little maid, Catherine?"

Catherine's face brightened up. "Oh, should'nt I then! miss but I ain't fine enough to wait on a lady like you."

Leonora drew the girl towards her. "I believe you love me, Catherine. You shall come and live with me; if you promise always to love me, we shall never part." She stooped and pressed a kiss on the girl's brow, and then hurried away.

"Well, for sure," thought the simple Catherine, "I don't understand Miss Leonora this evenin'. It would make me so happy to have all them fine clothes!" And her cheek was quite wet with tears.

* * * * *

That night Clifford sat at supper in his own house with a lady. Who could at first have recognized in that gay, smiling, elegantly attired beauty who

presided at the banquet, as if she had never known care or sorrow, charming her entertainer with the racy sparkle of her conversation—the poor seamstress, clothed in coarse mourning and plying her needle in an attic? The magic world to which she had, for the first time, been introduced, the Opera, might have had its share in producing this wonderful flow of spirits; but there was a recklessness about her gaiety which would have alarmed Clifford, had he known the struggle she had undergone in private. He only saw in it the joy of one intoxicated with the new life of pleasure opening to her, and determined at length to cast aside the shackles of conventionality.

"Leonora," said he, as he filled both their glasses with champagne, "I drink to your metamorphosis. From a chrysalis you have indeed become a butterfly. Beautiful I knew you to be; it needed not the charming toilette of this evening to make me appreciate the graces of your person; but I could not learn before all the wealth of your mind, the brilliant wit which you have hidden till now. But let me urge one request: pray drop the odious Mr., and call me Edward."

"Your name is Edward?" said Leonora.

"Yes, Edward Paul *Heartly*."

Leonora started, and turned slightly pale. Strange coincidence! The name of her sister's destroyer was Edward Paul *Clifford*. A horrible thought intruded on her; she strove to banish it by mentally arguing

on its improbability; but it would not do; it came back and wrestled at her heart, and the uncertainty became agony. What would she not give for some proof that she was mistaken!

"Where, love," continued Clifford, not noticing her agitation, "could you have picked up such happy epigrammatic turns of expression, such piquant repartee? Oh, Leonora, what happiness will be ours! In you I have found at last a woman worthy to be loved! We shall visit Italy together—we will bask in all the most beautiful, intellectually intoxicating life that the world can afford. You shall learn art, music, — every accomplishment. With your natural gifts, you will soon outstrip the artificial minions of society, who have been taught from their cradles. Every day our souls will grow more congenial, and the ties that unite us stronger and more lasting than the legal bonds which confine the wretched victims of society." Thus he ran on, heedless that Leonora's attention was abstracted; that she only raised her eyes stealthily, and seemed to scan the apartment with an eager, searching, restless glance. When at length she spoke, it was in a strange, hoarse, unnatural tone, which might have astonished Clifford, had he not been under the influence of wine.

"It is getting late, I must be gone," she said.

Clifford endeavoured to remonstrate.

"Remember your pledged word of honour, that I might depart when I chose—I hold you to it."

Clifford perceived she was in earnest. "I will show you that you may have confidence in me. But you cannot go alone."

"Nay, I *must* depart alone."

"Tantalizing girl! Well, then, to-morrow night I shall call to install you in your new apartments."

With trembling hands Leonora had been arraying herself in her bonnet and shawl. Suddenly her eye fell upon a heap of old letters which lay loose on an escritoire; seizing one at random, she took the opportunity of Clifford being engaged in filling two glasses with champagne, to glance hastily at the contents.

At this moment, Clifford advanced to offer her one of the glasses, but even he started at the sudden change which had come over Leonora. Her face was deadly pale, her teeth pressed together, and she tottered as though her limbs would give way under her weight. Thinking it some physical weakness, he advanced to support her, and held the wine to her lips. The action seemed to dispel her faintness. With a loud scream, and a wild convulsive movement, she dashed the glass from his hand.

Clifford stood aghast. It was some time before he could find words. At length he said, "What new caprice is this, Leonora? You certainly look more lovely thus excited; but it needs no arts to inflame my passion. Come, let us be friends before we part."

But she shrank from his embrace with a gesture of

frantic abhorrence. With all his knowledge of the sex, Clifford was puzzled. "Can this be acting?" he thought; "or is it the last expiring struggle of virtue and repentance?"

Suddenly Leonora laughed in a strange manner as she said,—

"You think me either an accomplished actress, or an odd, eccentric girl, do you not? Well, you shall be satisfied. Come to my lodgings to-morrow evening, and you shall know all."

"So," thought Clifford, "it is all right; she consents that I shall call for her." Then addressing her, "You are the strangest, most whimsical, bewitching creature. So you will really go in that strange manner, after being so amiable? Well, well, you shall have your own way to-night; to-morrow, it is settled, I come and fetch you."

"Be it so," she answered, with the same hollow laugh; "*you will be sure to find me.* Stay, I am whimsical, am I not? Sit down in that arm-chair—promise you will make no attempt to detain me." Clifford did so, and in the same instant he felt a cold, clammy kiss pressed upon his forehead. He had hardly time to wonder at the strange inconsistency of the proceeding, or the coldness of her lips, when the words, "*Farewell,* CLIFFORD!" rang in his ears, and he was alone.

On a little reflection, that last word, his own real name, appeared to give the clue to the whole mystery. How had she learned his name? He remembered

that she stood near the escritoire, and that she had appeared to conceal something. He went and rummaged over the letters, and found one wanting. It was a letter from *Mary Osborne*, one of his victims, of whom he had heard nothing for years, save that he met her one night at the door of a theatre, and there could be no doubt of the profession she had adopted. "Ha! that accounts for it all," he thought; "Leonora has glanced at the contents of this letter, seen my real name, and without noticing the date of the letter is jealous of this poor girl! Yes, that must be it: part anger at my courting her under a false name, and part jealousy; or, perhaps, it's barely possible, though not very likely, that she may at one time or another have known something of this *Mary Osborne*. Who could have imagined she had such keen feelings? Upon my soul, I'm glad she takes the matter so to heart. It's plain I've triumphed—that she really loves me." Suddenly he started up, and rang the bell violently. "By Jove! she went away so quick, I had no time to offer her money. I don't believe she has enough to pay a cab, and she never would have asked me. Fortunately, no need to play the miser any longer." The valet entered. "Here, Jenkins, take this purse, and hurry after the young lady——"

"The young person who has just left, do you mean, sir——"

"I said the young *lady*," thundered Clifford. "Present her with the purse; offer respectfully to

call a cab, and see her home, and remind her of our engagement to-morrow."

The obedient Jenkins started on his errand, but returned very soon, bringing back the purse, and wearing a somewhat troubled look.

"How now, sir?" cried his master; "what brings you back with the purse?"

"Please, sir," began Jenkins, "I followed the young person — I mean the young *lady* — as you desired——"

"Tormenting idiot, be brief."

"Well, sir," said Jenkins, "I offered her the purse, which she took in her 'and and threw back at me, and, to the best of my knowledge, none of the money fell out, but I 'ope you'll count it, sir, and see——"

"Proceed," cried his impatient master.

"And when I offered respectfully to call a cab and see her 'ome, she bid me begone quite fierce-like."

"Did you remind her of her appointment, as I desired you?"

"I did, sir, and I won't forget in a 'urry the exact identical words she made use of in reply, and the way she said them. They ran as follows: '*Tell your master*,' this is what the young per — *lady* said to me, if you please, sir, '*he's to come and fetch me at my old home, and he'll be sure to find me.*'"

"That will do, Jenkins; it's all right; you can light my bedroom candle and go."

But the valet, after having obeyed his master's first order, lingered.

"You'll excuse me, sir, for the liberty I'm a-goin' to take in making a gratuitous observation, but I don't think it's all right with the young person—I mean the young *lady*. She looked quite white, and spoke through her clenched teeth like, just as if she was half scared and half desperate——"

"Pooh, pooh, Jenkins! I perceived her manner was a little strange, but I know the cause of it; she's jealous of another woman."

"You'll excuse me making the observation, sir."

"To be sure; to be sure."

"And the purse, sir; the contents is all right, I presume?"

"All right, all right, Jenkins. Good-night!" and his master withdrew, laughing gaily at the oddities of his servant, who soliloquized as follows: "Well, it may be all right; but I don't understand it. If it's jealousy, I wouldn't like to be the party she's jealous of, and fall in her way to-night. And so she's a-goin' the way of all the rest. Well, as master says, there's no constancy in woming. I thought if ever there was a h'honest girl, she was one. Well, if anythink should come of it, it'll be master's fault, not mine. He can't say I 'avn't warned him." And so Jenkins, having thus eased his conscience, betook himself to slumber likewise. *But Leonora—what of her?*

With blanched lips, clenched teeth, and haggard features, she speeds on through the nearly deserted

streets of the great city. There are few passengers abroad at that hour to notice the strange contrast of her dress and manner, and those who perchance do look after her, feel little or no curiosity. Female wretchedness is too common in London to excite sympathy.

Yet, by a strange coincidence, she passed unconsciously two gentlemen arm-in-arm, one of whom was Woodby. He looked after her. His heart, which was good, was touched by the hopeless woe of her countenance. He had half-withdrawn his arm from that of his companion to obey the first generous impulse, to follow her in all purity of motive, and gently and respectfully to inquire if her distress was of such a nature as could be lightened by his assistance. But his fast friend checked him: "Pshaw! Woodby, it only a '*plant*' to take in such green, soft-hearted fellows as you are." The young man who, as we have seen, was a martyr to false shame, was not proof against the raillery of his companion,—inferior to him both in head and heart. He allowed himself to be led on, though not quite at ease; for his conscience whispered to him that it was no "*plant;*" that the misery on that face was no counterfeit; and thus Leonora was borne away from this last chance of salvation. Had Woodby addressed her, who knows what fortunate turn might have been given to her future, o'er which the wing of destiny is darkly brooding?

A kind word, a disinterested offer of friendship,

one refreshing drop of the milk of human kindness, of brotherhood, falling at that moment into her cup of bitterness, something to bring back for one instant a faith in man and virtue,—to drive back the black sea of despair closing over her heart, to give her a little time for reflection, and Leonora might have——; but let us not anticipate our tale.

* * * * *

On the following evening, Clifford was standing in the passage of the house in which Leonora lived, holding a colloquy with Catherine. He appeared agitated at what she had been telling him.

"What!" he repeated, in faltering tones, "not been out of her room, and eaten nothing all day?"

"No, sir," replied Catherine; "she left partic'ler orders last night as how she wasn't to be disturbed not on no account till you come,—and I'm so glad you're come, sir; Miss will be sure to see you."

"Perhaps," said Clifford, his uneasiness visibly increasing,—"perhaps she's ill."

"Well, sir, I did feel oneasy," replied the girl, "for she looked mortal pale last night; but when I asked her wasn't she well, she made answer, 'it was nothink; she would soon be quite well,' and then she smiled, (you know how sweet Miss Leonora do smile, sir!) and kissed me, and her lips was main cold, and told me again to be sure and not to disturb her until you came, but you was to be let go up at oncet. And, indeed, I did make bold to knock at her door twice to-day, to see if she wanted nothink,

and she there all day so lonesome, but she never made no answer no more nor if she war dead.—Law, sir, ain't you well?" cried the girl, suddenly, as she saw Clifford stagger, and lean heavily against the bannisters. "Do you think anythink's come to Miss Leonora, sir? Hadn't you better go up at oncet?"

Clifford ascended the stairs without replying, followed by Catherine on tip-toe. Oh, how his heart smote against his ribs, as he blundered up those crooked stairs! How dark, and silent, and lonely, it is on the upper landing! A foreboding of evil has seized him. He is afraid to knock at the door. At length, he does so, tremblingly. No reply! Perhaps she is asleep. He knocks louder——

"Leonora!" he cries aloud; "dear Leonora, it is I!—Heartly—Clifford! Do you not recognise my voice? I have come to fetch you——"

Oh, the agony of that dismal silence after the echoes of his own voice have died away! Now he thunders at the door, for horrible misgivings arise. "*Leonora! are you asleep, or ill? Speak, for God's sake, speak!*" Once more that fearful silence. Any certainty is a relief to that terrible suspense. With a rush against the door, the lock gives way. He enters————.

———— The room is in great confusion; the rich dress which Leonora had worn the previous evening is lying in the middle of the floor. The curtains of the bed are half-drawn, and on a chair by the bed-

side an open and a sealed letter, with pen and ink. But, long before noting those things, the fire-place tightly closed by a board, the shut windows, the pan of charcoal, and the deadly atmosphere, show too plainly what has happened. Clifford rushes to the bed, and draws aside the curtain, and there, in her coarse black dress, lies Leonora, looking so pure, so calm, so beautiful, with such a heavenly rest upon her features, that you might almost fancy she is sleeping; *but she is* DEAD!

O Death, stern comforter, last refuge of the destitute and forlorn, how lovely canst thou appear during that brief space—

> "Ere the first day of death hath fled,
> The first dark day of nothingness,
> The last of danger and distress;
> Before decay's effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

On first discovering the body Clifford uttered a loud cry, which was echoed by Catherine, who now stood screaming and wringing her hands, repeating, "She's dead, she's dead!" Suddenly he seized her by the arm. "Run," he exclaimed, "for the nearest doctor, or apothecary—perhaps it is not too late—I will make his fortune if he brings her back to life." Catherine rushed from the room, while Clifford knelt down beside Leonora; pressed his hand upon her heart, and endeavoured to ascertain if any spark of life still existed. "Too late, too late," he groaned; "she is cold and stiff!" and he hid his

face in his hands, and swayed his body to and fro in the impulse of his grief; giving way to the most violent transports of sorrow: beating his breast, tearing his hair, and calling on the inanimate body of his victim. Suddenly his eye fell upon the letters on the chair by the bed-side. One was, as he had suspected, the letter from *Mary Osborne*. The other was sealed and addressed to himself. He tore it open and read as follows:—

"Four o'Clock in the Morning."

"Did you wonder at what you thought my caprice, last night? When this meets your eye you will learn why I shrank from your embrace—why I sought *death* rather than support the consciousness that I had put myself in your power, and was about —may God forgive me!—to love *you*—above all men. My going to your house, last night, was providential. If I had not, I might never have made the discovery, till too late, that *Mary Osborne*, the girl whom you seduced, under a promise of marriage, nearly five years ago—who became in consequence what the world calls an abandoned woman, and died repentant in my arms a year and a half since—(an old letter in whose hand-writing, addressed to you by your real name of Edward Paul Clifford, I have now in my possession)—was identical with Minnie Mansell, and was *my younger sister*. You will wonder no longer, Clifford, that I have preferred death to the harrowing conviction that I had laid myself under obligations

to you; that *I had begun to love you,* the destroyer of my sister. The kiss I left on your brow, last night, was my farewell, and the token of my *forgiveness* for the ruin you have wrought to me and mine. I have kept my promise to the letter. I said, if you came, *you would be sure to find me.* I have one last request to make. I should like a prayer said over me when they put me in the ground. But if you have not interest enough to prevent me, a suicide, from being laid in an *unblessed grave,* at least do not leave me to a pauper's funeral; but let me lie in ——— cemetery, beside my mother and sister."

The mystery was indeed cleared up for Clifford. The sun comes out and brightens the desolate-looking chimney-pots, and imparts a ray of cheerfulness to that poor room. He peeps in at the window and shines upon that form so still and motionless, and gilds the raven tresses, and flits across the glazed eyes, late so full of lustre, which never more will blench from his dazzling rays. Will that sad conscience-stricken mourner, kneeling by the bed-side, who, for any sound or stir that he makes, might be a marble figure, be able to fulfil the last request of Leonora? Or will the coroner and his wiseacres come, and bending their hard, practical gaze upon that lovely form, record a verdict—"Died, in a fit of temporary aberration of mind, by her own act?" And while comfortable, respectable people are reading the paragraph, with virtuous indignation at the

wickedness of the age when a young person in that walk of life can commit suicide without any ostensible motive, and thanking God that they too have their trials, but that they know their duty too well to shrink from them,—will all that is mortal of Leonora—so fair, so young, so good, the solace and support of her aged parent, the best of sisters and of daughters, who preferred death to a dishonoured, vicious life—be thrust into an obscure, *unblessed grave,* and there an end, so far as this world is concerned.

Alas, for thee, Leonora! thy fate is but the type of many. But thy woes are o'er. Scoff, contumely, and wrong can pursue thee no further. How innocent or how guilty thou wert, the great tide of humanity, in the mighty metropolis, will not care to know; and the question will swell that mysterious list of social evils, so perplexing to mortality, which only a Superior Intelligence may unravel. The imagination, however, will not brook constraint; and while regarding that young corpse in that mean garret, how strange, how awful the thought that the soul, so heavily tried, suffering, miserable, and despised on earth, may have taken its flight to angels in paradise, and found a pardon at that tribunal where the ever-changing, conflicting, unjust opinions of men are powerless to afflict it,—where "The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

REMARKS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LIFE, CHARACTER, HABITS, CONVERSATION, ETC., OF

MR. RICHARD LOVELARK,

STUDENT OF THE VETERINARY COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

"Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee."
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

If at the expiration of our first week's acquaintance with Mr. Richard Lovelark, Veterinary Student, &c. (commonly called, among his companions, Dick Lovelark the Vet.), we hesitated to avow ourselves perfectly *au fait* in all the depths and shoals, lights and shadows of his character, we should be doing an injustice to our own insight into human nature, and to the remarkably frank, open, and ingenuous disposition of our friend—the young gentleman in question.

Indeed, the very first interview we enjoyed with Mr. Lovelark afforded us an extremely favourable opportunity of judging of his tastes and pursuits. No question relative either to history, the arts, the sciences in general, the *belles lettres*, or that particular branch of knowledge which Mr. Lovelark is supposed to be studying, was discussed on that occasion, although we plied him with all; but we

distinctly remember a communication made to us in a very husky voice by Mr. L., that he felt "rather jolly," in consequence of having been the previous evening "a little how-come-ye-so," which followed from his being the previous evening but one, "sprung," which condition was a sequence from having been "high" the night before that—all which apparently harmless expressions implied that Mr. Lovelark had been for a week tapering off from an alarming degree of intoxication, denoted by the word "*spifflicated.*"

On more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Lovelark, we found no reason whatever to doubt the truth of these assertions, communicated gratuitously to us, with the genial eagerness of one who is narrating a worthy action deserving of applause. Whatever may be Mr. Lovelark's faults, he certainly cannot be charged with slighting the celebrated precept of the Greek sage, "Know thyself."

Mr. Lovelark, when we first had the pleasure of his acquaintance, occupied lodgings opposite to the Veterinary College, under the very eye of his tutor and guardian, Professor C——. We remember being struck with the peculiarly variable manner in which this circumstance seemed to impress itself on the mind of the young gentleman, as a natural and urgent incentive to diligent study, and propriety of behaviour. An early visitor would have found Mr. L. going to breakfast, his room fragrant with red-herring, which his kind and attentive landlady is

preparing. His books are laid out preparatory to study:——on the Horse, and——on the Dog, besides the Elements of Chemistry. Uninterrupted months of future hard reading are the least expectation from this gallant show. The heart of Professor C—— would expand with joy, could he now behold his hopeful apprentice. Could the fond eyes of his maternal parent look upon him, she would dread consumption from this fanatical devotion to his books. Mr. Lovelark himself seems thoroughly imbued with the sense of the necessity of hard reading, and of preserving Professor C——'s good opinion; and if he yields to the entreaties of a brother "Vet.," to go down to Mistress Macsiller's bar for a glass *o'yill* (*anglicé* ale), how careful is he to ascertain the previous closing of the outer-door, lest the lynx eyes of the Professor should detect him on the common stair.

Shakspere has said that "one man in his time plays many parts," but who could be prepared for the complete revulsion of sentiment manifested by Mr. L. ere the conclusion of the same day? Who could dream that ere the sun had set, his devotion to *study* would have given place to a devotion to *drink*—his salutary awe of Professor C—— and his landlady alike forgotten, and replaced by the most callous indifference to the opinion of those individuals or the world in general? Who could imagine that the diligent student of the morning could be identical with the uproarious individual standing in the street

between three and four in the morning, in full view of the Professor's windows; and on being denied admittance to his lodgings at that unseemly hour, loudly proclaiming his independence of everything and everybody, and invoking the most fearful maledictions upon the college, the professors in general, and old C—— in particular, who is awaked from a sound sleep in time to hear and treasure up this nocturnal benediction from the lips of his trusty pupil?

Why attempt to conceal the fact that Mr. Lovelark's habits are convivial? How else account for his frequent and protracted absences from home? —unless, indeed, we come to the more charitable conclusion that Mr. L. is a member of some secret society (like the *Fehm-gerichte* of the Middle Ages), or otherwise engaged in transacting business of great importance; or else that he is liable to fits of absence of mind, and strangely oblivious of the lapse of time, since he is often detained by these mysterious demands, whole days and nights continuously, from home. It would seem, moreover, in accordance with this supposition, that he is suddenly released from these engagements, and aroused to the necessity of making up for lost time; causing him to appear before his lodgings at a most inconvenient and unseasonable hour in the silent watches of the night, startling the whole neighbourhood by the eagerness of his demands to be admitted to the scene of his labours.

Another peculiarity of Mr. Lovelark is the dif-

ficulty, or rather impossibility, of deciding when he has arrived at the last stage, or "*Ultima Thule*," of intoxication. For instance, we have met him frequently of a morning, when to pronounce him drunk would indeed be libellous, on the ground that the greater the truth the greater the libel. In the afternoon we have blushed for our aspersion of character, for sober Mr. Lovelark *was* to what he now *is*. Yet in the evening, at the theatre, Mr. Lovelark has signalized himself as the gallant leader of a row in the students' gallery, necessitating his expulsion by the joint efforts of sundry "peelers," for Mr. Lovelark does not succumb readily to lawful authority;—late at night we ourself have assisted in conveying him home, apparently helpless, and after resisting repeated efforts to lie down in the gutter and on the common stair, have got him into his room; where we were obliged to humour him in his fixed determination of retiring to rest with his hat on his head, and his boots on, having previously removed his neckcloth. Now surely the goal is achieved; now surely Mr. Lovelark will slumber profoundly on his couch.—You are mistaken: in an hour or so Mr. Lovelark will rise in his might, like a giant refreshed—signs of commotion will be observed in the street—and "crushers," attracted to the spot by the smashing of window-glass, will arrive too late to intercept Mr. L.'s flight, notified by a sheet hanging from the window of his bed-room.

The next morning we are gently prepared for

these tidings by a note from Dick, written in shaky characters, as though he were suffering under St. Vitus's dance, and dated from a tavern, to this extraordinary effect:—

"My dear Fellow,—I'm ashamed to say I got regularly spifficated after you left me the other night. I believe I broke some windows and did some other foolish things, though what they were I have not the most remote idea, for my head is spinning round like a humming-top, and my coppers are so hot that the water from the ewer, which I have nearly emptied, actually hisses down my throat. You will see I am at 'the York' where I must remain in quod till I see you, as I have not a bob left. Come and pay the bill, and let me out—there's a good fellow.

"Yours, &c., &c.,

"RICHARD LOVELARK."

The information that he got "regularly spifficated" after parting with us, is perplexing; as, to the utmost of our belief, we had left him in that state at one in the morning; but we have compassion on the state of Dick's head and stomach, being wiser than the old lady who felt perfectly convinced "her son didn't drink over night, 'cause he always woke up thirsty and emptied the water-bottle the first thing in the morning," and accordingly we rush to redeem Dick from "durance vile" at the York hotel.

It follows as a self-evident proposition, from the

facts already laid before the reader, that Mr. Lovelark would be one of the last people in the world likely to excel in writing his autobiography, being indebted to the kind communication of his friends for his own history during a great part of the previous day.

Another of Mr. Lovelark's peculiarities may be expressed in the chaste language of Mr. Micawber, as "a wonderful facility in disposing of available property." Acting up to the letter of the precept which enjoins us to "let the morrow take care of itself," and to "take no thought what we shall wear," &c., Mr. L. pawns, or, as he more classically defines it, "*pops*" one article of clothing after another, as fast as he is in want of money; and so early had he recourse to this method of raising supplies, that no sooner had his venerable parent, or (to quote Dick again) "the old man," vanished from his eyes, by the railway, than our hopeful young gentleman handed over to the care of his "uncle" two suits of clothes; Mr. Lovelark, senior, having, for weighty reasons, limited his supply of ready money to a sum quite inadequate to carry out the views and wishes of Mr. Lovelark, junior.

This habit of Dick's is productive of two results. The first is, that he is quite an adept in discovering and tracing out, in spite of their ineligible and obscure localities, all those establishments whose commercial transactions are typified by the design of *three golden balls*. We believe there is not one of such establish-

ments which has preserved its *incognito* from the prying gaze and indefatigable researches of Mr. Lovelark, whether situated in the Old or New Town; and very few at which he has not transacted business to some amount, varying from a dress coat to a pocket-handkerchief; and it is but justice to him to say, that in the pursuit of business he disregards appearances, and neither the dirtiest nor the most intricate "*closes*" repel him while thus employed.

We dwell upon this trait, because in other respects Mr. Lovelark's acquaintance with a city boasting so many subjects of classical interest is by no means extensive—nay, on the contrary, extremely limited. He certainly had not visited Holyrood Palace, or the Castle, when we made his acquaintance. It is true we have seen him in an *unconscious* state in the house to which tradition assigns the distinction of having been tenanted by John Knox, in the Canongate; but as this house (to the honour of Edina be it spoken!) has been converted into a dram-shop, we cannot attribute Mr. Lovelark's presence there to any reverence for antiquity; nor do we believe that his condition of *stupefaction* had anything whatever to do with the feeling that he was on classic ground—a fact, indeed, of which he was wholly ignorant until we communicated it to him on his awaking, parched with thirst, on the following day. Nor had Mr. Lovelark heard of Preston-Pans, or Linlithgow, Hawthornden, and many other of the celebrated spots to which tourists are continually resorting, in the

neighbourhood of Edinburgh, with the exception of Newhaven, with which he was well acquainted, as producing some of the finest physical specimens of womanhood in the world, and likewise celebrated for its fish dinners. We may remark that this philosophical indifference on Dick's part astonished not a little his family (residing in England), whose queries respecting "*the lions*" of Edinburgh, and remarkable spots in the neighbourhood of "Auld Reekie," were becoming so frequent in the letters directed from home, as to be a serious cause of perplexity to Mr. Lovelark.

The other result of these frequent professional visits to his "*uncle*," is the remarkably variable appearance presented by Mr. Lovelark's outer man. Rarely, if ever, does he wear, two days running, the same vest, or hat, articles of apparel which he receives from his friends, more, as it would seem, with the view to present convenience than as *souvenirs*, since they all share the same fate, that of being transferred to the care of the *avuncular* relative aforesaid. With regard to his *hat*, it is generally lost on the first or second day after it is borrowed, from being knocked off his head in a scuffle (a species of pastime in which Mr. Lovelark often indulges, no doubt with the view of aiding digestion), picked up, and carried off to the pawn-shop by some looker-on of *communist* principles (while its temporary proprietor is either giving or receiving a couple of black eyes); so that the article in question finds its way eventually to its ultimate

destination, though not through the hands of Mr. Lovelark himself.

The reader who has followed with any interest our remarks so far, relative to the character of Mr. Lovelark, will doubtless seek some information as to his personal appearance. Mr. Lovelark, then, is tall and strongly made, with comely features, and his *tout ensemble* might be pronounced genteel, even elegant, were it not that, owing to the somewhat variegated effect of his borrowed wardrobe, consisting of articles of dress belonging to people of different shapes and sizes, it is not set off to the best advantage.

Like many great men of all times, Mr. Lovelark's powers of originality are displayed to most advantage when more or less under the influence of stimulus. At ordinary moments he is so little remarkable for a spontaneous flow of ideas, that he might, by a casual, superficial observer, be pronounced almost dull. Yet after a certain number of *libations*, we have heard a stream of *improvisatore* imagery issue from his lips, which certainly was *fluent*, though, from the frequent repetition of many words and phrases not to be found in any English dictionary, and yet in common use among the youth of Great Britain, the words *eloquent* and *chaste* might not be considered as strictly applicable.

Indeed, we cannot justly estimate Mr. Lovelark's character without admitting that he has shown more ability for the acquirement technically termed *chaffing*, than for any branch of his medical studies, or, indeed,

for any other pursuit or accomplishment; and in the lively play of repartee which this difficult art demands, as well as in the frolicsome concomitant of executing "*no-popery*" dances, Mr. Lovelark has won great renown and deserved applause from his fellow "*vets.*," and gained many triumphs over indignant cabmen, porters of the High Street, and Newhaven fishwomen.

Should it ever be in contemplation with Mr. Lovelark's friends to present him with a portrait of himself, we would suggest the propriety of portraying him as he appears to most advantage, and would be most easily recognised by those who enjoy his intimacy—neither at his studies, nor in the lecture-room (for there, indeed, his visits are like angels', "few and far between"), but, presiding at a convivial meeting. No one who has not seen Mr. Lovelark on such an occasion can be said to have seen him at all. It is then, and there, that he shines forth in his real character, all his diffidence, all his incapacity (if we may be allowed so strong an expression) swallowed up in the eager zeal with which he enters into a practical exposition of the sentiment of the Epicurean bard, "*Nunc est bibendum, fratres.*" Then, like all truly great men, he proves himself equal to the occasion, and in the hour of trial rises to meet the emergency. With his hat (invariably white and steeple-crowned, and somewhat battered, owing probably to an eccentric habit which Mr. Lovelark has of throwing it at dogs at night) set very much on one side of his head, a long clay-pipe in his mouth,

and a tankard by his side, Mr. L. singeth several songs remarkable for accurate accentuation of the Yorkshire dialect. We have heard him give the "Death of Nelson," and there is this peculiarity in Mr. L.'s harmony, that all his songs are adapted to the same tune, which has a novel and striking effect.

If it is decided that the meeting should end in a *wet evening*, then, after summoning an incredible array of bottles of whisky, the door is locked, and the key thrown out of the window (an ominous hint to any degenerate student who may happen to be in company). Each man sleeps where he falls, and Mr. Lovelark "sinks to rest" on the hard floor, happy as a lord, embracing the leg of the table, in the vain attempt to draw it over him as a coverlet, under the impression that he is in his own crib, *chez lui*.

But should the collective voice of the company be for "a lark," then, at the approach of the small hours, Mr. Lovelark, spurning inglorious ease, rises and summons the admiring circle of his friends, in a voice (husky, no doubt from emotion), to action, and reeling forth as if o'erwhelmed with the magnitude of his own thoughts, leads the way through the streets of "Auld Reekie," in search of adventures. Woe betide the adventurous passenger, who, with an overweening conceit in his own powers, attempts, on such an occasion, to vie with Mr. Lovelark in the art of *chaffing*, or the unlucky "peeler," who,

single-handed, ventures to resent the opprobrious words hurled at himself and his office. Nay, even when the guardian of the peace, like "an ancient and most quiet watchman," is playing a neutral part, he is by no means secure from the enterprising malevolence of Mr. Lovelark and friends; for Dick, who is as wily as he is courageous, will throw the man off his guard, by accosting him in a friendly manner, asking, perhaps, some such simple question as, "What's o'clock?" and while the unsuspecting "*crusher*" is tugging at the huge time-piece in his fob, he will find himself abruptly necessitated to measure his length on the pavement, from the unexpected and scientific application of Mr. L.'s fist immediately under his chin. After such an event, as may be imagined, it is *sauve qui peut* with the students; for the man invariably rises and pursues, nursing the most unphilosophical and unchristian ideas of vengeance on his assailants.

It may easily be concluded that Mr. L., pursuing thus his own peculiar curriculum of study (which may be summed up as smoking, drinking, chaffing, fighting, billiard-playing, &c.), cannot exactly fulfil or satisfy the wishes of his guardian and parent, respecting those professional avocations to which he is nominally a pupil. His attendance at lectures is so irregular that his presence has begun to be considered more remarkable than his absence. Nor is this the worst, for frequently he attends in a state of mental pre-occupation and personal disorder, which

would cause any unprejudiced observer confidently to pronounce him intoxicated. On such occasions he is only smuggled in by his friends on the previously specified condition, that he is to sit quite still, and behave himself with the utmost gravity and decorum. Let us endeavour, then, to imagine the horror of all present, when, after the lapse of half-an-hour, during which Dick has sat on one of the back benches of the *theatre*, or class-room, (to avail ourself of the classic expression of a brother "*vet.*,") "*mooning away*" at the lecturer, and trying to see one instead of two, the breathless silence which has prevailed during an interesting chemical experiment is broken by a loud *ululation*, beginning low and increasing in shrillness and intensity; in short, an exact specimen of the Indian war-whoop. Need we say the performer is Mr. Lovelark, who, after prolonging his gratuitous *solo* to the full compass of his voice and lungs, and to the verge of deafening his agonized hearers, suddenly ceasing, starts wildly from his seat, with a frantic demonstration of grappling with the lecturer, Professor C——, crying at the same time, "Let me get at the red-haired villain!"

From such an escapade we may imagine the striking discrepancy in the letters received by Mr. Lovelark, senior, from Professor C——, and his son, relative to the latter's studies. Be it mentioned here that Mr. Lovelark, junior, is so averse to epistolary correspondence of any kind, that it is probable he would never write home at all, did not pinching

poverty prompt him to this fulfilment of filial duty. Yet on such occasions, with a modest mistrust of his own literary abilities, Dick invariably calls in the assistance of a friend, and concocts a letter to the governor, informing him, "that though he was certainly, at one time, a little inattentive to his studies, he has been much more regular of late, &c.; that he is giving much more satisfaction to the professors, &c.; that he has need at present of a further remittance to meet some very pressing demands for class-books, and other items of necessary expenditure connected with his studies," &c., &c., &c.

Unfortunately for the effect of this epistle in softening the obdurate bosom of *Paterfamilias*, by the same mail arrives another letter from the *Professor*, giving a diametrically opposite account of Dick's conduct, stating that the latter hardly ever appears at lectures; that when he does show, it is invariably in a condition of the most disgusting and deplorable intoxication, and winding up with a very decided paragraph, to the purport, that Dick, or Mr. Richard Lovelark, is going direct and express to a certain well-known individual, not necessary to name. The consequence of which contradictory intelligence is, as may be supposed, that all further supplies from the paternal source are cut off, and Dick is made more than ever dependent for "*tin*" on his "*uncle*."

Gladly would he betake himself to that relative; but at length even this resource fails, for, alas! he has nothing, either of his own or his friends', which he

can leave as a deposit, and though he casts a longing glance on several moveables in his chamber, he feels that to elude the argus eyes of his landlady would be impossible. Sundry bright projects for raising the wind float through his brain, for Dick, though he cannot compose a letter without help, never mistrusts his own abilities when inspired by that glorious mother of invention—*necessity.*

The first of these notable schemes is to turn Papist; Mr. L. entertaining the primitive idea that for a simple profession of the Roman faith (a proceeding which will not involve any very painful sacrifice of feeling or principle on his part), he will receive a very satisfactory reward in hard cash. We were compelled, however, to destroy this hope at once, on his consulting us as to the amount of the premium offered by the Papal Church for proselytes; and Dick, with a sigh, slowly and sadly abandons the idea. He then broaches his next resource, viz., to turn *actor;* and insists on us then and there, though it happens to be Sunday (and Sunday in Scotland too), accompanying him to the managers of the different theatres, and acting as his spokesman. In vain do we endeavour to represent to him the inconsistency of expecting a theatrical engagement when he is not even competent to plead his own cause. Dick is obstinate, so we yield, and to satisfy him, make the attempt, well knowing it will be fruitless. The managers are, as we expected, deaf to our entreaties, and to our insinuations that Mr. Lovelark would make a valuable

auxiliary to the company for minor parts, such as walking gentlemen, and the like, where the superiority of his person might fully counterbalance the deficiency of previous stage-training. "No, sir," says the last manager of whom we have audience; "with all due deference to your opinion, the Theatre Royal of Edinburgh is not the place where a tyro is to make his first appearance. Are you aware, sir, that it takes a year, at the least, for an amateur to learn to stand still on the stage? I have the honour of wishing you and your friend good morning."

On our way along Prince's Street one day, Dick bowed to a young lady, who returned his salutation most graciously. Never were we more astounded in our life! "Good heavens, Dick!" said we on the first opportunity, "that was a *young lady* you spoke to!"

"To be sure it was," said our friend.

"And she returned your bow; you are acquainted with her?"

"Of course I am; what of it"?

We did not think proper to disclose the causes of our astonishment, as they were not at all complimentary to Dick. In fact, up to that morning we had not been aware that Dick numbered, among his female acquaintance in Edinburgh, one *respectable young woman!*

The young lady in question is of highly eligible parentage, and we afterwards discovered that, to Dick, she is more than an acquaintance; in short,

that Mr. Lovelark views her with the eyes of affection; to use his own expression, is "sweet upon her." We fear, however, that unless the young lady be of an unusually amiable disposition, and singularly above vulgar prejudices, Dick will never win her, without thoroughly changing his present method of paying "*his distresses*," viz.: calling at her house in the evening, and on gaining admission, laying himself down at full length in the hall and falling fast asleep; being found in a speechless state on the common stairs," &c., &c.

We have taken Dick to task often for his dissipated habits, and, to do him justice, he receives our rebukes in good part. Only once we remember he persisted in entering a free-and-easy music-hall, on the plea of wishing to see character. Mr. Lovelark's method of "*seeing character*," on this occasion (for we entered afterwards and watched him unperceived), was to fall fast asleep, with his head on the table, after emptying his fourth glass of whisky-toddy.

"To do anything like justice to the subject of our memoir," as biographers say, would require a volume, but our limits compel us to draw this imperfect sketch to a close. So *hard up* then was Dick, that he was beginning to think seriously of enlisting in a cavalry regiment, as a forlorn hope, when—(whether by the influence of his good or evil genius future events will decide)—all his fears of immediate want were dissipated by an unforeseen occurrence, involving relief from an unexpected quarter. Dick had now got so very wild, that both his father and

guardian, Professor C——, threatened to have nothing more to do with him. He was constantly "*flitting*," owing to the irregularity of his hours, which imposed on the patience of his various landladies, even too much for that privileged being—a medical student. His last landlady, however, though a bit of a shrew, was, on the whole, inclined to take his part, and make him comfortable. During Dick's absence one day, we had been talking her over, and we had both arrived at the conclusion that Dick had been hardly used, both by his father and guardian, and was not so bad a boy after all. We had but just left, it seems (as we afterwards learnt), when the young gentleman himself made his appearance, and in his most quarrelsome stage of intoxication. How the *fracas* began, we do not exactly know. We believe his landlady expostulated with him for not rubbing the dirt off his shoes, for knocking the furniture about, or for some other cause. However, the offence was given, and Dick opened upon her a furious volley of *chaff*, calling her a "*wretched menial*," declaring that he valued her less than the "smallest end of a dead cat's tail," with other equally *recherché* epithets, from his well-stocked repertory of student slang. In five minutes all our good offices were completely effaced. His landlady entered on the wordy conflict with all the zeal of an Amazon. She hurled back the charge of "wretched menial"—she "came of as gude kith and kin as ony English pock-pudding in the land." She dwelt long on the

fact, and recurred to it again and again, with a truly scriptural simplicity of repetition, that she had a small property of her own,—for the sneer at her *poverty* seemed to affect her deeply; she declared that it served her right for letting her rooms to horse-doctors and "*dir-r-rt* of that kind" (snapping her fingers *à la Meg Dods*) and disparaged the noble art of veterinary surgery, as the most mean and despicable of trades. She spoke well and to the purpose, and it was no discredit to her if she was foiled by the superior volubility of Mr. Lovelark; who, watching his opportunity when his antagonist paused (to do her justice) only to take breath, poured in such an overwhelming flood of cool, cutting sarcasm that his landlady, aghast, had no resource but to declare he should pack out of her house that very night. Dick fired a parting volley of *chaff*, snapped his fingers in her face, and departed forthwith.

In the street he gave further vent to his feelings by shying his hat at a dog. This act was resented by the dog's owner, whom Dick affirmed to be a tailor, with many opprobious epithets. A war of words followed, till the man, losing temper completely at the contemptuous appellations, "ninth part of a man," "knight of the thimble and steel-bar," struck Dick with his fist, who immediately returned the compliment with a bottle of whisky, which he had in his pocket, and floored his antagonist. The upshot of the affair was, that Dick was taken into custody and provided with gratuitous board and

lodging, for a month, at his country's expense, in the Calton gaol, with wholesome recreation in the shape of picking oakum.

Two years after this event, we encountered Mr. Lovelark, by the merest accident, in London, *a changed and reformed man.* We could hardly recognise the identity of the wild, harum-scarum Edinburgh student, with the spruce, well-dressed individual who accosted us. Dick dates his reformation from the day of his confinement. He had leisure to reflect over the miserable use to which he had been putting his time and his abilities. He made a resolution to turn over a new leaf, and kept it. No sooner was he free than he dropped all his idle acquaintances, gave up whisky, applied himself diligently to study, and in due time won back his father's good opinion, and the approbation of Professor C———. He has commenced the practice of his profession; has now a large and increasing connexion, and is engaged to the young lady who was the object of his attachment in Edinburgh.

Let us hope that Mr. Lovelark is but one of many young men destined to turn out useful and honest citizens, after sowing their "*wild oats.*"

AUNT MARTHA'S FIRST AND ONLY LOVE.

"With men love is an episode—with women it is often the sentiment of a life."—ANON.

WE always suspected Aunt Martha had had a love-trial in her youth. Frequently have we watched her turning over the pages of an album, or poring over a mysterious-looking bundle of old letters, and heard the smothered sigh, and seen the tear coursing down her cheek. On such occasions we have stolen gently from the room, or pretended deep absorption in our book, that we might not interrupt these sacred communings with memory. Once—we cannot tell exactly how the disclosure was brought about, or how Aunt Martha came to be in such a communicative mood—but she told us in substance the following story, which we shall retail for the reader's benefit in a connected form :—

"Yes, you are right," said Aunt Martha; "I have been in love once, and only once. When I was about nineteen, my brother came home to spend the summer vacation, and brought with him an intimate friend, whom he had often written to me about in his letters, but whom I had never yet seen. My brother had prepared me to expect a treat, and I was not disappointed. We lived then in a little village, beautifully situated, in a remote district of

England. To a forward, sarcastic girl, as I was then, Mr. Singleton (Mark Singleton was his name) seemed a delightful acquaintance, after the clownish swains of ———. He was very handsome; about one year older than myself; refined and accomplished; and united a great flow of spirits to gentleness of manner, and a fondness for sober, rational conversation.

"His tastes and mine were very similar; we both loved books; he read to me his literary effusions, both in prose and verse, and begged me to criticise them. He viewed nature with the eye of a poet and an artist; and many a happy hour, on a summer's day, has flown by, as it seemed, almost too quickly, beguiled by his eloquent conversation. Never before had I seen any one who so thoroughly sympathised with me, or called forth my natural, heart-felt thoughts as Mr. Singleton did. I asked myself sometimes, if in the world, beyond the narrow circle of my experience, there were many such men, to make life pass gaily and happily, or if Mr. Singleton was one among a thousand?

"Before he had been with us a week I felt towards him like an old friend. I was convinced that he understood me, and read my heart, better than many whom I had known from childhood. He stayed with us two months, and so imperceptibly had my esteem and affection increased, that I never suspected, till the pang of separation taught me, that I cherished for Mr. Singleton a feeling stronger

than affection. The day before he went, he wrote some lines in my album. I was obliged to go away to read them, for my eyes were filled with tears.

"'Martha,' said he, with the familiarity of a friend, 'are all those tears for your brother's departure, or may I not claim a share?'

"I replied in the same vein of pleasantry, but with a heavy heart: 'Partly for both, if it will not make you vain to think so.'

"The last afternoon we spent together, we sat on the sofa for a long time, but said little. My heart I know was too full to speak, and I think he felt very sorrowful at going away; for he seemed to enjoy my society, and had more than once told me that he had never before had a lady friend who understood him. The parting moment came. My brother kissed me —so did Mr. Singleton, for the first and only time; and when he was out of sight I tottered up to my room and lay down, and wept bitterly. Then, in the solitude of my own chamber, I confessed aloud that *I loved!* that life was no longer to be the same round of little hopes, and fears, and duties, which it had been before I knew Mr. Singleton. Oh, that he had never come! or never gone! I could not forget that a heart congenial to my own beat apart.

"It had been agreed that we should correspond, while he was living in the same town as my brother, about forty miles distant from my village. Our letters were filled with criticisms upon books—references to past pleasant hours—scenes and events

experienced during his visit—but nothing about *love*. It was a great consolation, after my first burst of grief, to receive his long, agreeable, clever letters. It made me feel that the link of our acquaintance was not yet severed. But it was to be! Within a year Mr. Singleton removed to London, and then I knew that our friendship must virtually cease. I wrote him a farewell letter to this effect. With all the new agreeable methods of beguiling time in the metropolis, what would he care for the letters of his obscure village friend?

"I received from him a beautiful and tender reply. The tears gushed from my eyes as I read it; for it proved, as I expected, the termination to our correspondence. It was a blow, hardly, if at all, inferior to the former actual separation. Next to seeing him, and hearing him speak, and marking the play of his noble, intelligent features, it was (I knew not how great till I lost it) a privilege to read his letters. So I read the old ones over and over again; but they only made me more wretched, to think that I had been so officious, that my precipitancy had severed the last link between us. Oh! how I hoped against hope that a letter might still arrive from him; that he might not have quite forgotten me, even in the whirl and vortex of London society, till I grew ill with anxiety and protracted suspense.

"What hopes I built up and destroyed! What conflicting thoughts I cherished! Foolish, simple

girl, to judge of Mr. Singleton's affections by my own; because, forsooth, I could never know another equal to him; because the one image could never be superseded in my heart; because I must continue to dream on about him;———to imagine it probable, or possible, that he must remember me. Yet why not? He said I understood him. The tears stood in his eyes, as well as mine, when we parted; perhaps, in trials and disappointments, his thoughts might still recur to that pleasant visit, and the country-girl whose heart he had carried away. Oh, why had I been the first to break off the correspondence! He would meet, in the course of his career, women more beautiful than I was, far more accomplished than I could ever hope to be — but here, again, a thought the most bitter of any would intrude:—It might not be so if you had opportunities equal to your natural abilities. He made your acquaintance — an uncultivated country-girl—and liked you. Could your mental culture keep pace with his—could you reside in cities, and rub off your rusticity, and learn those nameless refinements which mixture with the world alone can give, you might not be unworthy of him; and this friendship, now doomed to oblivion, might ripen into——oh! it was hard to think that circumstances alone might keep asunder two congenial hearts; that he might roam the world for years, seeking in vain some worthy partner, to lighten the load of existence; while I,

who asked no greater blessing than to bask in the light of his smile, must drag out my days in solitude and seclusion.

"Slowly I recovered my usual health. About this time I received a proposal of marriage from Mr. Barker, a young surgeon, who had been on terms of intimacy with our family for some years. I replied politely but firmly in the negative. This was the cause of much angry expostulation from my brother, and a nearer approach to a quarrel than we had ever had. He could not understand what he pleased to term my unaccountable caprice in rejecting Mr. Barker, such a sincere admirer; one in every way so well calculated to make me an excellent husband. I remained firm, however, in my resolution. In the whole world there was but one man whom I should like to marry; and as this would never be, I was quite reconciled to the prospect of single blessedness.

"Years passed by chequered by occasional intelligence respecting Mr. Singleton, which formed the only land-marks in my otherwise monotonous existence. Once, I happened to read an article in a magazine which deeply interested me; but what were my surprise and delight when, at the end, I came suddenly on the name of Mark Singleton! I read it again hurriedly, then slowly; then again and again, paragraph by paragraph, sentence by sentence, almost word by word. Next to seeing and conversing with him, and devouring his letters,

it was the greatest pleasure to read his thoughts in print, to find those ideas which he had uttered to me in private now put forth to the world. I fancied how he looked at his literary task: how the tear glistened in his eye over some pathetic passage; how he smiled, or even laughed aloud, as he penned some piece of humour. There was no end to the fine castles in the air which I built for him on the strength of this article. He was to become a great author, rivalling the loftiest names, to whatever branch of literature he turned his serious attention.

"At another time arrived, quite unexpectedly, a letter from Mr. Singleton to my brother, reverting to old times, assuring him that, though they had ceased to correspond, old friends and old associations were not forgotten. The reference to me did not imply that he considered me in any warmer light than that of a valued friend. There was another piece of intelligence in the letter: he had fallen in love, and had been disappointed. Why did I feel, even at this lapse of time, when I had learned to school my heart, and look upon Mr. Singleton only as a dear friend, a secret, undefinable pleasure at hearing he was still unmarried, though sympathising deeply with the sufferings he had undergone? Of one thing I felt convinced, that *he* was not to blame—that the woman who had jilted him must have been unworthy of such a boon as his affeection.

"But the letter brought back a whole tide of recollections. I longed to see him again, not that

I dreamed of the possibility of his ever-loving me (no — the village-girl would form a striking contrast to the elegant and accomplished women whose acquaintance he had made), but I wished to note the improvement of mature manhood, which those intervening years had wrought. I took his likeness often in imagination, and contrasted it with my remembrance, and the sketch which I had myself taken of him at twenty. His cheek no longer smooth, but fringed with a dark, luxuriant whisker; the countenance a trifle graver, with more of the majesty of intellect to compensate for a line or two of care; the contour of the mouth more decided, but ever ready to relax into the same bewitching smile as of yore; the full, bright, piercing eye, that seemed to scan your inmost soul. Such was Mr. Singleton as I now portrayed him in thought. He was a man to be loved at twenty, to be loved and *reverenced* at thirty."

Aunt Martha heaved a deep sigh as she added: "There is no more to tell. I have never seen Mr. Singleton since he left that first pure and holy kiss upon my lips. He never returned to the village. I have since heard that he went abroad and married a foreign lady, and is now a widower, and still pursuing the literary profession, in which he has achieved success. He has had his own troubles and trials to occupy his thoughts, and, doubtless, has quite forgotten the old maid who is now speaking of him. But, until this heart cease to beat, there

shall be one to do as she has ever done, and never let a day pass without a prayer ascending to heaven to bless and protect Mark Singleton,—my *first* and *only love.*"

Aunt Martha's voice broke down at the close of her story, and the cheerful, benignant smile refused to flit over her features as she rose abruptly and quitted the room.

THE ARTIST AND HIS FRIENDS.

A DRAMATIC NARRATIVE.

"Quot homines, tot sententiæ."—TERENCE.
"So many men, so many minds."

SCENE FIRST.

An Artist's Studio. Harry Melville and Vaccil.

Melville. Put yourself in my place, Vaccil. What would you do? On the one hand, my Uncle Tompkins offers me a certainty,—a share in his business, resulting in a partnership to be followed by a fortune at his death, and threatens, if I persist in studying art, to disown me as his nephew, and never to leave me a shilling——

Vaccil. Close with his offer by all means, Mr. Harry.

Mel. Stay; hear both sides. I have really a love for art, and no taste whatever for commerce. I'm afraid I should make a very poor tradesman or merchant; while I really feel as if I should succeed as an artist——

Vac. Stick to art by all means, Mr. Harry.

Mel. Still, an offer of this kind is not to be rejected in a hurry; art is uncertain. I have known many men of undoubted talent who could not live by it. Now suppose I overvalue my own powers, and

after rejecting the certainty of affluence and respectability, find myself condemned to trudge through life an obscure artist——

Vac. Enter your Uncle Tompkins' counting-house by all means, Mr. Harry.

Mel. But then to give up for ever, for a miserable surety, all my glorious dreams, my aspirations after fame, the ambitious hopes which I have nursed so long, which gained new life while gazing on the wonders of the Vatican and the ceiling of the Sistine! To bid farewell for ever to the hope of being one day able to re-echo the glorious cry of Correggio, "*Anch' io sono pittore.*"* (*Seizing hold of Vaccil in his enthusiasm*). Oh, Vaccil! I am determined to be a painter. I *will* succeed. I will make my Uncle Tompkins proud of me. I will make you proud of me. I will make all my friends proud of me.

Vac. (*catching his enthusiasm*). Hurrah! be a painter; go to Italy; come back successful; make us all proud of you, Mr. Harry!

Mel. What, Vaccil, have I inoculated you? Well, return to my Uncle Tompkins; tell him I thank him for his offer, but that in so momentous a question, involving my future happiness or misery, I cannot decide in so summary a manner. I have asked some friends to come and deliver their candid opinions on my artistic efforts, and on their decision will very much depend whether I can fulfil his wishes or not.

* And I too am a painter.

Vac. Well, Mr. Harry, I'll take your message. But I know Mr. Tompkins; he's peremptory, and will stand no delay; he expects a plain Yes or No.

SCENE SECOND.

In a dingy office in the City of London sit two elderly citizens, evidently tradesmen well-to-do in the world. Mr. Tompkins has amassed a fortune by sugar-baking: he is now thinking of retiring from business, and is in earnest confabulation with his friend Brown, respecting the contumacy of his nephew, whom Mr. Tompkins has set his heart upon succeeding him in the firm, but who unfortunately has evinced a taste for art—a condition of mind which Messrs. Tompkins and Brown associate with lunacy.

Tompkins (*loquitur*). Am I not to be pitied, my dear friend Brown? My nephew, Harry Melville, whom I had intended to adopt as my successor in the business, to prefer beggary, disgrace, and ruin; to bring infamy upon the respectable name of Tompkins, by following the trade of a painter, a wretched dauber of canvas!

Brown. Friend Tompkins, I does pity you; but look-y'ere, it's all a'most your own fault. Why did you allow the young man to go to Italy, and them outlandish countries? Did you ever know any good come from travelling? Don't it always ruin people? Folks never travelled when we wos young. What's the use of seein' foring countries? that's

what I says. There ain't none like England, I don't think. I always mistrusted the young man would turn out ill when you read me them letters wrote by him full of nonsense, about po'try and statutes, and Raphel and Michel h'angel, or whatever his name is, and Peter what-d'ye-call-him, the *Eye*-talian, who made such a fuss about a girl called Laurar.* Why can't them foreigners have speakable names like us English? 'Owever, I never thought matters would get so bad that your nephew would refuse a good berth in your firm.

Tomp. You shall hear what he says. Mr. Vaccil——

(*Mr. Vaccil, who has been writing very hard at his desk in the back-ground, comes forward. He is a fidgety, obsequious, little man, generally siding with the last speaker, and is imbued with the most profound reverence for the firm of Tompkins and Co.*)

Tomp. Mr. Vaccil, repeat the reply Mr. Melville made to my message.

Vac. I communicated to Mr. Harry your wishes, sir,—viz., to accept a situation in your counting-house——

Tomp. Well, Mr. Vaccil, well—and he replied:——

Vac. He replied that, in a question involving his future happiness or misery, he could not decide in so summary a manner; that he had asked some friends to call and deliver a candid opinion on his artistic

* Mr. Brown doubtless meant Petrarch.

efforts; and on their decision would, in a great measure, depend whether he could fulfil your wishes or not.

Tomp. (*turning to Brown*). You hear this; now what's your opinion?

Brown. (*after wagging his head oracularly for some time, then varying the performance by tapping his brow significantly with his fore-finger*). Oh, it's a clear case; the young man's mad.

Vac. (*in a hesitating manner*). If you please—if I might be allowed to give an opinion——

Tomp. Well, Mr. Vaccil, go on.

Vac. Please, sir, I don't think Mr. Harry's mad; I think he's a *genius.*

Brown. (*bursting into a horse-laugh*). Well, and isn't genius madness, eh?—or next door to it?

Tomp. You are right, Brown. (*To Vaccil*). Do you pretend, Mr. Vaccil, to deny that genius is a species of madness? Quick, sir!

Vac. Ye-es, sir, to be sure. Certainly, you're the head of the firm, and ought to know best. I should be very sorry to set up my opinion against yours.

Tomp. No equivocation, Mr. Vaccil; answer directly.

Vac. Yes, sir, to be sure. Genius is madness, certainly, if you say so.

Tomp. And I do say so. I trust, Mr. Vaccil, you did not mean to insult me.

Vac. (*with a gesture of amazement*). Me, sir—*insult you*, sir; the head of the firm of Tompkins and Co.! How can you suppose it? What have I said, I ——

Tomp. Did you not say you thought my nephew, Harry Melville, my sister's son, *a genius?* A man with the Tompkins' blood in his veins, *a genius!* Such a thing was never heard of before. It ain't possible. Mr. Vaccil, you have been my clerk for thirty years; now answer me without prevarication. Did you ever hear of a Tompkins who was a genius?

Vac. (*with naïveté*). Never, upon my word, sir.

Tomp. I should think not. My family are remarkable for strong common sense, but no genius. Bless you, we don't want it. We wouldn't have it. It's an unprofitable commodity. My motto is, that everything beyond common sense is downright nonsense. Genius ain't happy nor contented itself, and don't make other people so. Genius don't marry and settle down comfortably and bring up a family, but scribbles and daubs, and goes tramping about the country to Chartist meetings, and all sorts of republican places, getting people into mischief. Genius didn't make me worth fifty thousand pounds—eh, Brown?

Brown. (*thumping with his stick on the floor*). No more it didn't. Them's my sentiments exact.

Tomp. Look at me, Mr. Vaccil. Am I a genius?

Vac. No, sir.

Tomp. Was my father a genius?

Vac. Not that I have ever heard, sir.

Tomp. Or my mother?

Vac. No, sir.

Tomp. Was my grandfather a—— (*stops abruptly*).

Vac. (*dubiously*). Really, sir, my memory don't

serve me so far back. I never knew who your grandfather was.

Tomp. It would be odd if you did, seeing I never knew myself; but I'll venture to say he was no genius.

Brown. (*thumping with his stick*). I'll take my oath on it. Friend Tompkins, I always thought you knowed what o'clock it was; your sentiments and mine agree to a *T* on this pint. The man what plants a potato, or makes a pair of shoes, is of more vally to the world than all the Shikspurs, Miltons, Raphels, or Michel what-d'ye-call-'ems in the world. Not that I despises book-larnin'. Books has their uses, I supposes, for them as likes 'em. I've a tolerable sight of books myself, as you knows, friend Tompkins; ay, I should say more nor a 'undred in the glass-case in my drawin'-room, and regularly dusted twice a week. Mrs. Brown and my darter Emmar appears fond of readin', for they ain't satisfied with my library, but subscribes to a circilatin' 'un besides. For that matter all's well; if it don't do 'em no good, it keeps 'em out of mischief, and at 'ome instead of goin' out shoppin' and spendin' money. For my part, I'm free to confess I never did care about readin'. When I wants to go to sleep, I takes a book.

Tomp. (*regarding this Gallio of literature with fervent admiration*). Ah, my dear friend, if you could only inoculate my wild, headstrong, romantic nephew with such sentiments! I have determined never to see or

speak with him again if he perseveres in his rebellious opposition to my wishes.

Brown. Make your mind easy; I'm one of the friends he's asked to come and give their opinion at his—— what's the outlandish name he has for his work-shop, where he daubs his pictures?

Vac. Studio, sir; the French call it *atelier.*

Brown. Study-o. Well, them foreigners has funny names for things! As for the other word, shan't attempt that; never could get my tongue beyond *Parlez-wous françy.* Well, friend Tompkins, I'm goin' at oncet; and if the young man has any sense left, I'll make him listen to reason; I'll talk to him in such a way as he must feel it. I'll tell him the truth plain and plump—that he's a confounded fool. Besides, he must have some idear of takin' my advice, or why did he go and ask it?

(So far from the latter supposition being correct, we should inform the reader that Mr. Brown had been invited merely out of complaisance, because he happened to be present when others were solicited to accept the office of critic, for Harry Melville had no very high opinion of Mr. Brown as a connoisseur in art.)

SCENE THIRD.

We now introduce the reader to scene third of our story, sketch, or drama, or compound of all three.—

An artist's studio, with pictures, busts, and all the befitting paraphernalia; an easel and picture in the foreground, beside which stands Melville, with palette and brushes, in a musing attitude.

None feel the injustice of the world more than young men possessed of genius as yet unacknowledged; "unaccredited heroes," as Carlyle calls them. Go and tell the young brain, throbbing with the germ of some great original idea, which the stammering tongue, or the unpractised pen, or unfledged pencil cannot yet efficiently unfold, to leave writing, painting, reading, dreaming, musing, and settle down to all the obscure and ignoble drudgery of some hackneyed calling. Tell the eagle to forget to soar and gaze upon the sun, to leave the eyrie and associate with the mousing night-owl. Tell the swift antelope of his free will to abandon the plains, and share the yoke borne by the sluggish steer. A counting-house—faugh!

> "Confine the monarch of the air
> To some dim cage: in fierce despair
> He beats his bars, and dies."*

Such was the train of thought at present passing through the mind of Harry Melville. O respectable matter-of-fact Tompkins, despiser of genius, how thy sublunary soul would have started back in affright couldst thou have taken a bird's-eye inspection of thy nephew's mind at this moment! But Melville's

* Poetical Remains of Peter John Allan.

reverie is interrupted by the entrance of the servant, who announces and ushers in Messrs. Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and exit.

Mel. (*shaking hands with his visitors respectively.*) Ah, gentlemen, this is kind of you. You are punctual. Now, you know our agreement. Here are my pictures, and you are to speak candidly your real opinion respecting my efforts.

(Messrs. Smith, Jones, and Robinson severally assent, and begin scrutinizing the pictures. Mr. Brown, striking his stick upon the floor, says, in his usual gruff voice, "For my part, wotever others may say, I always speaks my mind. You'll find no soft-soap about me, young man; I'm a plain John Bull, I am; and scorns to flatter any man, I does." Having eased his mind by this speech, Mr. Brown proceeds to examine the pictures by flattening his nose against the canvas, after the most approved fashion of barbarians of his school, *dehors* the realms of art.)

Mel. (*feeling a little nervous*). Ahem! pray, gentlemen, do not look quite so close, if you please, in justice to the pictures. As the great Tintoretto said, "I am a painter, not a dyer;" and as our own immortal Wilson observed, in allusion to a critic who was flattening his nose against the picture, "a smell of paint is very unhealthy."

Brown. Humph! That 'ere's a 'int for me, I supposes. Now look ye 'ere, young man; if you asks my opinion——

Smith. (*interrupting*). I think——

Jones. (*interrupting*). My opinion is——

Rob. (*interrupting*). Why, if you ask me——

(*Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson all speaking together.*) *Smith.* They appear to me to have merit——

Brown. I don't see none—— *Jones.* Only have confidence in yourself—— *Rob.* Only mistrust yourself——

Mel. Pray, gentlemen, speak one at a time, if you would have me profit by your several opinions. Mr. Smith, will you have the kindness to begin?

Smith. (*clearing his throat and coughing*). Hem—hem—hem! It's a—a ticklish thing, giving advice, but as I really—do consider myself—something of a judge of—pictures—indeed—I may say without flattery, you might have consulted a good many before you pitched upon one who understands them as well—*Apropos*, do you know Von Spiller, a young German artist? No! well, if you have not heard of him, you *will;* a rising man, Von Spiller, depend upon it. I take some small credit to myself, now, for bringing that man into notice. Gave him an order to paint my grandmother. Fine old head with spectacles; just three spots of light in the picture, one on the cap, one on the forehead, and one on the nose—all the rest as black as my hat—in short, a regular Rembrandt. Looked, if possible, more natural than life. For some years past, my grandmother has had the habit of sitting in the chimney-corner, and saying nothing but "Hum, hum, hum."

Upon my word, sir, looking at her picture you expect to hear *it* say "Hum, hum, hum," it's so like. Well, sir, would you believe it? such is the envious spirit in human nature, the Committee of the Royal Academy actually refused that picture. Afraid of it, sir. The work of an unknown artist; would have been the gem of the exhibition, and that wouldn't, of course, have suited the academicians.

Mel. You don't say so!

Smith. I do, indeed! Well, sir, they shall find Horace Walpole Smith is not to be insulted with impunity. Sir Charles Eastlake won't forget in a hurry the letter I wrote him on that occasion. He never answered it, of course not!—how could he?—it was unanswerable. Then again, did you see that article in the "Weekly Scarifier," on the National Gallery, relative to the purchase of the last *Paul Veronese?* Ha! ha! as much a *Paul Veronese* as I am. I *rather* think Sir Charles Eastlake felt that too. Now don't suppose I give myself out for the author—oh no! If any one asks you who wrote it—it wasn't me.

Mel. But you mean it was.

Smith. Oh no—though I get the credit of it. But to return to the subject of your pictures. Well, my opinion is—they have merit, and that you cannot fail to succeed—provided—*you take my advice.* Now if I were in your place, I'd go at once and place myself immediately under some first-rate artist, like Stanfield, or Roberts, or Landseer, for a year or so, until you learn their tricks of colour, manipulation, &c. The

premium is not over two, or certainly three hundred pounds per annum.

Mel. Thank you, Smith. I am highly gratified with your approval of my humble efforts, though I can't quite agree with you about the Paul Veronese in the National. Now sir, (*turning to Jones*)—— (*Brown interrupts Jones, who is about to speak*). In your turn, my good sir.

Jones. So far I can agree with Mr. Smith, as to say, persevere, Harry, persevere; you've got it in you. In every other respect I differ entirely. If you'll take *my advice*, you won't fritter away your genius by submitting it to any rules whatever. Have confidence in yourself—that's the grand secret. Don't take any lessons from anybody but nature. Have nothing to do with the Royal Academy; avoid the mannerisms of the schools; hate the old masters worse than Ruskin does. Let originality, genius, and nature, be your only guides; and don't even stick too close to nature, or you'll find she'll put you out, as she did Fuseli. Why, man, you want confidence in yourself! Here's light and shade! here's drawing! here's breadth! here's depth! (*pointing to pictures.*) Sir Joshua might be proud of this colour; Wilkie might envy you this finish; and here's the delicacy of a Lawrence combined with the majesty of Vandyck. Now, if you begin to mistrust yourself, and go pottering about after the life and the antique, and raving about Raphael and Michael Angelo, and the old masters, and fall down and worship dirty pictures, why farewell at once to all

your original powers. I'll tell you what you'll do, if you take *my advice.* Order a large canvas, say eighteen by twenty feet, and begin a historical picture at once. I'll give you a subject—what say you to this? "Disgust of Sir Charles Napier on opening his despatches and finding he is not permitted to batter down Cronstadt." Make a capital companion picture to "Nelson meditating in his cabin on the eve of the Battle of Trafalgar."

(*Jones stops to take breath, and Robinson strikes in before Brown, who is preparing to interrupt, can speak.*)

Rob. Sir, I'm sorry to say, I disagree with you entirely as to the method of study which Mr. Melville will adopt, if he is wise, and takes *my advice.* (*To Melville*). Persevere, Melville; but so far from having confidence in yourself, your only hope of success lies in mistrusting your own abilities. Genius, without a due spirit of diffidence and respect for old masters, is but a stumbling-block for young artists. If I had my way, not a picture in the National Gallery should have been cleaned. The very dirt is sacred in my eyes. Now, this is what you ought to do:—Make a careful study of all the *chefs-d' œuvre* of the old masters, before you attempt the simplest thing from nature, were it so much as a shoe-string. Then, before you have got into any vicious ways of looking at nature, you will learn how Claude, or Titian, or Guido, or Rembrandt, or Rubens, would have treated the subject. Then, with your mind thus tuned and strengthened, toned down and harmonized,

so to speak, to a proper appreciation of form and colour, begin drawing from the cast, then the antique, then the life, afterwards attempt portraiture, then landscape. Follow this plan minutely; don't leap over any of the intermediate steps, and at last you will be qualified to undertake historical composition. Adopt this system, and I pledge myself to your success, provided, at every successive step, you utterly avoid the slightest degree of confidence in yourself. Have Michael Angelo and Raphael constantly in your eye——

Jones. (*interrupting*). Michael Angelo and Raphael! ridiculous. I hope to see you, in a few years, Harry, far before Millais and the leader of the pre-Raphaelite school.

Rob. Avoid the pre-Raphaelite mania, as you would the plague. Who ever saw such hands and feet as you see in the pre-Raphaelite pictures?——

Brown. (*who can no longer bottle up his impatience to speak*). Hang me if I can make head or tail of this jargon! Now, look ye 'ere, 'Arry Melville, I've knowed you from a boy, and me and your uncle is old friends, and you knows I wishes you well. I'm a plain blunt old feller; I never flatters nobody. What's the good of askin' a chap's advice, if you won't follor it? However, that's your own affair. Perhaps you won't like what I'm going to say. Can't help that neither. What's the use of daubing canvas for a living, when your Uncle Tompkins offers you a snug berth in his firm, that any man in his

senses would be glad to jump at? Now, jest you be a sensible feller, and shove all this here rubbish into the fire, and put art and all that nonsense out of your head. You ain't offended?

Mel. (*striving to avoid appearing disconcerted*). Offended—oh—hah—no, certainly not—oh, not in the least offended—on the contrary, much obliged to you for your—frankness—Mr. Brown—as I may say I am to all of you, gentlemen, for your advice respectively. I certainly could have wished your sentiments had been a little more unanimous, but I shall consider and weigh them——

Smith. Why, I'm sure *mine* don't require any deliberation whatever.

Jones. As for *mine*, they are as clear as noon-day.

Rob. Is it possible that the truth of *my observations* don't strike you at once?

Brown. What, you won't give up art then? Now, what is the use of a feller askin' a feller's, advice and then not follorin' it?

Mel. But really, gentlemen, recollect your counsels are so conflicting that it is impossible to please you all. I am aware that there is truth and sense in each, and I will deliberate——

Smith. (*eagerly*). But what deliberation does *my advice* require? Can anything be more rational than for a young artist to place himself as a pupil with Stanfield, Roberts, or Landseer——

Rob. Pshaw! what can the moderns teach him? (*To Melville*). It's the old masters who will conduct you

to fame and fortune, provided always you avoid self-confidence.

Jones. (*eagerly*). And I say, sir, that the only road to success is to trust solely to your own innate abilities. The old masters, forsooth! a parcel of old missuses.

Brown. And I say they 're all a-deludin' of you but me. If you wants to get on in life, give up paintin', and take to buziness.

(*Smith, Jones, Robinson, and Brown grow indignant at their advice not being taken; and all speak together, endeavouring to convince Melville.*)

Mel. (*turning from one to the other in confusion*). But, gentlemen, how can I please you all?

Smith. Oh, very well; I wish you joy of your indecision. Good morning. (*Exit.*)

Rob. Though I regret to see that my advice is not appreciated, I must repeat, once for all, Mistrust yourself as an artist, or you are undone. Adieu. (*Exit.*)

Jones. Have confidence in yourself alone—or, as an artist, you are lost. Farewell. (*Exit.*)

Brown. (*coming close to Melville and speaking slowly, with the self-possession of one delivering an oracle*). Young man, give up art altogether, or you are a ruined man.

Mel. Really, sir, if you could enter into my feelings of love for art, you would see the difficulty of complying suddenly with your request.

Brown. (*in the tone of one whose feelings have been*

severely injured.) Oh! very well, young man; take your own way. But I must say I don't see no use of a feller first askin' a feller's advice, and then goin' and takin' his own way. Mornin', young man. (*Exit Brown.*)

Mel. (*solus*). So—upon my word, I'm glad it's all over. Who would not consult one's friends?—A set of conceited prigs; each speaking as if his "*ipse dixit*" was the only law in the world, and not giving me credit for a grain of common sense, myself. Why the deuce should a man, because he asks advice, be supposed to renounce all right of private judgment? Ha, ha! where am I to get three hundred pounds, for a premium, to pay Roberts or Landseer. My uncle stops my allowance, if I pursue painting. I'm very certain Smith wouldn't lend it to me, though he got into a huff because I wouldn't take his advice; and then Jones, with his "confidence in myself;" and Robinson telling me directly the reverse, to mistrust myself and copy everything. Why, to follow his plan, I should be an old man long before I got to portrait-painting. Still there was a grain of common sense in everything those three said; for they all agreed on one point, that *I had talent!* and advised me to persevere; but as to that abominable Brown, with his infernal impudence, *ordering* me to give up art forsooth, (*walks about in a rage,*) and to burn my brushes!—To be bearded by a fellow like that, who doesn't know the top from the bottom of a picture, and can't speak six words of English cor-

rectly! By Jove, I'm sorry I let him off without giving him a piece of my mind——

(*Re-enter Brown. Melville, turning suddenly, perceives him.*)

Mel. Halloo, Brown! here you are again. I was just wishing to see you.

Brown. I'm main glad to hear it, young man. I 'opes it's to tell me that you've thought better of the matter, and are a-goin' to take my advice; for, as I says afore, I've a regard for you, and I told your uncle that I'd make you listen to reason; for, as I says, I didn't believe you could be so far deranged as to prefer art to a lucrative business and the prospect of a fortin after his death. And, as I'm three times your age, it stands to reason I have three times your judgment. And don't you go for to think that I don't know nothink about picturs. Bless you, I've an infallible rule for judgin' of picturs. I could tell you, blindfold, if a pictur's worth anythink.

Mel. "*Blindfold!*" That's a new method. You must be very clever if you can do that. Pray how do you accomplish it?

Brown. Why, I passes my 'and over the canvas——

Mel. Well, and how does that assist you?

Brown. Don't you see that's to tell whether the pictur's smooth or not?

Mel. And if it *is* smooth?

Brown. Why then it's a good pictur. If it's rough, I wouldn't give that for it. (*Snaps his fingers.*)

Mel. (*bursting into a fit of laughter*). Shades of Turner and Claude! What a critic!

Brown. Ay, you may laugh, young man. Them picturs of yourn ain't smooth. And what's the meaning of that great nob of white paint, on the forehead, in that 'ere pictur?

Mel. That's a high light.

Brown. A 'igh light, you calls it! Now, to my mind, it's nothin' more nor a great splash of wite paint. (*Going to put his hand on the picture.*)

Mel. (*stopping him*). Excuse me, Mr. Brown, but we differ as to the proper mode of testing pictures.

Brown. Well, look ye 'ere, young man; I can't stand foolin' 'ere all day. Will you take a friend's advice now that we've got rid of them nincompoops, puffin you up with conceit? (*Laying his hand familiarly on Melville's shoulder.*) Just let me go back to your Uncle Tompkins and tell him you've acted like a rational being; and, to oblige me, will you, afore I go, make a bonfire of all this trumpery? (*Pointing to the pictures.*)

Mel. (*slowly, and retaining his temper*). If I understand aright, you wish me to burn my brushes and pictures.

Brown. Yes, that's what I means—you'll do it! That's right; I told your uncle I'd make you 'ear reason—

Mel. Well then, here's my answer. (*In a fury, shouting into Brown's ear.*) I tell you *No, no, no, no—a thousand times no.*

Brown. (*starting back*). I ain't deaf, young man. (*Recovering himself after a pause.*) Well, this do beat all ever I see'd! Now, what is the use of a feller asking another feller's advice, and then not follorin' it? I came here, as a friend, to give you good advice, and to spare your feelin's; but I'm blowed if you're not the most ongrateful person as ever I met. "I've a great mind to say I'll never do a good action agin." For, I say agin, what is the use of a feller askin' another feller's advice, and then doin' directly the contrary?

Mel. (*laughing*). Ha, ha, ha! I asked your advice, Brown; but I didn't pledge myself to follow it. Haven't I got common sense, as well as you, to guide me? Now then, Brown, do go away. You're a good fellow, and mean well; but you'll put me in a passion. You really don't understand pictures.

Brown. (*in a tone of mingled pity and disgust*). I'm a goin'—I can't a-bear ingratitude. (*Turning round suddenly.*) But first let me ask you one question.

Mel. Well, what is it?

Brown. (*speaking very slowly and distinctly*). Why did you ask me to give you my advice, and then go and do *directly* the contrary?

Mel. Pshaw! you asked me that question a dozen times before. Now, do go away, Brown.

Brown. Hah! well, answer it if you can; that's what I says. What the dickens does a feller mean by askin' another feller's advice, and then goin' and doin' directly the contrary?

Mel. Brown, Brown, you'd vex the patience of a saint.

Brown. (*going*). Well, of all the ridic'lus things I ever seed—to ask a feller's advice and then not to follor it, after all! (*Exit, repeating the above.*)

Mr. Brown returned to Mr. Tompkins, and conveyed to him the sad tidings, that his nephew was obdurately bent upon disgracing the Tompkins family, by becoming a professional artist. Mr. Harry Melville, meanwhile, having discovered by experience the truth of the adage that it is impossible to please all parties, and that it would be a difficult matter to reconcile the advice of his friends, determined to persevere in art, with a modest confidence in his own abilities; to take nature as his principal guide and instructress, with a proper respect and deference for her best interpreters, both among the ancients and moderns. By this means he has achieved success, and is now a rising artist.

His friends, Smith, Jones, and Robinson, quote him as an example of their own favourite theories respectively, though, in fact, he has only taken what was good from each. With his uncle, however, he was never reconciled—who died recently, and cut him off with a shilling. Mr. Tompkins's death was, no doubt, accelerated by the lamentable conviction,

which at length forced itself upon him, that one of the Tompkins family was really, after all, *a genius!* As for Mr. Brown, he is still heard occasionally to wonder "how a feller can ask another feller's advice, and then go and do directly the contrary."

KATE KILMAN.

"There is nothing in the world so agreeable as flirting, and we look upon a downright earnest flirt as a creation of the first order."—ALBERT SMITH'S *Comic Tales and Sketches.*

OUR friend, Raphael Pose, Artist, finding business dull in London, had gone down to spend the summer with his mother and sister, at a seaport town, which we shall designate P———. As he had solemnly promised to write us, we began to suspect, after a mysterious silence of two months, that Mr. Pose had fallen in love, a habit to which he is very much addicted. At length, arrived the following letter. The reader shall judge whether our prognostications were fulfilled or not. We take the liberty of throwing in a few of our own commentaries, which escaped us as we read:—

"My dear ———,

"My experience has taught me, that it takes all sorts of young ladies to make up a world. Just as there must be *les yeux noirs et les yeux bleus*, so must there be the same diversity of *character*, well expressed by Madame Blaz de Bury, by '*les rôles blonds et les rôles bruns*,' viz., blue-eyed and black-eyed characters. Of course, I and you prefer (as all right-thinking men must) your model woman, so frequently encountered in novels, *written by female authors!* who never loves but once, and

then always the right man, possessed of the highest moral worth, and a straight nose, &c., &c.; and who would rather die than disclose her love then, until the gentleman comes to the point first; and who, if she never meets with this individual, or if their destinies keep them asunder, embraces a life of single blessedness without a sigh of disappointment, and distributes blankets blamelessly to the end of her days. But, of two most distinct species of that delightful *genus* known as young ladies, to be found in the *salons*, *re-unions*, pic-nics, &c., &c., of this every-day world—the over-prudish, and the over-fond of flirting—commend me to the latter. Yes, give me frankness before hypocrisy. I feel safer with one of those honest natures who throws down the gauntlet of conquest at once, tells us almost in so many words, 'Take care of your heart,' and opens the battery of her charms and accomplishments on a bachelor with promptitude and energy, —than with the insidious mincing *demoiselle*, who affects utter innocence and unconsciousness of motives, while she is carefully, though secretly, weaving her meshes and her spells around you. The one is the fair pitched battle, in which, if you do fall, you fall with honor. The other is the deadly ambush, where you are 'taken in and done for' before you suspect your danger. Yes! give me the girl who is quite independent of a mamma to angle for her; who goes in for flirting (to use a quaint but significant phrase here) '*on her own hook*;' who

demurs to the passive and conventional *rôle*, affected by other young ladies, of the Machiavel, and bread-and-butter school; who has 'set her *hand* upon a cast, and will stand the hazard of the die;' who plays 'a bold stroke for a husband,' and will either conquer or be conquered.

"Such a paragon, such a Napoleon of flirtation, I am about to introduce to you—but to proceed methodically. I came to P——— indulging in a sanguine expectation of reaping a harvest of orders for portraits, conversation-pieces, landscapes, &c. I did not expect to be employed on altar-pieces or historical subjects; for, as you know, the world is slow to discover genius, and I am still young and modest (*ahem!*). I exhibited my pictures; I sat in my studio, day after day—yet sitters came not. Once a nursery-maid, with children, came in; but I found her ideas did not soar beyond a *dag'ratype*. At another time a *fiend in human shape!* entered, priced my portraits, promised to sit, and——never returned. Where do such people expect to go to? Ought there not to be actions for breach of promise of sitting, as well as of marriage?

"I continued to sit in my solitary studio, feeling like 'Mariana in the lonely moated grange,' 'aweary and aweary,' and almost determining to keep raising my prices by degrees, like the old lady who offered the Sybilline books for sale, and so revenge myself on future sitters; when one day I was rescued from this '*parlous*' state, by my sister

running into the room and informing me, that Miss Catharine and Miss Jane Kilman were up stairs—'two very pretty girls, and ever so many more at home,' adding what my modesty would fain conceal—(*Why write it then, coxcomb?*)—'Of course, the visit is professedly for us; but I rather think' (with a very knowing look) 'they will be a little dissappointed if they do not see you.' So it came to pass, that I went up stairs, having previously spent a few minutes in my dressing-room, merely, as the ladies say, 'to see if my hair was all right,' and was soon oblivious of the bad taste of the people in P——— in not patronizing me, in an animated chat with Miss Kate Kilman.

"At the risk of being called, 'conceited jackanapes,' 'vain coxcomb,' intolerable puppy,' &c., &c., &c., I proceed to ask ingenuously the following questions:—What did Kate Kilman see in me, to make her fall in love with me at first sight, or at least, to shower upon me marks of attention, which a *blind man* must have appreciated? Was it my conversation—my figure—my face—my moustache—my address—my metropolitan air—my '*tout ensemble*,' or that indescribable '*je ne sçais quoi*,' which all human beings (male or female) fancy they possess, which renders our own individuality so agreeable to us?—But I must keep clear of metaphysics—my subject is *love*, or rather *flirtation*. Why did Kate Kilman address her whole conversation to me? Why did she make the call virtually a *tête-à-tête*, by looking at

me; talking at me; smiling at me alone; never allowing me to address her sister if she could possibly help it? Like Brutus, 'I pause for a reply.' I can fancy your unjust illiberal sneers at this moment, and repel them with scorn. I gave her no encouragement—don't think it. I tell you she began it. (*Very likely!*) Was it for me to meet such marked attention with cold common-place—such honeyed words with gruff replies—such sweet smiles with scowling glances? Preposterous!

"Of course we returned the Kilmans' call at an early day. (*Why of course at an early day?*) The first impression on my mind was, that the Misses Kilman would never leave off coming into the room. 'The cry is still, They come.' Clara, the eldest; then Kate; then Jane; then Maria; then Agnes; then Fanny: half a dozen of them; their ages varying from four-and-twenty down to thirteen. I then made the discovery that Kate was not the handsomest: no disparagement to her beauty, however, for a finer family of girls than the Kilmans' I never beheld. Now for a brief description of Kate, for hers is not the style of beauty which can be made to look well upon paper. You must see her and converse with her to have any idea of her. She is the tallest, with a well-developed figure, perhaps a thought too plump, and a colour in her cheeks, perhaps a trifle too rich. She has hazel eyes, and wears her dark brown hair in most becoming ringlets; altogether she has a bold, imperious, queen-like look, softened through, by her frank

manner and arch smile, which, to such a connoisseur in beauty as I am, was most captivating. In ten seconds, I had constructed a nice little castle in the air, and settled it, that if Miss Kate possessed mental accomplishments to match her beauty, I had better look sharp after my heart. Miss Jane Kilman had a more graceful figure; her face was more classical; her *tout ensemble* had a grace, dignity, *un spirituel*, which Kate wanted; in short, she was *un peu plus distinguée* than her sister. Moreover, Clara, the eldest, would have been most dangerous to have met alone, without the distraction afforded by the other sisters' attractions. They presented the converse of the bundle of sticks—powerful when single, comparatively weak, united.

"I do love a cordial reception. It gives a zest even to that generally most abominable of ceremonies—a morning call. Somehow, before I had been five minutes in the Kilmans' drawing-room, I felt quite as much at home (an old failing of mine, as you know) (*True!*) as if I had known them for years; and when Jane sat down to the piano *sans cérémonie*, and sang most sweetly and *con abbandano*—

'Home again. Home again
From a foreign shore;
And, oh, it fills my soul with joy
To greet my friends once more.'

I somehow began to grow oblivious of certain fair faces in London, which had hitherto haunted me.

"'That is our musical-box,' said Kate, pointing to one corner. 'Isn't it a large one? It used to play such nice tunes for dancing to; quite loud, you know, and delightful, I assure you—only just in the middle of a certain waltz, it always stopped and began a psalm, which was so disagreeable. But it's out of order now—look! if you stoop down you can see the works.'

"I felt necessitated to go down on my knees, in a dark corner, beside Miss Kate, and look at something or other, of *what*, I have not the slightest recollection, seeing that Kate's curls were in close proximity to my cheek, though I was prevented from improving the opportunity of doing a bit of flirtation with my fair neighbour, by my mother displaying a lively, and, as I thought, an ill-timed curiosity to inspect "*the works*" likewise.

"'Would we not stay and have a bit of a walk, as the afternoon was so fine, and come back to a cup of tea, and some music, in the evening? Of course *I* had nothing to say in the matter, but the invitation was accepted. When I returned from that walk (it was along the sea-shore), I was strongly inclined to be a believer in metempsychosis or transmigration of souls, and that I and Kate Kilman had been acquainted during some previous state of existence, so rapid had been the growth of our friendship. While the walk lasted, we two (Kate and myself) were, to use a sporting phrase, nowhere,—distanced, quite out of sight of the others. I have flirted before (*We should*

think so!); and it is my candid and settled conviction, that the individual who could be at a loss to entertain Miss Kate Kilman, during a *tête-à-tête*, must indeed be a novice in that noble art, and, to use the classical and significant language of the ladies, no better than '*a stick*.'

"We have already said that we prefer a frank girl, who likes securing her own fish (*man?*), to a prudish one, who stands on the bank watching her mamma's efforts to hook him. It follows as a corollary to this axiom, that of the two extremes we prefer the girl who can and will talk, to the girl who either can't or won't. I desire to know why we men should always be in the *active*, and the ladies in the *passive* mood, in the rendering of *petits soins*. Why should not the tables be turned occasionally? Why should not *we* listen to whispered compliments and confessions of attachment, and murmurs of eternal, never-dying affection, and—*blush—if we can*—and say, 'Oh!—I never—really—pray, don't—oh, I know it's all nonsense you're talking—and you don't *mean a word you say*—but—what a teaze you are! Well, then—yes—you may, if you like—ask—my—mamma.' The veteran coxcomb has surely earned himself such a privilege now and then. Such were my thoughts as Kate Kilman rattled on, saving me all trouble of talking to her, beyond an occasional 'Yes' and a 'No,' and a bow, or a smile, or a compliment, which I endeavoured to put in like sugar-plums, generally in their proper places, and which she received as a matter of

right, but acknowledged with an arch look of gratitude, for all that.

"We sat down to tea in the old-fashioned style. Papa Kilman at the foot, Mamma Kilman at the head, and the pretty daughters in two rows on each side of the table. By the way, I quite forgot to mention that there's a son. (*It's quite easy to see that you are smitten.*) I was so engaged in a philosophical reverie on the pride and gratification which the parental Kilmans must feel in their olive branches, that I did not at first observe that I had Jane sitting next me. No sooner, however, had I begun to say something gallant to my fair neighbour, than Kate, who had been sitting *vis-à-vis*, with her *eagle eye* fixed on me, with a promptitude truly Napoleonic, left her seat, came round, and made 'my pretty Jane,' resign in her favour. I was quite amused with the imperiousness of the one, and the obedience of the other; and here I may remark that Kate seemed to be the presiding genius of the whole house. It was she that issued edicts, wrote notes of invitation, and settled all disputed questions. In short, it may he said that in every undertaking, she was '*dux fœmina facti.*'

"After tea, Miss Kate pursued the same system of tactics. It formed no part of her plan to let me alone, and thus lose the advantage of any impression already made. She engrossed me entirely, looking round at her sisters with an air which said plainly, 'Let me see any of you dare to interfere with my

property.' They seemed tacitly to acquiesce in this arrangement, exchanging significant glances occasionally, but by no overt act rebelling against the usurpation of my lovely tyrant. Miss Jane sat apart in dignified reserve, as much as to say, 'Here I am, whenever you have the good taste to break through the meshes which that artful Kate is weaving round you, and you will tire of her sooner if I make no attempt to come to the rescue.'

"But she little knew Kate's resources, if she fancied that she intended to yield me up that evening. When that young lady was tired of talking, she began diligently looking up love-passages in Byron and Moore, and marking them for me to read. Some of her younger sisters displayed a good deal of curiosity to consult these passages likewise, but were dexterously foiled by Kate. And when Miss Jane, by her skill on the piano, brought a change over the spirit of our dream, by setting us all dancing, Kate made the discovery that I was a delightful partner, and that I could dance the polka better with her than with any of her sisters. She permitted me as a favour to take a turn with some of them occasionally, but ruthlessly *put them down*, and reclaimed me at her sovereign will and pleasure.

"On our way home, my mother and sister both accused Kate of being too fond of flirting. My love of justice alone (*Oh!*) compelled me to take her part.

"'Don't you see,' said I, 'that Kate prefers the

direct to the indirect system of flirtation. She knows the value of time, and thinks it better to crowd into one evening what would take six weeks by a slower process. Her system is in accordance with her own decision and energy of character; besides, she feels that she can derive little or no assistance from her mother, who is deficient in the tact requisite to bring to book, young gentlemen who are backward in coming forward. Accordingly, she likes to do her own love-making. All that you can say against her is, that she is going more honestly, openly, and frankly to work, than nineteen girls out of twenty,' &c., &c., &c. I grew very eloquent; but I need not rehearse to you all the arguments I used—you know how prejudiced women are against their own sex. Pope says—

'The proper study of mankind is man.'

As human nature comprehends the female as well as the male sex, I thought I should profit myself and facilitate my progress in such a delightful study, by restricting my lucubrations as far as possible to one individual example—Kate Kilman. To this love of knowledge I attribute the fact, that I was continually accepting invitations to the Kilmans', and when not actually in the house, constantly meeting Kate by chance—sometimes in the streets, when she was out shopping, sometimes in the most remote, romantic spots, on the sea-beach, or on the cliffs, where we used to pretend to sketch marine

views together (for, truth to tell) there was very little sketching beyond Kate's own likeness, which I was taking in a variety of attitudes; and sometimes by the old fort, or on that extended table-land, which I loved to call the prairie, but which the inhabitants of P—— prosaically named "the common." So earnest, indeed, was the bent of my mind towards knowledge, that even in church I found my gaze wandering towards the neighbouring pew in which Kate sat, doubtless too deeply abstracted by her religious devotions to be aware that she held her prayer-book upside down, and open generally at the Psalms throughout the whole of the service, and that she smiled quite unconsciously while looking in my direction, giving occasion to that malicious Miss Hornet to say we were coquetting even in church.

"Now, my dear fellow, not to make a longer story than is necessary, I have told you exactly my position with regard to Kate. What do you advise me to do? I may have painted her somewhat in a forward light, but she is certainly a fine frank girl. Now, as Miss Kilman made all the overtures to me, I think I have a perfect right to extricate myself from the dilemma as abruptly as I please. Am I to suppose the girl loves me, and overlook her provincial education and other peculiarities, which I have made apparent in this slight sketch of her character, in consideration of this evidence of her good taste? (*Insufferable puppy!*) Are you inclined to believe

that the society of a man of refined tastes and liberal education—that travel, and an enlarged sphere of society, would so far rectify what is amiss as to make her a good wife? (*We have no patience with such conceit.*) Or do you think I am warranted under the circumstances in treating the affair as an every-day flirtation, and taking an affecting or *nonchalant* farewell of the lady, according to circumstances? In order to assist you in coming to a conclusion, I ought, perhaps, to mention that Kate is the prime favourite of a rich old maiden aunt, and has '*expectations*' (*Cold-blooded schemer*"——)

My friend's letter ended rather abruptly here; but there was a hurried postscript, written in an almost unintelligible scrawl, and dated a fortnight later, which ran as follows:—

"I send you the above merely for your amusement; I have no occasion now for your advice. That arrant and heartless flirt, Kate, has herself cleared up all my scruples. She is now coquetting desperately with a naval lieutenant. I never thought seriously of the girl, who always seemed too bold and forward for my taste. If I had, I should consider that I have had a very lucky escape; for who could be happy with such a giddy, capricious, inconstant—*woman?* The maiden aunt is just like her in this respect, very variable in her likings and dislikings, and it is by no means certain that Kate will be an heiress after all." (*Sour grapes, Master Raphael—sour grapes!*)

MRS. RAPHAEL POSE.

A SEQUEL TO KATE KILMAN.

"Hail, wedded love."—Milton.

Two years had elapsed without our hearing or seeing anything of Mr. Raphael Pose. We had written him two letters: the first he never answered; and the second, written a long time (six months we think) afterwards, was returned through the dead-letter office. He had then left P———; but where he might be we had not the most remote idea. We knew him to be just the sort of roving character who would start off to America or Australia on the spur of the moment, and we did not doubt that, before very long, he would either turn up or write to us.

One day, as we were hurrying along Cheapside, we could not resist the temptation to stop and gaze at a handsome woman who had just entered Reeves's, the artists' colourmen. She was tall, with a stately carriage, a flashing eye, and a bright complexion. We stood for a moment at the door of the shop, looking at her as she made some purchases; but all at once we recollected that we were tied to time, and were just turning away with a sigh, when, looking one way and going another, we ran plump against somebody. We turned to apologise; but before we could get

out a word, we felt our hand grasped, and heard our name pronounced by a familiar voice. It was our long-lost friend, Raphael Pose.

"In the name of all that's wonderful, where have you been these two years, and why have I heard nothing of you, Raphael?"

"That's rather a long story," said Raphael; "but if you'll come and dine with me to-day, I'll enlighten you."

"Willingly; excuse my hurry at present. I've a bill to take up in Lombard Street. A quiet *tête-à-tête*, I suppose. No company but ourselves—the old style of thing—what hour?"

"Exactly," said Raphael, with a twinkle of his bright eye; "four o'clock sharp; we'll have a long evening; here's the address."

He put his card into our hand. We thrust it into our pocket without looking at it. We shook hands with him again and hurried away to keep our appointment. When we came to look at the card, we found the address not, as we suspected, in the neighbourhood of Newman or Berners Street, but Rose Cottage, Clapham.

Punctually at four P.M., we found ourself beating a tattoo on the door of a snug little villa. The knock was answered, neither by a supercilious footman, nor a lazy page, but by what is in our opinion infinitely preferable—a comely and tidy housemaid, smartly without being over-dressed, who ushered us into the drawing-room, saying her master would be with

us directly. Everything both with within and without the cottage spoke of comfort, without any laboured attempt at luxury. We were puzzling our brains to account for Raphael living in this style; for he was evidently sole tenant of the house, and could only account for it in two ways: either that his mother and sister were living with him, and that he intended to give us a pleasant surprise by introducing us to them; or that he meant soon to alter his bachelor condition.

On the whole, we thought the room elegantly fitted up for a bachelor. There were two sofas, and three lounging chairs, and *a piano*. "Ho! Master Raphael," said we to ourself, "either your mother and sister are here, or else you are going to turn Benedict." Just at this moment Raphael himself entered; and as soon as we had shaken hands, we began at once. "Have you taken to play the piano lately, Raphael?" "No." "Your mother or your sister is here?" "Neither." "Then you expect one or other of them?" "No;" his sister was married, and her mother residing with her at Norfolk.

"Why, then, Master Raphael, I have you: you are going to be married." He blushed and laughed. "Now don't deny it—that piano tells a tale." Nevertheless Raphael persisted that nothing was farther from his intention than getting married. Strange, how some people will deny these things to the last moment. Well, perhaps he'll get more communicative over a bottle of wine.

We were still rallying our friend when the door opened, and a lady entered—and—could we believe our eyes?—the same, the very same lady whom we had stopped to gaze at and admire in Cheapside. "My WIFE!!!" said Raphael, and he laughed heartily as he stood coolly enjoying our look of amazement. Just then dinner was announced, and we had handed Mrs. Raphael Pose down stairs, and were fairly seated at table before we had recovered from our surprise. "I thought I should astonish you," said Raphael, answering our looks of wonder; "I had it on the tip of my tongue to tell you I was married, when you spoke about a bachelor dinner, and so I thought I'd keep the secret a little longer. It's natural enough, you know," he added, with an arch smile at his wife, "when we've lost our freedom that we should hesitate to avow it all at once."

A franker, more agreable hostess than Mrs. Pose we never met; she did the honours of her husband's table with perfect grace, and showed herself unaffectedly glad to entertain one of his oldest and most confidential friends. This put us quite at our ease, while, under other circumstances, we might have felt somewhat awkwardly situated, on finding ourself in for a *dîner en famille*, where we expected only a *tête-à-tête*. We chatted and laughed away about a number of things, until the time came for us to open the door for Mrs. Pose. She stopped and gave her husband a kiss as she passed, which made us feel inclined to break the tenth commandment, and envy

Master Raphael a little, and she said as she went out, "Pray, gentlemen, don't hurry from your wine. I know you must have a great many confidences to relate to each other, after your long parting, and I've a batch of delightful novels which will enable me to kill the time till you are ready for tea."

"And now, my dear fellow," said we, when we had drawn our chairs closer together, and emptied a glass to the health of the fair lady who had just quitted us, "I am dying with curiosity to know who your wife is; how you fell in love with her, &c., &c.; for remember, I have heard nothing of you since you wrote me two years ago, from P——, that amusing letter, all about that flirt, Miss Kilman. It's very evident you didn't allow that affair to trouble you long, and yet it must have affected you at the time, if, as I suspect, that was the cause of your leaving P——."

Raphael gave us a quizzical look, and then burst into a fit of laughter. For a moment we were puzzled, and then a sudden light flashed upon us.

"Dear me—I didn't mean—if I've said anything through ignorance"——

"Stay, my dear fellow," said Raphael, "one question. Don't you think, from what you have seen of Mrs. Pose, that I ought to be very happy with such a wife?"

"Indeed I do, from the bottom of my heart."

"Then," replied Raphael, "Mrs. Pose *was* Miss Kate Kilman; and now it is *I* should ask your

pardon, for keeping you in the dark so long. However, here's to make amends, 'Open confession is good for the soul.' Fill your glass, and you shall hear how I came to change my mind so thoroughly about that young lady, concerning whom the opinion expressed in the postscript of my letter to you was, as I well recollect, far from satisfactory.

"I soon found," continued Raphael, "that the Misses Kilman did not cultivate the garrison much. On the naval officers they founded all their hopes. To dazzle, charm, and captivate in that quarter, they reserved the artillery of their eyes, and generally all their energies. It appeared, however, that in the absence of H.M.S. *Europa*, they one and all (and especially Miss Kate) had no objection to keep themselves in practice, by endeavouring to destroy the peace of mind of a stray bachelor, like myself. I could not imagine, at first, why there were so many speculations as to the exact time at which the *Europa* would return—why there was so much talk about this particular vessel, and why there were so many walking parties formed down to 'the Point,' to see if we could catch a glimpse of the *Europa*.

"Well, one morning I was wakened from a sound sleep by my sister calling to me that the *Europa* had been signalled hours ago, and was now sailing up the harbour. I did not know why, but from constantly having the name dinned into my ears, I began to take some interest in the vessel; so I dressed as

quickly as I could, and hurried down in time to see a noble frigate gliding slowly and majestically past the town, to her usual anchorage opposite the dock-yard. There she was, slowly passing, and so near, that I could see the sailors distinctly taking in sail, and hear the boatswain's whistle, and the man in the chains heaving the lead and singing out, from time to time, exactly as I had read in Marryatt's novels. Little did I think what a source of torment that vessel was to prove to me! In short, on board of her, as third lieutenant, was the naval officer I told you of in my letter.

"From the first time that I saw this Lieutenant Boltrop—a fine, black-whiskered fellow—and found him established at the Kilmans, with all the girls hanging around him, and dwelling on every word he said, I took a sort of instinctive dislike to the man. I don't know whether my letter betrayed to you the state of my feelings towards Kate Kilman. I don't think I rightly understood them myself until I saw her flirting with this naval officer. Then I began to experience anything but the philosophical indifference I had felt when she flirted with *me alone.* Before Lieutenant Boltrop had appeared on the scene, I may have liked Kate, but I was sure I did not love her. It seemed as if I could have left her at any moment. Now, I caught myself taking a strange interest in her proceedings: feeling quite shocked at her indelicacy in flirting so openly

with *another;* and as for the Lieutenant, I thought him one of the most infernally impudent fellows I had ever clapped eyes on.

"In short, my symptoms were such as to make me suspect I must be after all in love with Kate. I underwent all the disagreeably sudden changes of mind which are incidental to this disorder. At one time I had resolved to think no more of Kate—to forget her as one quite unworthy of my attachment; the next moment I was determined not to leave the field to my rival, but to shoot him, if necessary, and bear off Kate in triumph. Such extraordinary beings are we men, and so selfish is our love. I wished to flirt with Kate without committing myself, and hinder any one else from saying a civil thing to her; after all, there's nothing like a spice of jealousy to teach us that we *do love.*

"Neither did I know exactly what to make of Kate. Sometimes I was firmly persuaded that she flirted with the Lieutenant '*con amore,*' as I had previously thought she did with me. Then, again, I would fancy, under the influence of a dash of kindness in her manner, that she was really doing it all to pique me, and that she secretly preferred me to my rival. How this terrible want of candour on the part of man and woman to each other causes us to play at cross purposes, and frequently to forfeit our own happiness! I felt at times tempted to speak out, to confess my love, and either be accepted

or refused; but somehow the thought that if she were really in love with the Lieutenant, she would enjoy my disappointment, after all our flirtation, hindered me from putting myself into her power.

"Moreover, till the Lieutenant came, I had stood A 1 in the family, and now I was obliged to play second fiddle, which didn't 'suit my book no how,' as the Yankees say. For the Lieutenant had the advantage of novelty, and was really a handsome man, and could spin very amusing yarns, though he certainly scrupled not to draw the long bow at times, and imposed upon the ignorance of the Kilman family, relative to marine and other matters: telling how, on one occasion, being on shore at Rome, he and a party of shipmates had entered St. Peter's for a frolic, and had pushed their way up so close to the sacred College of Cardinals, that they could see those flamingo-coloured gentry talking and laughing among themselves at the very moment the host was being elevated; and how, as a British officer, he had obtained an interview with the Pope, and had left his holiness very much impressed with some new ideas on Protestantism; and how, on another occasion, the whole ship's company had been obliged, from a scarcity of provisions, to live so long on rats, that at last they contracted a violent longing for them, and infinitely preferred them to salt beef, so that a rat would sell for nearly its weight in silver.

"Had I not such good cause to be jealous of him, I could have enjoyed the humour with which he told

these and numerous stories, and the artless simplicity with which they were listened to by the Kilmans; especially the way in which he drew out the maiden aunt (who had lived in America, and on the strength of having crossed the Atlantic twice, conceived herself quite knowing in nautical matters) to tell a favourite story of hers about a promising young man, 'who had been persuaded, against the wishes of his friends, by some dissolute companions, to rush upon his fate in a Nantucket whaler, and how, in the midst of a violent storm, when the vessel's taffrail was plunging through the water, and the spray was dashing over the top-gallant bowlines, the captain sent him up one of the man-ropes to take in a reef in the jib-boom, and up came one of those horrid mountainous waves and wafted the poor young man right away into eternity !!!'

"He also contrived to persuade one of the younger girls (Agnes, I think) to let him read aloud a naval story, which she had begun to write on the model of Marryatt, whose novels she had been poring over for a long time, and which began as follows:—

"'The ship had had her topmasts, studding-sails, and royals all set, preparatory to walking the waters like a thing of life. She was only waiting to take in ballast; and a gallant young sailor was taking this opportunity of saying farewell to a beautiful young damsel, with remarkably large, well-opened, blue eyes. At length the boatswain piped all hands, the young sailor nimbly jumped over the hammock-

nettings on to the quarter-deck, and with a broadside which made every timber quiver, and three hearty British cheers, the noble vessel cut her cable, and careened over to the breeze which filled her shrouds——'

"This was all that we ever heard of the novel, for our merriment became so great at this point, that Agnes, with tears sparkling in her eyes and pouting lips, snatched the MS. from the Lieutenant's hands, and bore it away in dudgeon.

"Then there were so many parties of pleasure, in which the Lieutenant was the prime mover; and it was every day either, 'Oh! the Lieutenant is going to show us over the frigate;' or, 'Oh! there's to be a lunch on board the frigate, and a dance, and the Lieutenant's asked us all; and oh! you must come, Mr. Pose,'—that the Lieutenant became, as you may suppose, the great obstacle to my peace of mind,—in short, my rock a-head.

"At last, I heard a report which made a new man of me, and determined me to remain in P———, which I had just resolved to leave. Her Majesty's frigate, *uropa*, was under immediate sailing orders. Oh, how I revelled in the idea of my rival's speedy departure! For all his *prestige* as a naval officer, with a swab on his shoulder, the Lords of the Admiralty had but to issue a ukase, and Lieutenant Boltrop became a puppet. I at least was a free man. I could stay or leave as I liked. On the day appointed for her sailing, I delayed going to the

Kilmans' until I should see the *Europa* fairly off. Never did I watch the process of 'making sail and weighing anchor' with more lively satisfaction. 'It don't take *her* long to get under weigh, sir,' said an old waterman, touching his hat, 'with them five hundred active chaps as she has aboard.' 'No, my man, no,' I replied; and I was so delighted that I asked him some trivial question and gave him a shilling, which having duly spit on for luck, he pocketed with many invocations of happiness and long life to my honor. At last, when I had seen the frigate lessening in the distance, I bent my steps towards the Kilmans'.

"On my way, I resolved on my future course of action. If I found the Lieutenant had not carried off Kate's heart with him, then I would be on the same footing with her as I had been before he came. If I thought she loved the Lieutenant, but still wished to use me as a make-weight in his absence, then I would take my revenge by flirting with one of the other sisters before her face. I had begun to debate seriously with myself which it should be, Clara, or Jane, or Maria, when I reached the house, and, finding the door open, walked in without knocking, as I had often done before. My foot-fall made no sound on the stair-carpet, so I was able to approach the drawing-room without being observed, and then ——what do you think I saw through the partly open door?——the LIEUTENANT! as I live, sitting on the sofa between Kate and Clara, his arm round

a waist of each, and kissing—yes, actually *kissing*—first one and then the other, and he kissed Kate a great deal more than he did Clara; for the latter said, addressing him by his Christian name: 'Quit, Henry—for shame! you'll make me jealous.'

"To explain my feelings at this sight would be impossible. The most overwhelming surprise to find the Lieutenant there, the last man I expected to see while his ship was actually sailing out of the harbour; the dislike I had long borne him was raised at once to a climax of the most furious jealousy and hate, at beholding him toying there before my eyes with the woman I loved; for *now I knew that I loved Kate.* I trembled with concentrated, pent-up passion, as I saw him *twining her ringlets round his fingers.* If I had stayed another moment I should have given way to the strong impulse I felt within me to rush into the room and grapple with him for life or death; but the thought came: for whom was I going to do this? For one who loved me? No; but for one who had betrayed and played with me. No, I would not give her such a triumph as to let her see my sufferings. I mastered myself by a strong effort, and stole down stairs as noiselessly as I had entered; but how I passed the rest of that dreadful day, I know not. I have a confused idea of wandering in the country, of lying down under trees, and getting up and running again, as if by rapid motion alone I could banish thought. When I came to

myself, I found myself in a wood at midnight, about twelve miles distant from P——.

"When I reached home, my mother and sister were terribly frightened. They saw that something had happened, but that it was useless to question me in my present mood. On the following morning, I had begun to reflect more coolly, and congratulated myself on not having given way to my fit of jealousy on the previous day; but a note which arrived from the Kilmans, worded in the usual manner, and asking us to spend the evening there, brought back my feelings of indignation. My sister rushed into the room to know what I was laughing at, for I was enjoying a stage cacchination, a regular diabolical *Ha, ha!* with this advantage over the stereotyped dramatic laugh, that there was no *acting* whatever about mine. 'Ha, ha!' I continued; 'they send this—this—to *me!*' 'Well,' said my sister, reading the letter, 'I see nothing in it; it's all right, "Come and take tea with us in a family way this evening"—of course we'll go.' '*Go! oh yes—of course, I'll go*—' said I, with bitter irony; but my sister had taken the answer in its literal sense, and was off like a volatile girl (as all girls seemed to me at that moment) to acquaint my mother with the invitation. I kept repeating to myself the words, 'I'll go,—I'll go! oh yes, I'll go!' until they began to acquire a new meaning to me. 'Why should I not go?' I thought, 'and confront this—arch-coquette—this

—this *woman*, and confound her with cold contempt, overwhelm her with confusion as I unfold to her my knowledge of her treachery and double-dealing.' *I went.*

"Oh! that Kate! that Kate! what a mistress of deception I thought her that evening. If I had not known her hypocrisy now, I would have sworn she loved me. All her attention had come back to me. She hardly looked at the Lieutenant, and he, for his part, took little or no notice of her. All this was done to disarm suspicion. Oh, how I hated her! how I despised her as she played off her winning looks, her dulcet words, and all her wiles at me, as if I had been really the being she cared most about in the world! But at length my cold and altered demeanour could be overlooked no longer.

"'Why, what is the matter with you to-night? You're a regular glumstick, I declare. Miss Pose, do come and help me to scold your brother. He can be so agreeable when he chooses. He's quite changed; I don't know what's come over him.'

"My sister entered into the raillery; but she felt uneasy at heart to learn the cause of my strange absence on the previous evening, and the disorder in which I had returned.

"'Dear boy!' she said, looking at me with a glance of fond affection; 'I can't tell. I wish you'd prevail on him to give you some of his confidence—he won't tell us; but I'm sure he's met with some disagreeable adventure, for he was out till nearly four this morn-

ing, and if you'd only seen him when he came back—how pale and miserable he was looking.'

"'Oh, you naughty, naughty man!' said Miss Kate, looking at me. 'But I vow you shan't be so disagreeable and sit so mumchance. I don't want to pry into your confidence of course; but really it isn't right, if some fair lady has been deceiving you, to put out your vengeance on us innocent people.'

"I muttered the word '*innocent*,' very bitterly; I was afraid of exploding every minute.

"'Why, I do believe he's cross in earnest!' said Kate. 'Come sir, I'll take the fit out of you; get up this minute and dance the schottische.'

"Who the deuce can play 'Timon' with a pretty woman? Even though I detested her for the part she was playing, I was obliged to veil my feelings under trivial talk like her own.

"'Hadn't you better dance with the Lieutenant?' I said.

"'Oh! no, I hate him for a partner. You're a sweet partner, now.'

"She hated him for a partner, and yet she was going to take him for a partner for life; for of course he had proposed to her yesterday, just before the scene I witnessed. I couldn't trust myself to maintain the *insouciance* of good breeding any longer; I felt my voice breaking a little as I said, 'I'd rather practise the step of the mazurka with you in the other room.'

"'Oh! *will* you said Kate, with the utmost alacrity;

and, taking my arm, she led me into the other room.'

"I sat down on the sofa besides her; several times I essayed to speak, but in vain. At last I made shift to get out the words:—

"'Kate—I mean Miss Kilman—I want to speak to you: I have something of serious importance to say to you; perhaps you can guess what it is?'

"She blushed and looked somewhat disconcerted.

"'I am glad to find, Miss Kilman,' I continued, 'that you are not quite so hardened in deception as I thought you were this evening; that you can blush, and tremble, and fear to look me in the face, as well you may.'——

"She looked up at once, and her face was scarlet as she said, 'Mr. Pose, what *do you mean?*'

"'Oh!' said I, 'Miss Kilman, it's no use affecting ignorance—*I know all.*'

"'Mr. Pose, are you *mad?*'

"'Not quite,' I replied; 'though you did your best to make me so yesterday. Kate, I won't reproach you; your own conscience will do that sufficiently, when I tell you, that I have found out the part you have been playing all along—in short, that I was at the drawing-room door at four o'clock, when Mr. Boltrop was here.'

"'Were you? good gracious! why didn't you come in, then?" said Kate, in the most natural tone in the world.

"'Oh! Kate,' said I, 'this is too much!' Have you

no shame left? Well, then, since you will have it—I saw the whole scene. The Lieutenant was on the sofa, between you and your eldest sister Clara, and —and—Kate—I saw him—*kiss you and play with your ringlets!*'

"I brought these words out quite slowly, for I though they would be the climax. Judge of my surprise and astonishment, when, instead of Kate hiding her head in shame and confusion, as I fully expected she would, she looked up in my face quite calmly and said, 'Well, and is that all?'

"I could contain myself no longer; I burst into a torrent of reproaches: 'And you,' said I—'you have allowed me all along to be near you—to talk to you—to take your hand—to dance with you—to fancy that—— and yet I think I could have pardoned all, but your duplicity this very evening. Knowing what took place between you and the Lieutenant yesterday afternoon, how could you have the heartlessness to persevere in the double part you were playing towards me—how could you—had you no pity—thus, up to the last moment, to sport with my feelings—to render me the victim of a hopeless attachment! Cruel, cruel girl! how could you act thus?' I started up and paced the room in my excitement. 'Oh God! Kate, I knew not till I saw this detestable Lieutenant here, how truly I loved you. If you had told me of this sooner; if you had given me the slightest hint that *he* was to be the happy man, I had magnanimity enough to stifle all my own feelings of disappointment. I would

have hidden my own sufferings and found some consolation in the thought, that you were united to him you loved best; but now, after having accepted Boltrop, to enter into a malicious plot with him still further to hoodwink me, and render me miserable, shows me that you have a bad heart. Why should I waste my breath in these reproaches? A woman who could act as you have done, can have no conscience to feel the sting of my words; but with Lieutenant Boltrop I must have an explanation.'

"I paused abruptly, wondering she did not get up and leave the room. To do her justice, she did appear at length to feel ashamed, if I might judge so by the way she sat reclining forward, her face leaning on her rounded arm, which was supported on the sofa; her hair falling over, and shrouding it from my view. Even in that moment, I was struck by the lovely contrast between the white skin and the glossy brown of her drooping curls, and the fine subject which the *pose* and contour of the whole figure presented for a picture, when stepping nearer, I discovered that she was as pale as death, and on the verge of fainting. In a moment all my anger was forgotten; I saw only a fainting woman. I had taken her in my arms, and was about to call for assistance, when her eyes opened for a moment, and she said in tremulous voice, 'Husb, don't call, Raphael; I shall be better directly.' And so I sat there on the sofa, holding in my arms, in the tenderest of attitudes, the woman who had been pursuing a long course of deception towards me; and

wsa engaged to another man now dancing in the next room to us! It was a peculiar situation. If the Lieutenant chanced to come in, he would probably challenge me under the very natural impression, that I was making love to his affianced; and under the circumstances, I didn't fancy at all being shot for a mistake.

"Kate was some time coming too, (a great deal longer indeed than I wished,) and occasionally murmured, what I thought rather incoherent and misplaced words, such as: 'How delicious!—what a delightful mistake!—how shall I break it to him?' At last, when I thought I might fairly transfer my burden to the sofa, without being guilty of rudeness, I said: 'I will now take my leave, Miss Kilman; it would be improper for me to remain any longer under this roof. All further explanation is of course quite unnecessary, under the circumstances.'

"'But, dear Raphael'——

"'Miss Kilman,' I said, 'if you are not satisfied with the suffering you have already inflicted — if your object is to compromise me, and get me into a quarrel with the Lieutenant, be assured I will not balk you; but I see no use in prolonging this *tête-à-tête*.' But she clung to me, so that I could not extricate myself, as she said:

"'Dear Raphael, don't for heaven's sake go in a passion, hear me — suppose you have been quite mistaken'——

"'Ha! ha! mistaken. Can't I trust my own eyes?'

"'Yes, yes. I don't deny a word that you have spoken, that the Lieutenant did kiss me; but we are not engaged for all that'——

"'Then,' said I coldly, 'the affair looks, I should think, still more extraordinary.'

"'Not at all, dear Raphael, didn't he kiss Clara too?'——

"'That was excusable in a brother-in-law that is to be.'——

"'That's it, dear Raphael, that's where you made the mistake. Lieutenant Boltrop did kiss his sister-in-law, that is to be, when he kissed *me*. *He and Clara are engaged. He's got leave of absence and they're to be married in a fortnight.*'

"Need I tell you how, in that moment, all my doubts vanished, how the truth flashed upon me,—my causeless jealousy of the Lieutenant, had made me view every circumstance in a false light. I caught Kate in my arms—'Dearest girl, will you, can you forgive me, and—and—can you *love* me, after all my unjust reproaches?'

"'Yes, dear Raphael,' answered the frank creature; 'for your jealousy, though causeless, showed me for the first time how deeply you *loved me*.'

"I won't undertake to say how long Kate and I sat on the sofa, together, after that. As for the mazurka, we never once thought of it. We explained and explained, and began over and over again, and turned and twisted my mistakes in every possible way, and interrupted each other so constantly that a

listener, of a mathematical mind, would have thought we left the matter more involved than when we commenced; however, we were perfectly satisfied. We forgot all about the dancing going on in the next room, and not till Fanny had run in and out three times to call us to supper, and we found ourselves at last the centre of a quizzing throng, did we return from the new world, into which we had so suddenly glided, and take cognisance of other beings beside ourselves.

"A merry supper-party we had that night, and the first thing, you may be sure, I did was to congratulate the worthy Lieutenant, on his approaching marriage with Clara, and ask his pardon for the prejudice which my absurd suspicions had caused me to entertain against him. It was granted, with a hearty laugh; and, as I wrung the manly fellow's hand, I wondered at my own stupidity, for having ever imagined he could stoop to league against me. The whole thing was now plain enough. He had loved Clara long; but, being strangely bashful, in spite of all his jollity and *savoir faire*, had always availed himself of the good offices of Kate (the adjutant of the household) with her sister. Of course I, in my blind jealousy, couldn't comprehend the possibility of his loving any of the sisters, beautiful as they all were, but Kate. On the day before, he had succeeded, with Kate's influence, in prevailing on Clara (who had been somewhat wilful and cruel) to give a decided '*yes*,' and even to permit him to

name an early day for their marriage, on account of the brief leave of absence he had obtained. It was the *dénouement* of this scene which I had witnessed; and his demonstrations of gratitude towards his ally Kate, I had misconstrued, as I have already related.

"In short," concluded my friend, "Kate and I were married, on the same day with Clara and the Lieutenant. Since then we have been travelling on the Continent, and we have only been in Rose Villa two months. I was on the point of despatching cards to you when I unexpectedly met you to-day. I owe you an apology for not having done so before; but really, though we have been married a year, I can hardly believe sometimes, that the honey-moon is over, for I do think we love each other better and better every day. This is the only excuse I have to offer for my remissness."

"And a capital one too, my dear friend," we began — when we were stopped by a skilful prelude on the piano, and then a sweet voice sung the following lines of Moore, to a beautiful Portuguese air:—

Dost thou remember that place so lonely,
A place for lovers, and lovers only,
Where first I told thee all my secret sighs?
When, as the moonbeam, that trembled o'er thee,
Illum'd thy blushes, I knelt before thee,
And read my hope's sweet triumph in those eyes?
Then, then, while closely heart was drawn to heart,
Love bound us—never, never more to part!

There was nothing very wonderful in Mrs. Pose's voice, but she sang in a very pleasing manner, nevertheless; and we could easily account for our friend's eyes glistening, as we thought how many delicious *souvenirs* of his courtship this song in all probability recalled.

Need we protract the story? need we tell how we joined his young wife, how he went up and embraced her at the piano, leaving our feelings out of the question. How we found tea waiting, and how we thought Mrs. Pose looked more radiantly lovely than ever, as she presided and dispensed to us the "cups which cheer, but not inebriate." How after tea we had more music, until we totally forgot how time went and Raphael informed us, with a significant grin, that we had missed the "'bus," and so *must* stay all night; how we in vain stood out against the proposal of a glass of *toddy*. How our scruples were at length vanquished, and how, while Raphael rang for hot water which was brought up by the tidy servant, his wife bustled about getting the sugar and tumblers out of a closet, purely, as I believe, from the sweetness of her disposition, to show us how welcome we were, and because she loved to wait upon her husband and her husband's friends; and how after our first tumbler, Mrs. Pose shook hands with us, and kissed her husband and retired, saying she knew we had'nt finished our *tête-á-tête;* and how on the strength of the mutual confidence inspired by another tumbler, we ventured to ask Raphael how the maiden-aunt

had behaved, when he replied, "Like a trump, she gave Kate one thousand on her wedding-day, and will give her five thousand at her demise;" and how I retired to my bachelor couch, thinking my friend had indeed obtained a treasure in his wife, and wishing my luck would make me acquainted with a young lady with such a maiden aunt.

The next morning, at breakfast, Raphael actually quizzed us before his wife, about his sister-in-law, Miss Jane Kilman, whose health he avowed we had drunk quite rapturously the previous evening—nay, he even went so far as to repeat several speeches which *he said* we had made respecting her; but as we recollect nothing whatever of the matter, of course it must have been only some of Master Raphael's fun. Miss Jane, however, is really coming to stay some time at Rose Cottage; and if we thought she would make as good a wife as Mrs. Raphael Pose, we should be strongly tempted to avail ourself of her brother-in-law's good offices in our behalf, and—— But what are we gossiping about? Our story is finished. Gentle reader, *Vale.*

THE END.

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